Caroline Sayward Cole
New Place II.
Miss Porter's School.
Farmington
Connecticutt

English, Literature I.

Witchcraft
Supernatural
PS 20

Lowly life described in form
PS 22

Masterpieces of the English Drama

GENERAL EDITOR

FELIX E. SCHELLING

MASTERPIECES OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FELIX E. SCHELLING, Ph.D., LL.D., GENERAL EDITOR

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: *Tamburlaine* (both parts). *Doctor Faustus. The Jew of Malta. Edward the Second.* With an Introduction by William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English Literature, Yale University.

GEORGE CHAPMAN: *All Fools. Eastward Ho. Bussy D'Ambois. The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.* With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis, editor of *The Mermaid Series* of English Dramatists, etc.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER: *The Maid's Tragedy. Philaster. The Faithful Shepherdess. Bonduca.* Edited by Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature, University of Pennsylvania.

BEN JONSON: *Every Man in His Humour. Volpone. Epicœne. The Alchemist.* With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys, editor of Dekker's Plays, etc.

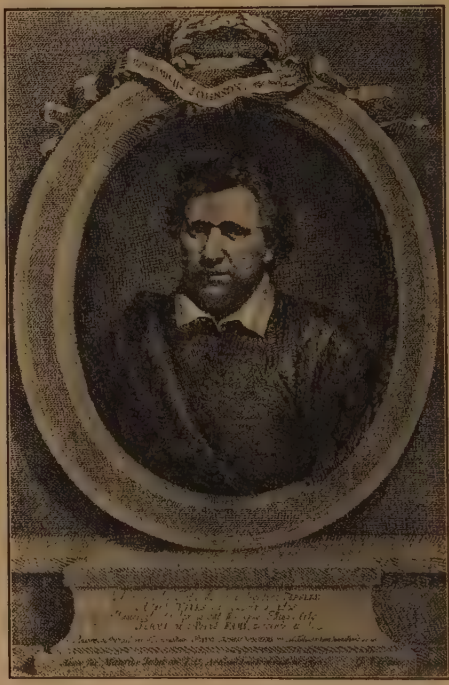
THOMAS MIDDLETON: *Michaelmas Term. A Trick to Catch the Old One. A Fair Quarrel. The Changeling.* Edited by Martin W. Sampson, Professor of English Literature, Cornell University.

PHILIP MASSINGER: *The Roman Actor. The Maid of Honour. A New Way to Pay Old Debts. Believe as You List.* Edited by Lucius A. Sherman, Dean of the Graduate College and Head Professor of English Literature, University of Nebraska.

JOHN WEBSTER AND CYRIL TOURNEUR: *The White Devil. The Duchess of Malfi. Appius and Virginia. — The Revenger's Tragedy.* With an Introduction by Ashley H. Thorndike, Professor of English, Columbia University.

WILLIAM CONGREVE: *The Double-Dealer. The Way of the World. Love for Love. The Mourning Bride.* With an Introduction by William Archer, editor of Farquhar's plays, etc.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH AND RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN: *The Good-natured Man. She Stoops to Conquer. — The Rivals. The School for Scandal. The Critic.* Edited by Louis A. Strauss and Isaac N. Demmon, of the Department of English, University of Michigan.



BEN JONSON

From an engraved portrait
by Vertue

Masterpieces of the English Drama

BEN JONSON

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

ERNEST RHYS

EDITOR OF DEKKER'S PLAYS, ETC.

NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

University College Library

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BEN JONSON.

W. P. I

MOHAWK [illegible] INSTITUTE
[illegible]
Call No. 822.34 J738 G 23
Date AP [illegible]

PR
2602
.R4
1915

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	1
EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR	27
VOLPONE, or THE FOX	135
EPICŒNE, or THE SILENT WOMAN	265
THE ALCHEMIST	381
NOTES	518
GLOSSARY	562

BEN JONSON[1]

THE four plays of Ben Jonson given in this volume, beginning with *Every Man in His Humour* and ending with *The Alchemist*, represent him at four distinct summits of his comic invention, and with an effect that no alternative set of his plays could make equally sure. But it is fair to remember, while one takes count of their several dramatic qualities, that the region of their author does not end there. As well try to know Scotland from four towns as Ben Jonson even from these four incomparable comedies. His mind extended over all literature as he knew it, over the whole of life as he saw it, and he reproduced on a large scale what he found either in books or in men. He needs to be known then in his whole extent, and even in his failures, to be appreciated for what he was: the greatest intellect save one (and, one must add, the most difficult to judge) of all the writers of his time

[1] The standard edition of Ben Jonson is still that of Gifford, 9 vols., 1816, 1846, as re-edited by F. Cunningham (also in 9 vols.), 1875. A new edition by Mr. Percy Simpson is promised by the Cambridge Press. Of the many other editions the following may be mentioned: B. Nicholson in the *Mermaid Series*, 3 vols. (containing selections), 1893; ed. by H. C. Hart, 1906, (incomplete); the *Complete Plays*, with an introduction by F. E. Schelling, "Everyman's Library," 1911. Memoirs of Jonson will be found affixed to each of these editions. See also J. A. Symonds, *Life*, in *English Worthies*, 1886; *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, ed. by P. Sidney, 1906; Swinburne, *A Study of Ben Jonson*, 1889; and for further bibliography F. E. Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, 1908.

who used the English stage for their picture of life, real or romantic.

This is to admit that Ben Jonson's was a highly complicated nature. He was strong and aggressive, yet very sensitive where his own skin was concerned; he was remarkably assimilative of other men's ideas and other men's styles, yet highly individual; he was a stated moralist, yet he often let morality go begging; he could be gentle, honest, brave; he was often arrogant and cruel as satire could make him. His traits and contradictions stare at one like angels and demons out of his pages; and he forces his individuality upon us at every turn much as does Carlyle, who came of similar northern stock. So it is that outside the plays and poems where he excelled himself, including those that follow, he was often far too keenly alive to his own susceptibilities to preserve his artistic self-command.

Ben Jonson thought, in short, rather too much about Ben Jonson to keep at all times the dramatic balance. In his glorious conceit of himself he was content to satirize his moral inferiors, and punish them for their sins, when he might have been interpreting them.

This is where his master in the divination of men and women, Shakespeare, ran to a goal he never reached. But with that echo of an old comparison let his discounting in the interest of other poets end. It is our business to take him, if not at his own valuation, yet for what he was and for what he did; not squaring him by the rules of men different to himself and possibly more fortunate, but using his own measure to show the true proportion of his art. The Prologue to *Cynthia's Revels* might almost be

accepted as the grace and invocation to be said before all his plays; for in it he explains the spirit in which he would have the reader or playgoer turn to them:

"If gracious silence, sweet attention,
Quick sight, and quicker apprehension,
The lights of judgement's throne, shine any where,
Our doubtful author hopes this is their sphere;
* * * * *
In this alone, his Muse her sweetness hath,
She shuns the print of any beaten path;
And proves new ways to come to learned ears:
Pied ignorance she neither loves nor fears.
Nor hunts she after popular applause,
Or foamy praise, that drops from common jaws:
The garland that she wears, their hands must twine,
Who can both censure, understand, define
What merit is: then cast those piercing rays,
Round as a crown, instead of honoured bays,
About his poesy; which, he knows, affords
Words, above action; matter, above words."

But with *Cynthia's Revels* we have already moved some steps forward in his career; for it was first played in 1600. Before that came the two *Every Man* comedies, in 1598 and 1599–1600, and *The Case is Altered* (1597–1598), and at least three other early plays, if we include the doubtful early version of the *Tale of a Tub*. In 1600 Jonson was in his twenty-seventh year: he had probably begun writing for the stage three or four years earlier.

If we are to understand his mind when he began to write, and the temper marked by *Every Man in His Humour*, we have to recall what his life had been before he took to the stage.

He was the son of a man of gentle breeding, who had suffered under Queen Mary for his faith, taken holy orders, and died about a month before the boy was born. His mother, a woman of spirit, married again, this time a master-bricklayer. The change for the worse in his condition during these early years affected him, it is clear, very sharply. He told Drummond he was "brought up poorly, put to school by a friend,[1] afterwards taken from it, and put to another craft." Drummond adds that he believes Jonson was to have been a wright or bricklayer — which in his own words "he could not endure."

Here is a telltale glimpse of his life and his state of mind, which tallies with other confessions in the prologues to his plays, where his feelings of hurt dignity and self-esteem are expressed. However, he was lucky in being sent to Westminster School under whatever charge, and in finding there such a master as William Camden,

> ". . . to whom I owe
> All that I am in arts, all that I know." [2]

Westminster and Camden together gave him his first lessons in patriotism and antiquity, and from Westminster he went to Cambridge, according to Aubrey and Fuller; but if he did, and was entered at Trinity College, it was not to stay there long. He had his bread to earn, and he went back to what, after all, was his true Alma Mater, London. There, in accordance with Drummond's gossip, he worked

[1] Camden, his master at Westminster School. See the Dedication to *Every Man in His Humour*.

[2] *Epigrams*, XIV.

as a bricklayer, and gained a knowledge of low life in which only Hogarth and Dickens in after days equalled him. Not Dickens himself, in his bottler's cellar and poverty, suffered more or was more affected by the harsh impression of the features, droll or cruel, the "humours," passions and appetites that were to be witnessed there.

"When have I walked the streets, but happy he
That had the finger first to point at me
Prentice or journeyman! The shop doth know it,
The unlettered clerk, major and minor poet!
The sempster hath sat still as I passed by,
And dropped her needle! fishwives stayed their cry."

It was all reproduced afterwards with humorous fidelity in *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Alchemist.* To Camden's pupil, who had a certain pride of race and nurture in him, the hardship of it was too much. His grandfather served King Henry VIII "and was a gentleman." His father "losed all his estate under Queen Marie." These memories of his jotted down hap-hazard suggest something of the hard things he endured and bitterly resented. Here was the provocation to the over-susceptibility that got him into trouble again and again. His escape from this life and the experiences he had abroad are told briefly in the *Conversations:*

"Then went he to the Low Countries; but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both campes, killed ane enemie and taken *opima spolia* from him; and since his comming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversarie, which had hurt him in the arme, and whose

sword was ten inches longer than his; for the which he was emprissoned and almost at the gallowes. Then took he his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prisson. Thereafter he was twelve yeares a papist."

The spirit of these personal confessions shows us how these contrary events affected him, and confirmed in him a temper hotly resentful by nature, self-assertive and self-conscious. The killing of the adversary he speaks of (Gabriel Spencer, an actor) was to have results far beyond his imprisonment. It embroiled him with his fellows, and there possibly began a feud which anticipated, though it did not originate, the stage quarrel that came to a head in *The Poetaster* and *Satiromastix*.

A letter of Henslowe's shows it was September, 1598, when the fatal duel in Hogsden Fields occurred. Jonson was already then well flushed in the life of the stage. He had written the first version (in Italian colours) of *Every Man in His Humour* and had been collaborating with others in *The Case is Altered*. According to one dubious critic, he had written too a first version of the *Tale of a Tub* at this time; and it is certain that Henslowe was advancing him money in July and December of 1597. His life was a hand-to-mouth struggle, in spite of the continuing friendship and influence of Camden, and of the interest taken in him by older playwrights, chief among them George Chapman.

Chapman's influence was a vital one in Ben Jonson's career. Fourteen or fifteen years older than he, Chapman had begun to write for the stage rather late. His *Blind Beggar* was played in 1596, and *All Fools* in 1599. He was a man and a poet

very much after Jonson's heart, and there is no doubt that he materially helped to kindle the special regard for the "humours" of men, as things in themselves — traits having almost a separate life — which so affected Jonson's dramatic fantasy. Chapman was, as one studies him in his earlier comedies, a possible agent and fellow-worker with Jonson in *The Case is Altered*. The objection to him lies in a certain heavy-handed touch, of which he rarely gets rid, although it does not prevent his achieving rapid action or quick exchanges, when he requires them. So far as the romantic note in *The Case is Altered* goes, doubtless there was more of a romantic spirit in Chapman than in his young disciple. It is an element that counts in the literary relation of the two men, for Jonson was a great anti-romantic in theory; and it is important to know how far the romance in this debatable play was of his providing. If he ever used the romantic mode in his youth, he did so by admitting an element that he afterward denied and suppressed consistently in his plays, until the day when he called up the romantic world to help him write *The Sad Shepherd*.

It is worth note as we turn, with *The Case is Altered* doubtfully in mind, to the decisive comedy *Every Man in His Humour*, that between 1596 or 1597 and the close of the century Shakespeare had been turning from the southern magic and romance of *Romeo and Juliet* to the London comedy of Falstaff and the Boar's Head. Falstaff too was a man taken in his humour, but lifted into complete human nature; and whether you count him a realist's or an idealist's triumph, or a creature of both, he was at any rate not a creature of

romance. The close of the sixteenth century saw two dramatic currents affecting the theatre, the one romantic, the other realistic; and thinking of Shakespeare's response to either influence, we may well hesitate to say that Jonson did not feel them also. At any rate, when comparing the first and the second versions of *Every Man in His Humour*, we discover that Jonson had hoped originally to gain by casting an Italian glamour over his London humours, but found that he lost something of life's stronger savour in doing it. In his earlier plays there is, romance apart, a sympathetic atmosphere that is not quite that of "comical satire." There is a certain cordiality in the first *Every Man*, a warmth in some of the portraits, a warm life about the close, that do not reappear in his comedies for several years.

It is remarkable how much *Every Man in His Humour* gains by the translation to London. This is not due to any mere change of labels — Lorenzo to Kno'well, Morello to Down-right, and so forth; it is effected by many sharp salient touches. In the famous swashbuckling scene of the original play, Bobadilla says that when three, four, five, six of them came at him he walked alone in "divers places of the city." In the English setting this is changed to "divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters." The occasional changes in phrase and line, too, are such as strengthen the idiom. For instance, in the opening scene of Act I, Lorenzo's speech after the reading of the letter ends:

> "But now I see opinion is a fool,
> And hath abused my senses."

In the revised play this ends with a phrase which at once stamps Kno'well proverbially as the "man too much a father." Some of the changes in the letter itself are mainly in the direction of getting rid of that over-preoccupation with poetry and his own craft which so often breaks Jonson's dramatic coil. The Apollo allusions that run through the first letter, though humorously cast, give it an air of unreality. A similar cutting of the allusions to poetry at the end of the play deprives the reader of a passage remarkably fine in itself.

Every Man in His Humour, as we have it now, is an extraordinarily promising young man's comedy, which shows a pretty mature experience of the stage. Captain Bobadill is a proverb among his fellows, the most delicate of swashbucklers. Ben Jonson is far kinder to him and Cob than he showed himself to other characters who tempted his tongue in later plays. The steel had not yet edged his satire, as it did afterwards, though the satire is undoubtedly there.

Two of Jonson's lost plays, *Page of Plymouth* and *The Scot's Tragedy*, would help, if we had them, to close the gap between the two *Every Man* comedies. They might throw, too, some needed light on the perplexing quarrel that went on between him and his fellow-dramatists in these years, involving particularly Marston and Dekker. An oblique reflection of his fatal quarrel[1] with Spenser, it served

[1] The history of the quarrel has been ably dealt with by two American critics, Professor Penniman and the late Dr. R. A. Small, who summed it up however with some differences. The essay by the former writer, "The War of the Theatres" (1897), fortified by his recent introduction to the *Poetaster*, makes clear the critical relations between Jonson and other writers besides those named above, including Samuel Daniel and Anthony Munday.

to confirm in him the sense he had of being a man at odds, whose duty it was to castigate alike the follies and the offences of his fellow-dramatists and fellow-citizens.

The quarrel itself may be more explicitly chronicled when we reach its upshot in *The Poetaster*. But we cannot read far in the next play in the due order without coming upon the traces of its effect upon Jonson.

This is the "comical satire" first acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants in 1599, *Every Man out of His Humour*, in which Ben Jonson uses the character of Asper as the "Presenter" of the play in a mask of his own features. This Asper (another of his heraldic labels used with a reference to the rough overhonesty for which he was blamed) heads the list in the explanatory *Character of the Persons*.

"He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses. One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion."

The "induction" to this comedy is an important document in Ben Jonson's history; it would almost tempt us, were he not so given to return to this favourite theme of himself and his prestige, to call it his confession-book. And for the main intention of the satire that follows, he asks, taking a cue from Juvenal, —

> "Who can behold such prodigies as these,
> And have his lips sealed up? Not I: my soul
> Was never ground into such oily colours,
> To flatter vice, and daub iniquity:

But, with an armèd and resolvèd hand,
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth —"

Throughout the play, as he carries out the business of stripping follies, one is impressed by its fidelity to the contemporary life of London in that time. It was the year when the Globe Theatre was built and the court of Elizabeth was straining etiquette to meet the autumn vanity of the queen. All through it the author is much preoccupied with himself. Not only does he appear as Asper in the preamble; he employs a Grex or chorus in the persons of Cordatus and Mitis chiefly to show how Asper's purpose is being carried out. The whole makes the effect of an Elizabethan variety-entertainment rather than of a constructed piece: an anticipation of our music-hall stage, with its so-called character sketches (which are often detached "humours" in the Jonson sense). But Jonson's variety-stage has this difference: it is managed by a scholar of aggressive erudition and it has a library of old authors in the green-room. Indeed, accordingly as *Every Man out of His Humour* is read for its contemporary effect, or for its relation to its predecessors, it appears either an *olla podrida* of London pieces fresh from the life, or one of the most obviously concocted literary plays in the register. It is put together without anything of Ben Jonson's marvellous dramatic architecture, and referring to classic models, it yet outrages every principle of the Greek theatre. Nevertheless, it is a live play and a living encyclopædia of the natural manners and the affectations of the time, and written with the epithetic force in which he excelled. Fastidious Brisk and Carlo

Buffone, Puntarvolo and Macilente, artificial as they seem at first, are unforgettable caricatures.

In *Cynthia's Revels*, which was first acted in 1600, we have Jonson's reply to those who thought he had been satirizing the court too freely in the "humour" of Fastidious Brisk. That is, he resumed the satire with a difference. Several of the same characters reappear, according to a frequent practice of his, but under classic disguises. He who was Asper is now Crites; Puntarvolo becomes Amorphus; some of the traits of Carlo Buffone are reproduced in Anaides, who takes on in addition something of the rival playwright, Dekker; there are traces of Macilente and Fastidious Brisk in Hedon, who is intended to figure Marston. Fungoso is turned into Asotus, who has been thought without much reason to represent the poet Lodge. These translations remind us that the stage quarrel which led to the *Poetaster* was fast fermenting in these *Revels*. The latter too is a distinct step towards his masques, as its masquing scenes show which follow the exquisite song of Hesperus, one of the best of all Jonson's lyrics; scenes that marked out its writer as the man for the purpose, when a court pageant was to be called for. As for construction, if less loose in texture than its forerunner, it is not of Ben Jonson's best. The characters do not maintain their colours. It is rather an excellent court-confection, a delightful entertainment, than a play for the stage.

With the writing of *Cynthia* we are very near the end, and it is Elizabeth who speaks (as Arete says) "how Cynthianly" before the masque in the last act. The whole play is a most elaborate symbolic picture of court-life at the time when the Essex tragedy

was preparing that led on to Elizabeth's own end, and when the splendid harridan could still enjoy a gaudy night. Next came the play in which Ben Jonson, disliking that satire he poured forth should ever be turned on the satirist himself, pilloried Marston and Dekker, — the *Poetaster*.

Three plays of Marston, *Histriomastix*, *Jack Drum*, and *What you Will*, should be examined in order to understand Jonson's feeling about him. Possibly Fleay's theory of the quarrel is the true one. Marston began by meaning to conciliate Jonson, whom he really admired, by intervening at an unlucky moment between his hero and Munday. But there is an old saying about the friendly interferer's fate, and Jonson's next thwack fell on Marston's head. When he wrote the *Poetaster*, he made full use of this vantage; and Marston in *Jack Drum* was tempting game. Some of the lines in that play suggest the "'Twas brillig" of *Alice in Wonderland:*

> "Let who will climb Ambition's glibbery rounds
> And lean upon the vulgar's rotten love,
> I'll not corrival him."

Such were the lines Jonson gibed at in *Every Man out of His Humour;* and Crispinus in the present play, who finds the Via Sacra a street "so polite and terse," takes up the cue. Demetrius stands for Dekker, and Horace, Jonson's idol among the Latin poets, for himself; while Ovid serves as second chorus-master to lead the praise of poetry and the poet. The whole play bears on the surface the signs of extreme artifice. It is really written with characteristic energy, wit fortified by spleen, and no end of transparent human nature. It is not only Jonson *contra* Marston and

Dekker, but the poet *contra mundum*, that it dramatizes. One wishes that at the end one could say it was good-natured too; but it is not. It is even a little malicious in places. But in the later Ovidian scenes, for instance in the sixth of Act IV, are some passages noble as any we have written in those last years of Elizabeth. Ovid's reply to Julia, where he says, —

> ". . . when thou art dead
> Thou only must survive in perfect soul;
> And in the soul are no affections,"

touches a very rare note indeed.

Every taunt levelled at Jonson is recalled in his "Apology" at the close. One of his interlocutors tells him they say that his writing is mere railing.

> "If all the salt in the old comedy
> Should be so censured . . ."

he replies, what should be said of Aristophanes? So he goes on to prepare the way for his coming tragedy:

> ". . . since the Comic Muse
> Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
> If Tragedy have a more kind aspect;
> Her favours in my next I will pursue."

The "next" was *Sejanus*.

One turns with a half-incredulous feeling, born of the knowledge of Jonson's antipathetic powers, to see what he makes of Roman tragedy; a sense fortified by all that the critics, from Coleridge to Swinburne, from Taine to M. Castelain, have said in relative depreciation of *Sejanus*. The effect of reading and re-reading it in the light of their criticism,

and in one's preconceit of Jonson the comic satirist and moral medicine-man of the drama, is at first like to be doubtful. But in the end, the force, the emotion, the cumulative dramatic reality, prevail in spite of every fair charge levelled at it. The episodes of the rise and fall of Sejanus are well laid; the Livia intrigue is finely worked; the trial and death of Silius, and those heroic last words of his, where he says he is fortified against all, including "Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying tongue," are idiomatic as anything Jonson wrote.

One of his debatable plays, in which Chapman and Marston collaborated, *Eastward Ho*, which has much of his manner of dialogue and use of comic contrast in some scenes, got its authors into trouble because it overlooked the Scottish susceptibilities of the time. Chapman and Marston were sent to prison, and Jonson, who had every reason to hate prison, bravely threw in his lot with them. The episode and the play form vital links in the history of his mind and art.

The value of his late experience with *Sejanus* was seen when he turned with a clearer eye for proportion, and a surer touch, to write *Volpone*. In reading the tragedy we may note the very points in it where the idea of his triumphant comedy whose protagonist should be more ingeniously ambitious than Sejanus and Tiberius occurred to him. It is where Sejanus says:

> "'tis air I tread;
> And, at each step, I feel my advanced head
> Knock out a star in heaven!"

and where some scenes farther on, Arruntius listening to the epistle of Tiberius to the senate, turns from

the lapwing to the fox, and the fox to the vultures, in his refrain.

However that may be, and whatever the exact line of his invention in producing *Volpone*, the play remains something of a miracle, with devices in it that are almost outside the usual grammar of the art and the usual limits of this artist: a comedy of comedies, original and without pedigree. One sees, it is true, the same hand at work that wrote the two *Every Man* comedies and *Sejanus;* but one finds a superadded power that marks it off even in the years that produced *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*.

In Ben Jonson's other plays, so far as we have traced them, his people have had no souls to speak of. There is little trace in them of the supernal and infernal energies that can fill a man, and make a sport of him, and lift him up or hurl him down. It is different in *Volpone*. There it seems as if the Fox, and the Fox's parasite the Crow, the Vulture and the Raven were luridly cast, like sardonic shadows of the dark deities, across the sawdust and motley of the old moralities. It is a great comedy because it is a great tragedy; it is the last attainder of the sensual world that lives for gold and luxury, and denies the spirit of God. There is a positive ecstasy in the wickedness it sings. Sejanus threw down the altars of the Roman reverence; Tiberius turned old age into a vampire; Volpone made a play of lust and avarice, and ended in the pit he had dug for the unclean birds and the offal eaters. It may be thought that, according to Jonson's own mode of making the passions and evil desires into types and fabulous creatures, to punish Volpone was not morally required. It is enough, for the morality, that he punishes the other

LIBRARY, MOHAWK VALLEY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, UTICA,

Mohawk Valley Community College Library

vices: he is not human; he is a monster and cannot suffer a human fate. But Ben Jonson, determined to punish vice in his interlude, had to break with the strict law of comedy; so Volpone and his parasite stultify themselves at the end.

The artistic defects of the play are manifest. Sir Politick Would-be and Peregrine are but interlopers, brought into the allegory partly because Ben Jonson had them ready in his notebook of London humours, partly because they heightened the illusion of travel, and gave Venetian distance to the stage. Their irrelevancy was pointed out long ago and must be admitted: and there are other minor blemishes. But they do not destroy the logic of the fable, or the impressiveness of the whole. His late unlucky experience of the law and of prison helped no doubt to give colour to the trial scenes. With the triumph of *Volpone* Jonson's star became bright. The success of his masques brought lords and ladies and prosperous airs to his door, healed his old quarrel with circumstance, and made him feel that he was a son of a gentleman who must look up a coat of arms. It confirmed in him a regard for formal beauty and for poetic effect which reacted upon his work for the theatre. *Volpone* was acted at both universities, after being played at the Globe Theatre. The dedication "To the Most Noble and Most Equal Sisters, the Two Famous Universities, for their Love and Acceptance shown to his Poem in the Presentation" is a most striking document. It has an assured tone, an air of recognized achievement, and the calling the play a poem is in itself significant.

Jonson wrote in all some thirty-six masques and entertainments, beginning with the Coronation shows

Mohawk Valley Community College Library

of James I. About the time of *Volpone* his hand was well in. He had written his fanciful and delightful "Particular Entertainment," *The Satyr*, for the Queen's visit to Althorpe in 1603, — a piece from which Milton borrowed in *Comus*. Omitting others less interesting, we come to the first of two Queen's Masques — the *Masque of Blackness*, written in 1605 for a Twelfth-Night court pageant; the first in which its author and Inigo Jones collaborated, and which in spite of some inconsiderately long-drawn speeches pleased the queen. It was succeeded by a winter *Masque of Beauty*, in which there is a vision of an enchanted isle, a sort of Emain, a symbol of Britain, and a mention of the Elysian Fields at the close. In it we see Ben Jonson fully embarked on the perfumed stream of court poetry. The elaborate *Solemnities and Barriers at a Marriage*, that followed in 1606, had two lines, —

> "The gall behind the altar quite is thrown,
> This sacrifice hath none,"

which may be borrowed to signalize Jonson's escape from his rages and troubles, early and late. Two years later came a little masterpiece of its kind, the Masque at Lord Haddington's marriage (afterwards called *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*), containing some of his daintiest verse. *The Masque of Queens* (his own title) was played at Whitehall on February 2, 1609; in which he and Inigo Jones vied with each other to pile illusion on illusion: witch-fires and spells, chariots and pyramids, a House of Fame with a throne triumphal, and other splendours transcending anything hitherto seen. So far they worked together in thorough good accord.

In February, 1609, when this masque appeared, its writer was busy upon the second of his great comedies, *Epicœne, or the Silent Woman*. This is another comedy of Old Age and the Superseders. The character of Morose is not entirely of Jonson's own inventing. He got the name and the humour of it in Libanius. But the superb comic plot, the brilliant detail, the accelerated action, which Dryden so admired, and with these "the bye-walks and underplots," the subsidiary effects and humours, are of his own invention or worked according to his own recipe. There is no transcendent demonic creature like Volpone in the play; but there are many richly painted caricatures; and given the Jonson convention, they move in an orbit of absolutely life-like artifice. They are as real as need be, though they wear masks; their expression is unchanged — until the delicious catastrophe, when some mouths that gaped, shut; and some that grinned, laugh outrageously. As Dryden, first of the few real dramatic critics we have had in English, said: "The intrigue of it is the greatest and most noble of any pure unmixed comedy in any language: you see in it many persons of various characters and humours, and all delightful." Not so delightful to us perhaps as to him, seeing that our taste has changed; but his criticism holds, nevertheless. An additional note to Ben Jonson's conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden says that verses were found on the stage after the first performance of *The Silent Woman*, concluding that that play was well named, since no one said *Plaudite* to it. But despite this, it gained a success on the stage beyond *The Fox*, or *The Alchemist*, in the contemporary

range, that is; and it could be played effectively to-day, with a little tempering, especially if a boy-actor could be found for the title-rôle.

With *The Silent Woman* and *The Alchemist* Ben Jonson had on the stocks the *Masque of Oberon* and its Arthurian precursor, the speeches at the Barriers or tilting when Henry was made Prince of Wales. But this masque was really performed on the 1st of January, 1611: and *The Alchemist* precedes it. The subject of this play was one that Jonson touched on in many pages. He even tells in the *Conversations with Drummond* how he had played an Astrologer himself and "cousened a lady — disguised in a longe gowne and a whyte beard at the light of dimm burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ledder." He brought all his art to it, it is evident; and the result is a satirical masterpiece and a model comedy. It shows consummate knowledge of stage artifice; the interest of the playgoer in the cozening of Sir Epicure Mammon and the minor gulls and dupes is maintained with joyous comic resource. There is a continual glimmering of imagination, too, above the wit and burlesque. It obeys the classic unities without losing anything in doing so. Its creatures are organic, and they stand for things that are permanent in human nature, though they are purposely exaggerated in the satirist's cartoon. And again, in it Jonson proves himself a master of language; of its high reaches and its profanities, its grotesque and its great effects. There is absolute laughter in it; and much strange knowledge of occult things and of witch-doctors and their willing dupes. Subtle is a prince of rogues, and Face and Dol, who could draw out the maddest extravagances alike of

him and Sir Epicure, are worthy of wax statues by his side in the gallery of Jonson's characters.

The Alchemist belongs to the prosperous midsummer of Jonson's life. *Catiline* came next: a finely conceived tragedy with some vivid scenes, and some others in which the scholar in him quite overshot the playwright. Catiline is a transcendent "Subtle," a character of sustained effect. The play has much beauty of diction, and when one has decided it lacks life, one is surprised to find how well the emotion of Catiline's bravado, and his danger leading up to his end is sustained. It was said to be Jonson's favourite play, and it tempts one accordingly to read it for the sake of its evidence of his dramatic theory and ideas. It is an admirable preparation, in every way, for the reading of his next play, *Bartholomew Fair*, in which, as if tired of ancient history, classic verse and Ciceronian eloquence, he turns to the life about him in the streets, and shoots a mixed budget of London humours and absurdities pell-mell on to the stage.

Bartholomew Fair is to be ranked with Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday* and Middleton's *Michaelmas Term* for its unadulterated contemporary colour. It reminds one, indeed, of still later men, — now of Hogarth, now of Dickens, while one follows its comedy. 'Zeal-of-the-Land Busy' is pure Chadband; so much so that one is sure Dickens took his cue from the part.[1] The scenes at the fair and the pig-wife's booth; the pig-wife's vocabulary and dripping-pan, the ballad-monger, the bawd, the bully, the puppet-show, the callow country-squire,

[1] Dickens knew his Ben Jonson, and himself acted in *Every Man in His Humour*.

and his man Waspe,— was there ever such a cartoon of sensual and profane life, painted in gross unsophisticated English? In pattern it is another of Jonson's variety plays: in which the quick succession of comic happenings and droll antitheses takes the place of any strictly sequent use of event and character. It is, taken in its humour, a masterpiece, and reveals the low life of the London of Jonson's day, as a public house in Whitechapel on a wet Saturday night might do in our own time.

In two more plays written with a nine years' interval between them, *The Devil is an Ass* and *The Staple of News*, Jonson was to treat the London he knew with tonic satire. The first uses the comic husband, the dupe of the company-promoter old-style, who gives himself and his one noble piece of property, his wife, into the hands of the spoilers with the aid of the ineffectual petty devil, Pug, who is continually proving an infernal ass. The second is a satire that might almost be adapted to our own day, treating of the immorality of the yellow press, whose headquarters are "The Staple of News." The realities of the play are frequently blurred by its allegorical characterizations, and it does not all appear homogeneous.[1] We come now to what Howells (of the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*) called Jonson's "dotages." When he wrote *The Staple of News*,

[1] Dr. De Winter, in his detailed *Yale Study* of the play, says that while it is a vast piece of patchwork it has unity of structure. Jonson, rarely effective in any love episode and using the love interest less than any other English dramatist with any poetic affinity in his genius, has made a very trying character of the Princess Pecunia in this satire. As Dr. Elizabeth Woodbridge says wittily, "The reader is never quite clear in his mind as to whether she is a girl or a money bag."

his good days were about over. They were still in full career when he made the Scottish tour in which he visited Drummond of Hawthornden; and confided not wisely nor too well in that Boswell of another Jonson. They were determined roughly by the death of James; and their close was heralded by the burning of his library, which for those days was a remarkable one and, as his plays and poems show, almost a second brain to him. This untoward event called forth the fine *Execration upon Vulcan*, which is to be read in his *Underwoods:*

> "And why to me this, thou lame Lord of Fire?
> What had I done that might call on thine ire?"

Illness, palsy, dropsy, — diseases to be bitterly resented by a man of his robust and vigorous habit, — came upon him soon after the change of kings had seriously imperilled any income he drew from royal favour. He was losing ground too as a masque writer.

Realizing him in this predicament of illness, oncoming age, and loss of prestige, we turn to the three finished plays which remain: *The New Inn*, *The Magnetic Lady*, and *A Tale of a Tub*. The first is a pure comedy of pleasure with no second intention. Its opening is one of the most natural inn-scenes in all fiction, which sends one to Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem* and Goldsmith's famous inn-comedy for comparison. But the playgoers of that day were undoubtedly right in resenting the Cis who talked like a fine lady of wit and culture and who was not improved by being turned into Prue; and there are other improbabilities to strain the limits of lifelikeness. All three plays, however, reward by their in-

cidental colour their study as documents of Jonson's last sad period when he was resisting hard fate.

The Magnetic Lady is another comedy of credulity, with an admirable litany of "infinite wealth" in it chanted by Sir Moth and Compass. The *Tale of a Tub* is the last serious document in the history of Ben Jonson's quarrels; he satirizes Inigo Jones there as In-and-In Medlay, much as he had done Marston and Dekker long before in the *Poetaster*. The attack in this case was much more unwise than that had been, for it came from a maimed man who was out with fortune, and who had every reason to conciliate his associates. The play was "not liked" at court, when it was produced eventually; and there ended gloomily his account, so far as his acted comedies go. It appeared as if a bedridden poverty, in which he had much ado to find pence for his day's needs, was to fill the last scene in his own tragicomedy. At the end of all, with one of those resilient flashes that visit the age and gloom of great imaginers, he turned back to poetry, called in the spirit of romance that he had resisted all through his days, and wrote *The Sad Shepherd*, — a marvellous old-man's parable of his care and trouble.

> "And then again, I have been told,
> Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
> So that I fear they do but bring
> Extremes to touch, and mean one thing."

The Sad Shepherd was found unfinished among his papers after his death. It is the last telltale instrument to which he set his powerful hand, and it suggests by its change of accent both the strength and the limitations of his genius to be noticed in his other plays.

Usually he wrote too much from the intellect, and too little from the heart, to get at the humane essence that gives the final warmth of creative life to created people. This was of a part with his contempt for those who were not intellectual too, or who were not given distinction by rank, character, beauty, or personal charm.

He did not, like Dickens or like Thomas Dekker, love the poor among whom he had spent the hardest part of his boyhood; and his painting of them is often cruel in its derision. But the spirit of poetry, we must remember, was continually working in him as well as the spirit of satire; and the occasional supersession of one or the other is one of those things that lend interest to the uncertain evolution of his genius. This is not the place to talk of his poetry, tempting theme as it is, or of his relation to the 'tribe of Ben,' or to his Elizabethan foregoers; but it is impossible to study even a set of his comedies, like the present, without being made aware that he had a large poetic reserve — a larger fund of poetic imagination than he ever turned to account. One understands this when one turns from his *Volpone* to Molière's *Harpagon*, or from his miser Jaques (in *The Case is Altered*) to Plautus's correspondent comedy. Ben Jonson is no poet, says M. Castelain in his notable study of the author, and has no imagination to speak of. But if this is to be maintained, we must change the terms both of poetry and imagination.

He was assuredly the greatest of all the English comic dramatists, who did not bring romance into the bill, seeing that he related English drama, as no one else was at once learned and inventive enough to

do, to the great classic comedy on which he founded himself. But in dragging all his accumulated classic store of learning, and dramatic and creative literature, upon the stage, he often endangered his play. He often used a page of Tacitus or Cicero, a cue from Lucian or Terence, a scene from Aristophanes, when he might as well have written from his own English stock of life and familiar speech and actual and observed experience. The amazing thing was that, with all this assimilated art, he remained so original. He did not — his temperament, his kind of mind, did not allow him to — set out to interpret men and women. He wished to discern, not the movements of their souls, but the symptoms, the extravagant features, the "humours," that marked them as he knew them. There was a greater than he: the dramatic revealer of human nature in its essence and created life. "Men and women created he them!" To the author of *The Alchemist*, it was granted to use a different mode. He was in English drama the great censurer who brought poetry to his criticism, and a critical sense of life to his imaginative art, as no one else has done.

Ernest Rhys.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

"Haud tamen invideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt."— JUVENAL, Sat., vii. 93.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

Every Man in his Humour, in its present form, was written and first presented in 1598. A tradition relates that Shakespeare recognized the merit of the play and recommended it to his Company, The Lord Chamberlain's Men. We know from the title and list of actors that the Chamberlain's Men performed the play at the Globe Theatre in 1598 and that Shakespeare acted a part. A different version of the play appeared in a quarto edition, 1600, in which the scenes were laid in Venice and the characters bore Italian names. Although this is probably the way in which Jonson first conceived it, in his revision for the folio of 1616 he finally gave his play an English setting, making the scene London and giving the characters English names.

Every Man in his Humour is of marked significance in the development of English Comedy. Before it, the writers of comedy subordinated character to incident. In this play Jonson subordinates incident to character. *Every Man in his Humour* is a series of characters vividly and sharply conceived, held together by the merest thread of action. Furthermore, Jonson here proved that a sane application of classical theories, represented by the Greek writers, by Horace, and Quintilian, could yet serve to produce effective English comedy.

DEDICATION

To the most learned, and my honoured Friend,

MASTER CAMDEN

CLARENCIEUX[n]

Sir, — There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of POETRY, or the professors: but my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things: and, had the favour of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now, I pray you, to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor: and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise, or excuse. Your true lover,

BEN JONSON.

This Comedy was first
acted, in the year
1598
By the then L[ord] Chamberlain
his Servants.

The principal Comedians were

Will. Shakespeare	Ric. Burbage
Aug. Philips	Joh. Hemings
Hen. Condel	Tho. Pope
Will. Slye	Chr. Beeston
Will. Kempe	Joh. Duke

With the allowance of the Master of the Revels.

PROLOGUE[n]

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
As art, and nature have not bettered much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate.
To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard, and weed,
Past threescore years: or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
Fight over York, and Lancaster's long jars,[n]
And in the tiring-house brings wounds, to scars.
He rather prays, you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas;[n]
Nor creaking throne comes down, the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen, to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor rolled bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use:
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would show an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make 'hem such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors, as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so graced monsters, may like men.

[n] A superior n in the text indicates a note at the end of the volume.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[n]

KNO'WELL, an old Gentleman.
EDWARD KNO'WELL, his Son.
BRAIN-WORM, the Father's Man.
Master STEPHEN, a Country Gull.
GEORGE DOWN-RIGHT, a plain Squire.
WELL-BRED, his Half-brother.
KITELY, a Merchant, their Brother-in-law.
THOMAS CASH, his Cashier.
Captain BOBADILL, a Paul's Man.[n]
Master MATTHEW, a Town Gull.
OLIVER COB, a Water-bearer.
Justice CLEMENT, an old merry Magistrate.
ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk.
WELL-BRED's Servant.
Other Servants, etc.

Dame KITELY, KITELY's Wife.
Mistress BRIDGET, his Sister.
TIB, COB's Wife.

SCENE — LONDON

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

A Street

Enter KNO'WELL *at the Door of his House*

Kno'. A goodly day toward! and a fresh morning. — Brain-worm,

Enter BRAIN-WORM

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.
Brai. I will, sir, presently.
Kno'. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be't his book, disturb him not.
Brai. Well, sir. [*Exit.*
Kno'. How happy yet, should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame, in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favoured him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student; and indeed,

Fed with the self-same humour, he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors,
Which then I thought the mistress of all knowledge:
But since, time, and the truth have waked my judgement,
And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain, from the useful learnings.

Enter STEPHEN

Cousin Stephen,
What news with you, that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno'. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.

Step. O, I know that, sir; I would not ha' come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

Kno'. O, well, coz, go in and see; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno'. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wusse; but I'll practise against next year, uncle: I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Kno'. O, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle: why you know, an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants' company without 'hem. And by gadslid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum; hang 'hem, scroyles, there's nothing in 'hem i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I

dwell at Hogsden,[n] I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury?[n] or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds?[n] A fine jest, i' faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno'. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb; go to!
Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.
Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means enow, to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?
O, it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well, cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim. — Ay, so, now you're told on it,
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kno'. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman,
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble, that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain, that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He, that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsav'ry snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'ld ha' you sober, and contain yourself,

Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still:
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. — Who comes here?

SCENE II

Enter a Servant

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!

Step. Nay, we don't stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome: and I assure you, mine uncle here, is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land: he has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will: I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. "In good time, sir?" why! And in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir? you were not best, sir; an you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to. And they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do 'not stand upon my gentility,' neither, in't.

Kno'. Cousin, cousin! Will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would —

Kno'. What would you do, you peremptory gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You see the honest man demeans himself
Modestly towards you, giving no reply
To your unseasoned, quarrelling, rude fashion:
And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit, as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore Heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [*Exit* STEPHEN.

Serv. I pray you, sir, is this Master Kno'well's house?

Kno'. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Kno'well: do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Kno'. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, sir: I was required by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno'. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sy. [*Reads*.] "To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'well." What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be covered.

Serv. One Master Well-bred, sir.

Kno'. Master Well-bred! a young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; Master Kitely married his sister — the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.[n]

Kno'. You say very true. — Brain-worm!

Re-enter BRAIN-WORM

Brai. Sir.

Kno'. Make this honest friend drink here: — pray you, go in. [*Exeunt* BRAIN-WORM *and* Servant.

This letter is directed to my son:
Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope, (old men are curious)
Be it but for the style's sake, and the phrase;
To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Well-bred: — what have we here? what's this?

[*Reads.*] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there, yet? If thou dost, come over and but see our frippery; change an old shirt for a whole smock with us. Do not conceive that antipathy between us, and Hogsden, as was between Jews, and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening, and morning, o' the north-west wall: an I had been his son, I had saved him the labour, long since, if taking in all the young wenches, that pass by at the back door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for 'hem, would ha' served. But, prithee, come over to me quickly, this morning; I have such a present for thee! — our Turkey company[n] never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think him himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other, I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'hem be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict[n] will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum. From the Windmill.[n]

From the Bordello[n] it might come as well,
The Spittle, or Pict-hatch.[n] Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times hath sent us forth!

I know not what he may be, in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch;
Worse, by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!
Why should he think I tell my apricots,
Or play the Hesperian dragon [n] with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my son, I'd thought
Y'd had more judgement t' have made election
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
No argument, or subject from their jest.
But I perceive, affection makes a fool
Of any man, too much the father. — Brain-worm!

Re-enter BRAIN-WORM

Brai. Sir.
Kno'. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?
Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.
Kno'. And where's your young master?
Brai. In his chamber, sir.
Kno'. He spake not with the fellow, did he?
Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.
Kno'. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son;
But with no notice that I have opened it, on your life.
Brai. O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed. [*Exit.*
Kno'. I am resolved I will not stop his journey;
Nor practise any violent mean to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him; for that,
Restrained, grows more impatient; and in kind,
Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning, more by love,

And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compelled to goodness, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness, and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warn 'hem, and the same
They should for virtue've done, they'll do for shame.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III

A Room in KNO'WELL'S *House*

Enter E. KNO'WELL, *with a letter in his hand, followed by* BRAIN-WORM

E. Kno'. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Kno'. That scarce contents me. — What countenance, prithee, made he i' the reading of it? was he angry, or pleased?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Kno'. No? how know'st thou then, that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he opened it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed. 12

E. Kno'. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brain-worm.
[*Moves to window to read letter.*

Enter STEPHEN

Step. O, Brain-worm, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, Master Stephen, what of him?

Step. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him, where is he, canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields! Whoreson Scanderbag rogue![n] O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, rolled hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go and hang. 'Pray thee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me —

Brai. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't: — how dost thou like my leg, Brain-worm?

Brai. A very good leg, Master Stephen! but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll ha' a pair of silk again' winter, that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would show in a silk hose.

Brai. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for't. [*Exit.*

Step. Another time will serve, Brain-worm. Gramercy for this.

E. Kno'. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do —

E. Kno'. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience, I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle[n] yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man; for he takes much physic, and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Well-bred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience! Then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens — [*Sees* STEPHEN.] What, my wise cousin! nay then, I'll furnish our feast with one gull more to'ard the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O for a fourth, Fortune! if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee —

Step. O, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me —

E. Kno'. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Kno'. Why, what an I had, coz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kno'. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Kno'. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then —

E. Kno'. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

E. Kno'. Why, be so, gentle coz: and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morn-

ing, by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him; it's but crossing over the fields to Moorgate: Will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one an 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest —

E. Kno'. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackins, but I will, by your leave: I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Kno'. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Kno'. Your turn, coz? do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! [n] fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit; and he! this man! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter, again' a good time,[n] shows more bright to the world than he! and he! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn, or a black cypress! O coz! it cannot be answered; go not about it: Drake's old ship at Deptford [n] may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the idea of what you are, be portrayed i' your face that men may read i' your physnomy, "Here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature," which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentlemanlike, than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. Kno'. Why, that's resolute, Master Stephen! — [*Aside.*] Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. — Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kno'. Follow me! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you, show me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The Lane before COB'S *House*

Enter MATTHEW

Mat. I think this be the house: — what, ho?

Enter COB

Cob. Who's there? O, Master Matthew! give your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob? how dost thou, good Cob? dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house, here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob! what lineage, what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man: and yet no man neither — by your worship's leave, I did lie in that — but herring, the king of fish [n] (from his belly, I proceed), one o' the monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's

book. His cob was my great-great-mighty-great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty? why mighty, I pray thee?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I? why, I smell his ghost, ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavoury jest! and the ghost of a herring cob?

Cob. Ay, sir; with favour of your worship's nose, Master Matthew, why not the ghost of a herring-cob, as well as the ghost of rasher-bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say, rasher-bacon. They were both broiled o' the coals; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope? you are a scholar, upsolve me that, now.

Mat. [*Aside.*] O raw ignorance! — Cob, canst thou show me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest, alas! ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house; he! He lodge in such a base, obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed, all night! Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better[n] in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so: perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token,[n] or some such device, sir; I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. Gi' me my tankard there, ho! God b' wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two turns by this. What, ho! my stopple! come.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings? Well, I'll tell him my mind. [*Enters house.*

Cob. What, Tib, show this gentleman up to the captain. O, an my house were the Brazen-head[n] now! faith it would e'en speak "Moe fools yet." You should have some now would take this Master Matthew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is, (O, my guest is a fine man!) and they flout him invincibly.[n] He useth every day to a merchant's house[n] where I serve water, one Master Kitely's, i' the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mistress Bridget, and calls her "mistress," and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading o' these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'hem! I cannot abide them), rascally verses, poyetry, poyetry, and speaking of interludes, 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him — Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, "by the foot of Pharaoh!" There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest — he teaches me — he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: "By St. George! — the foot of Pharaoh! — the body of me! — as I am a gentleman and a soldier!" such dainty oaths! and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest, and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels. — Well, he owes me forty shillings — my wife lent him out of her

purse, by sixpence at a time — besides his lodging: I would I had it! I shall ha' it, he says, the next action.[n] Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all,[n] and a louse for the hangman. [*Exit.* 94

SCENE V

A Room in COB'S *House*

BOBADILL *lying on a bench*

Bob. Hostess, hostess!

Enter TIB

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below, would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague — what meant he?

Mat. [*Below.*] Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there? — Take away the bason, good hostess. — Come up, sir. 11

Tib. [*Goes to the door.*] He would desire you to come up, sir. — You come into a cleanly house, here!

Enter MATTHEW

Mat. 'Save you, sir; 'save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see, I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you. 21

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred, and others. — Why, hostess, a stool here, for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private.

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I, sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient! but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly, and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! "Go by, Hieronymo"?[n]

Mat. Ay: did you ever see it acted? is't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned? I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was! they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'hem, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth, again.

[*While* MATTHEW *reads*, BOBADILL *makes himself ready.*

Mat. Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this book. "O eyes, no eyes,[n] but fountains fraught with

tears!" there's a conceit! "fountains fraught with tears!" "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" another — "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" a third — "Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!" a fourth. O, the Muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! How do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. "To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refinèd essence Heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste: thus, mildly, I conclude."

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir! a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But when will you come and see my study? good faith, I can show you some very good things, I have done of late — That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Well-bred's elder brother, and I, are fallen out exceedingly: this other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion, and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemned, and cried it down, for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Down-right, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why he has no more judgement than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his dis-

course, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be! for I was sure, it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza.[n] Come hither, you shall chartel him; I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with, at pleasure, the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom, ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By Heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you. — Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. [*Enter* TIB *with a puzzled air.*] Lend us another bed-staff — [*Exit* TIB.] the woman does not understand the words of action. — Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your

poniard maintain your defence, thus: [*Re-enter* TIB.] — give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit* TIB.] So, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time — O, you disorder your point[n] most irregularly.

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill! a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir, — make a thrust at me — [MATTHEW *pushes at* BOBADILL.] come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body. The best-practised gallants of the time name it the passada; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility, or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you: your dearth of judgement renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard: O, the "stoccata," while you live, sir; note that. — Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted; some tavern, or so — and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then, I will teach you your trick: you shall kill him with it, at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgement of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand; you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, — except it were hail-shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come. We will have a bunch of radish, and salt, to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach: and then we'll call upon young Well-bred: perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother[n] there, and put him to the question.

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

The Old Jewry. A Hall in KITELY'S *House*

Enter KITELY, CASH, *and* DOWN-RIGHT

Kit. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk,
Here take my key: — it is no matter neither.
Where is the boy?
Cash. Within, sir, i' th' warehouse.
Kit. Let him tell over, straight, that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the Exchange,[n] anon.
Cash. Good, sir. [*Exit.*
Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Down-right?
Down. Ay, what of him?
Kit. He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,
And christened him, gave him mine own name, Thomas:
Since bred him at the Hospital;[n] where proving
A toward imp, I called him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And given him, who had none, a surname, Cash:
And find him, in his place, so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Down. So would not I, in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said y' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?

Kit. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But, that I know, your judgement is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection —

Down. What need this circumstance? Pray you, be direct.

Kit. I will not say, how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, but confirm
How well I've been affected to your —

Down. You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.

Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Well-bred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declined in what he was,
And greatly altered in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And — what was chief — it showed not borrowed in him,
But all he did, became him as his own,
And seemed as perfect, proper, and possessed,
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
And he himself withal so far fallen off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgements where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,

He makes my house here, common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour, and diseasèd riot;
And here, as in a tavern or a stews,
He and his wild associates spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants; and, indeed, what not?

Down. 'Sdeins, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole world! He values me at a cracked three-farthings,[n] for aught I see. It will never out o' the flesh that's bred i' the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George: let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart ache; an he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his dish [n] at the wrong man's door: I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with 't to fetch him out, I'll assure you.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Down. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother,
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance,)
It would, both come much better to his sense,
And savour less of stomach, or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants your authority,
Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,

Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That, in the rearing, would come tottering down,
And in the ruin, bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
And overflowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars
With the false breath of telling what disgraces,
And low disparagements, I had put upon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments, upon every word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
From my flat cap, unto my shining shoes;
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry, this:
They would give out — because my wife is fair,
Myself but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house —
That I were jealous! — nay, as sure as death,
That they would say: and, how that I had quarrelled
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Down. Mass, perhaps so; they're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; so should I,
Like one of these penurious quacksalvers,
But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon myself;
Lend scorn and envy, opportunity
To stab my reputation and good name —

SCENE II

The same

Enter MATTHEW *struggling with* BOBADILL

Mat. I will speak to him —

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not! you shall not do him that grace. — The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is Master Well-bred stirring?

Down. How then? what should he do?

Bob. [*To* KITELY.] Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Down. Why, do you hear? you!

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me; I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt* BOBADILL *and* MATTHEW.

Down. How! scavenger? stay, sir, stay!

Kit. Nay, brother Down-right.

Down. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will overrule you.

Down. Ha! scavenger? well, go to, I say little; but by this good day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow that ever pissed. 'Sdeins, an I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet Street again, while I live; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice, first. Scavenger? 'heart! — and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck: your Garagantua breech[n] cannot carry it away so.

Kit. O, do not fret yourself thus; never think on't.

Down. These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his com'rades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, an

I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole ging of 'hem, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said, he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet, he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current, not o'er high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
The imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim;
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Down. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bell rings.*

Kit. How now! O, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come; I'll but give order for some dispatch of business to my servants.

[*Exit* DOWN-RIGHT.

SCENE III

The same

COB *passes by with his tankard*

Kit. What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening.

[*Exit.*

Kit. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,
Though not reposed in that security,
As I could wish: but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,

So Well-bred had ne'er lodged within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve
The public weal of chastity, unshaken,
When such strong motives muster, and make head
Against her single peace? No, no: beware.
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kind, and quality
Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought, the time
Had answered their affections: all the world
Should not persuade me, but I were a cuckold.
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
For opportunity hath balked 'hem yet,
And shall do still, while I have eyes, and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron bar,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, every look, or glance mine eye ejects,
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Dame KITELY *and* BRIDGET

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. [*Exit* BRIDGET.] — Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An she have overheard me now!

Dame K. I pray thee, good muss,[n] we stay for you.

Kit. By Heaven, I would not for a thousand angels!

Dame K. What ail you, sweetheart? are you not well? speak, good muss.

Kit. Troth my head aches extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. [*Putting her hand to his forehead.*] O, the Lord!

Kit. How now? What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kit. How simple, and how subtle are her answers!
A new disease, and many troubled with it?
Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. "The air!" she has me i' the wind!—Sweetheart. I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray Heaven it do. [*Exit.*

Kit. A new disease? I know not, new, or old,
But it may well be called poor mortals' plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First, it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgement: and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memory;
Still each to other giving the infection.
Which, as a subtle vapour, spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensitive part,
Till not a thought, or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah! but what misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection,
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

Moorfields

Enter BRAIN-WORM *like a maimed Sub-officer*

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh, to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us: so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, dry-foot,[n] over Moorfields to London, this morning; now I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waiters,[n] and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley[n] at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore, in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights, my arm here, and my — young master! and his cousin, Master Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier! [*Moves away.*

Enter E. KNO'WELL *and* STEPHEN

E. Kno'. So, sir, and how then, coz? 25

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Kno'. How! lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell; — stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afeard they will know me, would I could get by them!

E. Kno'. What? ha' you it?

Step. No; I think I was bewitched, I — [*Cries.*

E. Kno'. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it, let it go.

Step. O, it's here: No, an it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

E. Kno'. A jet ring! O the posy, the posy?

Step. Fine, i' faith. —

"Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep."

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Kno'. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my posy was,

"The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judged by St. Peter."

E. Kno'. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Kno'. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he helped you at your need: thank him, thank him.

Brai. [*Aside.*] I cannot take leave on 'hem so; I will venture, come what will. [*Comes toward them.*] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier; one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge; but now it is the humour of necessity, to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else should I rather die with silence, than live with shame: however, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not with my spirit —

E. Kno'. Where hast thou served?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor, by sea and land, any time this

fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend? [*Takes it in his hand.*

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgement; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince, in Europe.

E. Kno'. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it as 'tis, an you would give me an angel.

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir: [STEPHEN *examines the blade.*] nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard: but tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt —

E. Kno'. Come, come, you shall not buy it; — hold, there's a shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow, I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom,[n] and may have a rapier for money!

E. Kno'. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. — Tell me your lowest price.

E. Kno'. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kno'. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted: but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me, for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V

Another Part of Moorfields

Enter KNO'WELL

Kno'. I cannot lose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one. —
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and uttered it,
On a grey head; age was authority
Against a buffoon; and a man had then,
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life: so much
The sanctity of some prevailed for others.
But now, we all are fallen; youth, from their fear;
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, e'en parents,
That did destroy the hopes in our own children;
Or they not learned our vices, in their cradles,
And sucked in our ill customs, with their milk;
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning! the first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jests!
Can it call, whore? cry, bastard? O, then, kiss it!
A witty child! can't swear? the father's darling!
Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't shall learn
No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it! —
But this is in the infancy; the days
Of the long coat: when it puts on the breeches,

It will put off all this. Ay, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already!
No, no; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin; it stains into the liver,
And heart, in some: and, rather than it should not,
Note, what we fathers do! look, how we live!
What mistresses we keep! at what expense!
In our sons' eyes! where they may handle our gifts,
Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own
Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice!
Bait 'hem with the young chambermaid, to seal!
And teach 'hem all bad ways to buy affliction.
This is one path, but there are millions more,
In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
Well, I thank Heaven, I never yet was he
That travelled with my son, before sixteen,
To show him — the Venetian courtesans;
Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
To my sharp boy, at twelve; repeating still
The rule, "Get money; still, get money, boy;
No matter by what means; money will do
More, boy, than my lord's letter." Neither have I[n]
Dressed snails, or mushrooms curiously before him,
Perfumed my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem;
Preceding still, with my grey gluttony,
At all the ord'naries, and only feared
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers, now; however,
My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
None of these household precedents, which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
But, let the house at home be ne'er so clean
Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
If he will live abroad with his companions,

In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear:
Nor is the danger of conversing less
Than all that I have mentioned of example.

Enter BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as before*

Brai. [*Aside.*] My master! nay, faith, have at you; I am fleshed now, I have sped so well. — Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am ashamed of this base course of life — God's my comfort — but extremity provokes me to't; what remedy? 71

Kno'. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been; a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno'. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of Heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship — 82

Kno'. Nay, an you be so importunate —

Brai. O, tender sir! need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use! Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus. — [*Weeps.*] Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given [n] in the course of time; by this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: Sweet honour — 92

Kno'. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base!
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?

To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg:
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle, on the dung she breeds in;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so —

Kno'. Ay,
You'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? in the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days; but — and for service, would it were as soon purchased, as wished for! the air's my comfort! — [*Sighs.*] — I know what I would say —

Kno'. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Kno'. Fitz-Sword!
Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place, and honour of a soldier —

Kno'. Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths;
Speak plainly, man; what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my service should be honest.

Kno'. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. O that my belly were hooped now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! Never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus! now shall I be possessed of all his counsels; and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience: Or, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier, for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest[n] again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end[n] for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey! well, I'll follow him. O how I long to be employed! [*Exit.* 149

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

The Old Jewry. A Room in the Windmill Tavern

Enter MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, *and* BOBADILL

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you, too.

Wel. O, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Down-right?

Bob. He! Master Well-bred; I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard, upon such a —

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part —

Wel. Good captain, "faces about"[n] to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. O, Master Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question you do, [*Aside.*] or you do not, sir.

Enter E. KNO'WELL *and* STEPHEN

Ned Kno'well! by my soul, welcome: how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls [n] the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now, I see there's some love in thee. [*Lower.*] Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humour is this now! why dost thou not speak?

E. Kno'. O, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno'. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgement burned in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I mar'le what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it!

Wel. Why?

E. Kno'. "Why," say'st thou? why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mista'en my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Kno'. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now; but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Kno'. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Kno'. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I — a grain or two better — for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last

quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hangbyes here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'hem, if thou hear'st 'hem once go; my wind-instruments; I'll wind 'hem up — But what strange piece of silence is this? the sign of the Dumb Man?

E. Kno'. O, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. O, what is't, what is't?

E. Kno'. Nay, I'll neither do your judgement, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search; if you can take him, so!

Wel. Well, Captain Bobadill, Master Matthew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. — [*To* STEPHEN.] I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is Master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Master Well-bred's sake, (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Kno'. And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. O, it's your only fine humour, sir! your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Kno'. [*Aside.*] Sure he utters them then by the gross.

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things, out of measure.

E. Kno'. I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you; have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

Wel. [*Aside.*] Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kno'. O ay, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Kno'. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. Kno'. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why at the beleaguering of Strigonium,[n] where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of — what do you call it, last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and soldier.

Step. 'So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman!

E. Kno'. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium? and "What-do-you-call't"?

Bob. O Lord, sir! by St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with

resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno'. 'Twas pity you had not ten; [*Aside.*] a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. [*Aside to* STEPHEN.] 'Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. [*To him.*] So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Kno'. [*Aside.*] You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bob. Observe me, judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Kno'. O, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. [*Shows his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana [n] or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare, the boldlier, maintain it.

Step. I mar'le whether it be a Toledo [n] or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his, here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo! Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming,[n] by Heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kno'. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, Master Stephen? 171

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier — a hundred of lice go with him — he swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier,[n] no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Kno'. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up! but by — [*To himself.*] I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it — an e'er I meet him — 181

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching rascal![n] I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Kno'. A sign of good digestion! you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach? would I had him here, you should see, an I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as 'tis. — Come, gentlemen, shall we go? 191

SCENE II

The same

Enter BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as before*

E. Kno'. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

Step. O — 'od's lid! By your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brai. Yes, marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confessed it. — 'Od's will, an you had not confessed it —

E. Kno'. O cousin, forbear, forbear!

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confessed it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

E. Kno'. [*Aside to* WELL-BRED.] Ay, "by his leave," he is, and "under favour:" a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. O, it's a most precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kno'. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

[*They move apart.*

E. Kno'. With me, sir? you have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

Brai. You are conceited, sir: Your name is Master Kno'well, as I take it?

E. Kno'. You are i' the right; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brai. No, sir; I am none of that coat.

E. Kno'. Of as bare a coat, though: well, say, sir.

Brai. Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear — your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brain-worm.

E. Kno'. Brain-worm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brai. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Kno'. My father?

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Kno'. Sirrah Well-bred, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over, after me.

Wel. Thy father! Where is he?

Brai. At Justice Clement's house here, in Coleman Street,[n] where he but stays my return; and then —

Wel. Who's this? Brain-worm!

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device; — nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Wel. But, art thou sure, he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? what a question is that!

Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little: Brain-worm, thou shalt go with us. — Come on, gentlemen. — Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en pressed to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames Street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen!

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The Old Jewry. Kitely's *Warehouse*

Enter Kitely *and* Cash

Kit. What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell?
Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in, last night.
Kit. O, that is well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak! —
[*Exit* CASH.
Stay, let me see, an hour, to go and come;
Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An hour, before I can dispatch with him,
Or very near: well, I will say two hours.
Two hours? ha! things never dreamt of yet,
May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
In two hours' absence; well, I will not go.
Two hours! No, fleering Opportunity,
I will not give your subtilty that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robbed,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shows the felon, where his treasure lies?
Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
I will not go.

Re-enter CASH *with cloak*

Business, "go by" for once.
No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract,[n]
To be left so, without a guard, or open!
Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws;
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.
You must be then kept up, close, and well watched,
For, give you opportunity, no quicksand
Devours, or swallows swifter! He that lends
His wife — if she be fair — or time, or place,
Compels her to be false. I will not go.
The dangers are too many. — And then the dressing
Is a most main attractive! Our great heads,
Within the city, never were in safety,

Since our wives wore these little caps: [n] I'll change 'hem;
I'll change 'hem straight, in mine: mine shall no more
Wear three-piled [n] acorns, to make my horns ache.
Nor will I go. I am resolved for that.
Carry in my cloak again. — Yet stay. — Yet do, too:
I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kit. That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot it;
I must go. What's a-clock?

Cash. Exchange-time, [n] sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will Well-bred presently be here, too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turned, and turned:
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act. — It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me. — Thomas!

Cash. Sir.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not. — Thomas, is Cob within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas, [n]
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But, should he have a chink in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange!
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change! what should I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune, once.
Thomas — you may deceive me, but, I hope —
Your love to me is more —

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be called love, you are
More than in hope, — you are possessed of it.
Kit. I thank you, heartily, Thomas: gi' me your hand:
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart, unto you — but,
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up: —
So far I tell you, Thomas.
Cash. Sir, for that —
Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think, I esteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in, thus, to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas. If thou should'st
Reveal it, but —
Cash. How! I reveal it?
Kit. Nay,
I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st:
'Twere a great weakness.
Cash. A great treachery:
Give it no other name.
Kit. Thou wilt not do't, then?
Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!
Kit. [*Aside.*] He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some concealed purpose, and close meaning, sure;
Else, being urged so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no precisian, that I am certain of,
Nor rigid Roman Catholic. He'll play
At fayles, and tick-tack; I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? urge him again,
And by some other way? I will do so. —
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose:
Yes, you did swear?
Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you —

Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;
I am resolved without it; — at thy pleasure.
Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Delivered me in nature of your trust.
Kit. It's too much; these ceremonies need not:
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,—
[*Aside.*] Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture. —
I have of late, by divers observations —
[*Aside.*] But, whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha? — say you? —
[*Aside.*] I will ask counsel, ere I do proceed —
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.
Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.
Kit. I will think: — and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.
Cash. I will, sir.
Kit. And hear you, if your mistress' brother, Well-bred,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come back; let one straight bring me word.
Cash. Very well, sir.
Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear?
Or here in Coleman Street, to Justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
Cash. I will not, sir.
Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else; fail not to send me word.
Cash. I shall not, sir.
Kit. Be't your special business
Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas, I told you of.

Cash. No, sir; I do suppose it.

Kit. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kit. By Heaven it is not, that's enough. But, Thomas, I would not, you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living, — yet, I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this.
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
Locked up in silence, midnight, buried here. —
[*Touches his temple.*
[*Aside.*] No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [*Exit.*

Cash. "Locked up in silence, midnight, buried here!"
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha?
Best dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I sink! the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all! but soft —
O, 'tis our water-bearer: somewhat has crossed him now.

SCENE IV

The same

Enter COB

Cob. Fasting-days! what tell you me of fasting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me! They say the whole world shall be consumed with fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks and villainous Fridays burnt, in the mean time, and then —

Cash. Why, how now, Cob? what moves thee to this choler, ha?

Cob. Collar, Master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir, I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me, with your collar, or halter either, I may hap show you a jade's trick, sir.

Cash. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob? thy humour, thy humour — thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so indeed; what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry, I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. O, ay, humour is nothing, if it be not fed. Did'st thou never hear that? it's a common phrase, "Feed my humour."

Cob. I'll none on it: humour, avaunt! I know you not, be gone! Let who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'slid, I ha' much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days, too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day — a plague on them all for me — by this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drowned them all i' the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, an 'twere for Sir Bevis his horse,[n] against 'hem.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with 'hem, I think: their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days

of the week beside: next, they stink of fish, and leek-porridge miserably: thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry, all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own fish and blood. My princely coz, [*Pulls out a red herring.*] fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as King Cophetua.[n] O that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacs; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would ne'er be known. I'll be hanged, an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'hem,[n] and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight peace! thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else; here's Master Matthew. [*Aside.*] Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. [*Exit with* COB.

SCENE V

The same

Enter WELL-BRED, E. KNO'WELL, BRAIN-WORM, MATTHEW, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Kno'. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was't possible thou shouldst

not know him? I forgive Master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Kno'. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been joined patten with[n] one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round;[n] such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging, out of the old hackney pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling.[n] Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all, with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been sergeant-major, if not lieutenant-colonel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brain-worm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Kno'. An artificer? an architect! Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I mar'le?

Brai. Of a Hounsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold, for "A crafty knave needs no broker."

Brai. True, sir; but I did "need a broker," ergo —

Wel. Well put off; — "no crafty knave," you'll say.

E. Kno'. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

Re-enter CASH

Cash. Francis ! Martin ! ne'er a one to be found, now? what a spite's this !

Wel. How now, Thomas ? is my brother Kitely within ?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but Master Down-right is within. — Cob ! what, Cob ! Is he gone too ?

Wel. Whither went your master ? Thomas, canst thou tell ?

Cash. I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think, sir — Cob ! [*Exit.*

E. Kno'. Justice Clement ! what's he ?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him ? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I showed him you, the other day.

E. Kno'. O, is that he ? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shows as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests i' the University. They say, he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.[n]

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak of one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

CASH *comes in and out, calling*

Cash. Gasper ! — Martin ! — Cob ! 'Heart, where should they be, trow ?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. [*Aside, after taking it.*] Fire on your match ! no time but now to "vouchsafe" ? — Francis ! — Cob ! [*Exit.*

Bob. Body o' me ! here's the remainder of seven pound, since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado![n] did you never take any, Master Stephen ?

Step. No truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only: therefore it cannot be, but 'tis most divine! Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind, so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease, as I speak. And for your green wound, your Balsamum and your St. John's wort,[n] are all mere gulleries, and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Nicotian[n] is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quack-salver. Only thus much, by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it, before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign, and precious weed, that ever the earth tendered to the use of man. 94

E. Kno'. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Re-enter CASH *with* COB

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman Street.

Cob. O, O!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, Master Kitely's man? 101

Cash. [*Aside.*] Would his match, and he, and pipe, and all, were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. [*Exit.*

Cob. By Gods me, I mar'le what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! it's good for

nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke, and embers: there were four died out of one house, last week, with taking of it, and two more the bell went for, yesternight; one of them, they say, will ne'er scape it: he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward, and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe: why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane, or rosaker.[n] [BOBADILL *cudgels him.*

All. O, good captain, hold, hold!

Bob. You base cullion, you!

Re-enter CASH

Cash. Sir, here's your match. — Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur?

E. Kno'. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool? — Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away. [*Exit* CASH *with* COB.

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd ha' stabbed him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir.

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. [*To himself.*] O, he swears most admirably! "By Pharaoh's foot!" — "Body o' Cæsar!" I shall never do it, sure. "Upon mine honour, and by St. George!" — No, I ha' not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk.

Step. None, I thank you, sir. [*To himself.*] O, this gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. [*Practising to the post.*] "By this air!" — "As I am a gentleman!" "By —

Brai. [*Pointing to* STEPHEN.] Master, glance, glance! — Master Well-bred! [*Exeunt* BOBADILL *and* MATTHEW.

Step. "As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest —"

Wel. [*Aside.*] You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. Kno'. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation —

E. Kno'. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed —

Wel. No, Master Stephen? As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery-garden.[n] 151

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, "as I am a soldier" by that?

E. Kno'. O yes, that you may: it's all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is "divine tobacco!"

Wel. But soft, where's Master Matthew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir, they went in here.

Wel. O, let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnished. — Brain-worm! 163

Step. Brain-worm? Where? Is this Brain-worm?

E. Kno'. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body o' me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Kno'. 'Tis larded with 'hem; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

Coleman Street

A Room in Justice CLEMENT'S *House*

Enter KITELY *and* COB

Kit. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?
Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Well-bred —
Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?
Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; — mass, I know not well, there are so many.
Kit. How! so many?
Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them, at the most.
Kit. [*Aside.*] A swarm, a swarm!
Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forkèd stings, thus wide and large! — But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?
Cob. A little while, sir.
Kit. Didst thou come running?
Cob. No, sir.
Kit. [*Aside.*] Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!
Bane to my fortunes; what meant I to marry?
I, that before was ranked in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What? never sigh,
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself, falls in my wife's lap,
The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know. — But, Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister, and my wife would bid them welcome: ha?
Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.
Kit. No; their lips were sealed with kisses, and the voice —
Drowned in a flood of joy, at their arrival —

Had lost her motion, state, and faculty. —
Cob, which of them was't that first kissed my wife?
My sister, I should say; — my wife, alas!
I fear not her: ha? who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the troth of it?

Kit. O ay, good Cob, I pray thee, heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell [n] than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kissed, unless they would have kissed the post, in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all, at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kit. How? were they not gone in, then, ere thou cam'st?

Cob. O no, sir.

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then? Cob, follow me. [*Exit.*

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit;[n] I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge: oh, for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lien in my house, 'twould never have grieved me, but being my guest, one, that I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing; pawned her neck-kerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for't: here comes Justice Clement.

Scene VII

The same

Enter Clement, Kno'well, *and* Formal

Clem. What's Master Kitely gone? Roger?

Form. Ay, sir.

Clem. 'Heart of me! what made him leave us so abruptly? — How now, sirrah? what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of your worship's —

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice:[n] I have paid scot and lot[n] there, any time this eighteen years. 12

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: marry, I have seldom scaped scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well! What business has my poor neighbour with me?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come, to crave the peace of your worship. 19

Clem. Of me, knave? Peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir, but your worship's warrant for one that has wronged me, sir; his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for't, I'm sure.

Kno'. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelve-month and a day,[n] I may swear, by the law of the land, that he killed me. 33

Clem. How? how, knave? swear he killed thee? and by the law? What pretence? what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't please your worship, both black, and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here, to show your worship. [*Bares his arm.*

Clem. What is he, that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman, and a soldier, he says, he is, o' the city here.

Clem. A soldier o' the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob, and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by 'hem when they were taking on't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob, he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, Justice Clement says, you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear Master Justice!

Clem. Nay God's precious! an such drunkards, and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done: Away with him!

Cob. O, good Master Justice! [*To* KNO'WELL.] Sweet old gentleman!

Kno'. "Sweet Oliver," would I could do thee any good! — Justice Clement, let me entreat you, sir.

Clem. What? a thread-bare rascal! a beggar! a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers! — Roger, away with him! By God's precious — [COB *would implore.*] — I say, go to.

Cob. Dear Master Justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it; but not the prison, I beseech you.

Kno'. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant: — he shall not go, I but fear the knave.[n]

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go, my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship!

Clem. Away, dispatch him. [*Exeunt* FORMAL *with* COB.] How now, Master Kno'well, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Kno'. Sir, would I could not feel my cares — 86

Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it [*Takes some.*]: I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

A Room in KITELY'S *House*

Enter DOWN-RIGHT *and* Dame KITELY

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings 'hem in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends? his fiends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him, up and down like a sort of unlucky sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'hem: an 'twere not more for your husband's sake than anything else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'hem: they should say and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an you had done, as you might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'hem. 18

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason!

SCENE II

The same

Enter Mistress BRIDGET, *with* Master MATTHEW, *and* BOBADILL; *followed, at a distance, by* WELL-BRED, E. KNO'WELL, STEPHEN, *and* BRAIN-WORM

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject, as my worth!

Mat. You say well, mistress; and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Wel. O, now stand close; pray Heaven, she can get him to read! He should do it, of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy — 10

Down. [*Aside.*] "To mock an ape withal!" O, I could sew up his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Down. [*To himself.*] O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better. [*Exit.*

E. Kno'. What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water, at reading of a ballad? 20

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe. But mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how it is; but — please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgement, he knows how to censure of a — pray you, sir, you can judge.

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Kno'. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister: fie! while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir; well, *incipere dulce.*

E. Kno'. How! *insipere dulce?* a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed!

Wel. What, do you take *insipere* in that sense?

E. Kno'. You do not? you? This was your villainy, to gull him with a *motte.*

Wel. O, the benchers' phrase: "*pauca verba, pauca verba!*"

Mat. [*Reads.*] "Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine."

E. Kno'. This is in 'Hero and Leander.'[n]

Wel. O, ay! peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. "Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough."

Wel. How like you that, sir?

[STEPHEN *nods several times.*

E. Kno'. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.

Mat. But observe 'the catastrophe,' now:
"And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother."

E. Kno'. Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Kno'. A filching rogue, hang him! — and from the dead! It's worse than sacrilege.

WELL-BRED, E. KNO'WELL, *and* STEPHEN *come forward*

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here? — verses? pray you, let's see. Who made these verses? they are excellent good.

Mat. O, Master Well-bred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning; I made 'hem *extempore* this morning.

Wel. How? *extempore?*

Mat. Ay, would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadill: he saw me write them, at the — pox on it! — the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart, to curse the stars so?

E. Kno'. Faith, his are even with him; they ha' curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Kno'. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable!
The best that ever I heard, as I'm a soldier!

Re-enter DOWN-RIGHT

Down. I am vexed, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still! 'Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums, and devices: you may see what it is, to be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned, over head and ears, in the deep well of desire. Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Down. O monster! impudence itself! tricks!

Dame K. Tricks, brother? what tricks?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare any body here; but say what tricks.

Brid. Passion of my heart! do tricks!

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied![n] Why, you monkeys, you? what a caterwauling do you keep! has he not given you rhymes, and verses, and tricks?

Down. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff

so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant, you'll be begged else shortly for a concealment:[n] go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling, in conscience, for the book he had it out of, cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants? Master Matthew? Captain? What, all sons of silence? no spirit?

Down. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern, nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now! whose cow has calved?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions?

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hangbyes here. You must have your poets, and your potlings, your soldados, and foolados to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. — Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do: cut off his ears? cut a whetstone! You are an ass, do you see! touch any man here, and, by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, boy. [*They all draw.*

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

Enter CASH *and Some of the House to part them. The Women continue their Cries*

E. Kno'. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this;

I will, by this good Heaven! — Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him. [*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You whoreson, bragging coystril!

SCENE III

The same

Enter KITELY

Kit. Why, how now? what's the matter, what's the stir here?
Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:
My wife and sister, they are cause of this.
What, Thomas? — where is this knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my brothers' ancient humours, this.

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his "ancient humour." [*Exeunt all but those of the house.*

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

Down. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'hem ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and "Songs and Sonnets," his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent,
Too sudden, in your humour: and you know
My brother Well-bred's temper will not bear
Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace he should receive
Might wound him in opinion, and respect.

Down. Respect! what talk you of respect 'mong such,
As ha' no spark of manhood, nor good manners?
'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you! respect! [*Exit.*

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demeaned himself.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine? I would it were no worse, brother!
You'd pay my portion, sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seemed to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts. [*Exeunt* Dame KITELY *and* BRIDGET.

Kit. Her love, by Heaven! my wife's minion!
"Fair disposition!" "excellent good parts!"
Death! these phrases are intolerable.
"Good parts!" how should she know his parts?
His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear: — Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.
My mistress, and your sister —

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Kno'well, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much:
I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house,
Somewhere; I'll go and search: — go with me, Thomas:
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The Lane before COB'S *House*

Enter COB

Cob. [*Knocking.*] What, Tib! Tib, I say!

Tib. [*Within.*] How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard? [*She opens.*] O, husband! is't you? What's the news?

Cob. Nay, you have stunned me, i'faith! you ha' given me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me. Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you that's knocked?
Come, come, you may call me as bad, when you list.

Cob. May I? — Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie? and in my throat too! do you long to be stabbed, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope.

Cob. O, must you be stabbed by a soldier? Mass, that's true! when was Bobadill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullion?[n] I'll tickle him, i'faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow?

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I have it here in black and white, [*Touches it in his girdle.*] for his black, and blue, shall pay him. O, the Justice! the honestest old brave Trojan in London! I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villainous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you, let nobody in to you, wife, nobody in to you; those are my words. Not Cap-

tain Bob himself, nor the fiend, in his likeness; you are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you, to be tempted; therefore, keep the door shut, upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here, without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib, and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, "sweet."

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower. [*Kissing her.* Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A Room in the Windmill Tavern

Enter E. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, STEPHEN, *and* BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as before*

E. Kno'. Well, Brain-worm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties. But, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir, fear nothing: I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put 'hem in true motion. What you have possessed me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question. [*Exit.*

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brain-worm. — Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my agilities in this device?

E. Kno'. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man? why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but tell me, ingenu-

ously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget, as thou pretend'st?

E. Kno'. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty: and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou shouldest not have her.

E. Kno'. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Kno'. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand, thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. Kno'. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by — what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am —

E. Kno'. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe, thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

A Street

Enter FORMAL *and* KNO'WELL

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Kno'. Ay, a knave,
I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.

Enter BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as before*

O, here he is!—You've made fair speed, believe me:
Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus?

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I

should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Kno'. How so?

Brai. O, sir! your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch — indeed all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself! 13

Kno'. How should that be! unless that villain, Brainworm,
Have told him of the letter, and discovered
All that I strictly charged him to conceal?
'Tis so.

Brai. I am, partly, o' the faith 'tis so, indeed.

Kno'. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art! is not your son a scholar, sir?

Kno'. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice: if it were,
I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation. 25
But, where did'st thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask, where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, "Master Kno'well's man!" another cries "Soldier!" and thus half a dozen of 'hem, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seemed men,[n] and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'hem; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me, (as, I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an anatomy o' me first, and so I told 'hem,) they locked me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir,

thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was locked up, there was a great many rich merchants, and brave citizens' wives with 'hem at a feast, and your son, Master Edward, withdrew with one of 'hem, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Kno'. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not. Go thou, along with Justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit* KNO'WELL.] Yes! — invisible? Much wench, or much son![n] 'Slight, when he has staid there, three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air![o] O, the sport that I should then take, to look on him, if I durst! But now, I mean to appear no more afore him, in this shape: I have another trick, to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson, now, of this justice's novice! — Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers —

Form. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss; and expense of all, almost —

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it —

Brai. O, sir —

Form. But, to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know: [*Aside.*] and more too somewhat.

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the

Windmill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you, to the Windmill.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir; [*Aside.*] and make grist o' you, if I have good luck. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII

A Street

Enter MATTHEW, E. KNO'WELL, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Master Well-bred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Kno'. We were now speaking of him: Captain Bobadill tells me, he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention, this morning, for that: — You shall kill him, beyond question; if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. [*Fences.*

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay![n] [*Practises at a post.*

Mat. Rare captain!

Bob. Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a — *punto.*

E. Kno'. Captain, did you ever prove yourself, upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O, good sir! yes, I hope, he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travail for knowledge (in that mystery only) there came three or four of 'hem to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools, and

withal so much importuned me, that — I protest to you, as I am a gentleman — I was ashamed of their rude demeanour, out of all measure: well, I told 'hem, that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humour; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Kno'. So, sir, then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried! you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two or three tricks of prevention, have purchased 'hem since, a credit to admiration! they cannot deny this: and yet now, they hate me, and why? because I am excellent! and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Kno'. This is strange, and barbarous! as ever I heard!

Bob. Nay, for a more instance[n] of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone, in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch,[n] which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my Ordinary: where I have driven them afore me, the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill, a man may spurn abroad with his foot, at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for 'hem: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Kno'. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no! what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Kno'. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself. But, were I known to her Majesty and the Lords, —observe me, —I would undertake —upon this poor head, and life —for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno'. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong, and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen, the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccata, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honour, refuse us, well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus, would we kill, every man, his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up, by computation. And this, will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practised upon us) by fair, and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Kno'. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno'. I would not stand in Down-right's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind; but, I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Kno'. Gods so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

[DOWN-RIGHT *walks over the stage.*

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It's not he, is it?

E. Kno'. Yes faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hanged then, if that were he.

E. Kno'. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he, yet.

E. Kno'. That I think, sir.

Re-enter DOWN-RIGHT

But see, he is come again.

Down. O, "Pharaoh's foot," have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools: draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me —

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it, till now, body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even

now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Matthew.

Down. 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

[*Cudgels him, disarms him, and throws him down.* MATTHEW *runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbear!

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you! You'll "control the point," [n] you! [*Looking about.*] Your consort is gone? had he stayed he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day. 143

E. Kno'. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by Heaven! Sure, I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon. 151

E. Kno'. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. [*Exit* BOBADILL.] 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passadas, and your montantos, I'll none of them. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'hem! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I'll ha' this cloak.

E. Kno'. Gods will, 'tis Down-right's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en't up as well as I: I'll wear it, so I will. 162

E. Kno'. How, an he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha' it; I'll say I bought it.

E. Kno'. Take heed, you buy it not too dear, coz.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII

A Room in KITELY'S *House*

Enter KITELY, WELL-BRED, Dame KITELY, *and* BRIDGET

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T'incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are sentinels,
That every minute watch, to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection
Of your assistance, or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you, since there is no harm done. Anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man, till he be angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep himself, as it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man, unless he fight? For indeed, all this, my wise brother stands upon, absolutely; and that made me fall in with him, so resolutely.

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears, be poisoned, for any thing he knows: or the wholesome wine he drunk, even now, at the table—

Kit. [*Aside.*] Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember,
My wife drunk to me last; and changed the cup;
And bade me wear this cursèd suit to-day.
See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscovered!—
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;
O, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn.
If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath has poisoned him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean? The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Well-bred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poisoned with a simile? — Brother Kitely, what a strange, and idle imagination is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul, there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I, then, not poisoned? Am I not poisoned? how am I, then, so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Enter BRAIN-WORM, *in* FORMAL'S *clothes*

Brai. Master Kitely, my master, Justice Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with you, with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now? when, I think, I am sick? very sick! well, I will wait upon his worship. — Thomas? Cob? [*Aside.*] I must seek them out, and set 'hem sentinels till I return. — Thomas? Cob? Thomas? [*Exit.*

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brain-worm! but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man? [*Takes him aside.*]

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk, with admiration! and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stripped him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit, to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour and an old brown bill to watch him, till my return; which shall be, when I ha' pawned his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brainworm; his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me, and my sister Bridget, at the Tower instantly; for, here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and, than the Tower, I know no better air; nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. [*Exit* BRAIN-WORM.

Re-enter KITELY, CASH *following*

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now, my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears.
Hark, what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas:
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence, to thy mistress:
If she would show him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow 'hem, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after; mark their looks;
Note, if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him;
But praise his leg; or foot; or if she say,
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is; O, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,
And, if they do but whisper, break 'hem off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee: — where is Cob, now? Cob? [*Exit.*

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob: I wonder how he employs Cob so!

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a

necessary question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in: but this, I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes, your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. — Thomas, fetch your cloak, and go with me. [*Exit* CASH.] I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i' faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! [*Exit.*

Wel. So, let 'hem go; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were, to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it: for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching. But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I! and it touches me too in part, though not in the — Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly, and worthily affected toward you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you, where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul, he loves you. Will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant, a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is returned to hinder us!

Re-enter KITELY

Kit. What villainy is this? called out on a false message?
This was some plot! I was not sent for. — Bridget,
Where's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas! O, that villain dors me:
He hath discovered all unto my wife!
Beast that I was, to trust him! whither, I pray you,
Went she?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, brother,
Whither I suspect she's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe: but, keep my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will: to Cob's house? doth she haunt Cob's?
She's gone a purpose now, to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all. [*Exit.*

Wel. Come, he is once more gone,
Sister, let's lose no time; the affair is worth it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX

A Street

Enter MATTHEW *and* BOBADILL

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away? ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman! quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments; and that's all.

Mat. Why, so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's all.

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice? as you say? 11

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no: you shall have there your nobilis, your gentilezza, come in bravely upon your "reverse," stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your "retricato" with his left leg, come to the "assalto" with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood. But, wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter; fascinated: but I will be unwitched, and revenged, by law.

Mat. Do you hear? is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before Justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss, would we had it! 22

Enter BRAIN-WORM *still as* FORMAL

Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. 'Save you, sir!

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Down-right hath abused this gentleman, and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir. 31

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours, as these, gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels, in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross,[n] by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine, and radish: let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn? we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes. I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be missed: it must be done, now.

Bob. Well, an there be no remedy: I'll step aside and pull 'hem off. [*Withdraws.*

Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it dispatched, ere we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently, what's his name, say you? Down-right?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Down-right.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly, of silk russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. [*Returning.*] And here — are stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but, who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain: that must be considered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not! 'tis service of danger!

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o' the city, a serjeant; I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt* BOBADILL *and* MATTHEW.

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Down-right, for the arrest. [*Exit.*

SCENE X

The Lane before COB'S *House*

Enter KNO'WELL

Kno'. O, here it is; I am glad I have found it now. Ho! who is within here? [*Knocking.*

Tib. [*Within.*] I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Kno'. To know, who is within, besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Kno'. O! fear you the constable? then I doubt not,
You have some guests within, deserve that fear;
I'll fetch him straight. [TIB *opens.*

Tib. . . . . . O' God's name, sir!

Kno'. Go to. Come, tell me, is not young Kno'well here?

Tib. Young Kno'well? I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty. 10

Kno'. Your honesty? Dame, it flies too lightly from you:
There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable? The man is mad, I think.

[*Claps to the door.*

Enter Dame KITELY *and* CASH

Cash. Ho! who keeps house, here?

Kno'. O, this's the female copesmate of my son:
Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.
Cash. Ho, goodwife? [TIB *slightly re-opens door.*
Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?
Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door?
Belike, you get something, to keep it shut.
Tib. What mean these questions, 'pray ye?
Dame K. So strange you make it! Is not my husband here?
Kno'. Her husband!
Dame K. My tried husband, Master Kitely?
Tib. I hope, he needs not to be tried, here.
Dame K. No, dame; he does it not for need, but pleasure.
Tib. Neither for need, nor pleasure, is he here.
Kno'. This is but a device to balk me withal.

Enter KITELY, *muffled in his cloak*

Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my son disguised?
Dame K. [*Spies her husband, and runs to him.*] O, sir, have I forestalled your honest market?
Found your close walks? you stand amazed now, do you?
I'faith, I'm glad I have smoked you yet at last.
What is your jewel, trow? In: come, let's see her; —
Fetch forth your housewife, dame; — if she be fairer,
In any honest judgement, than myself,
I'll be content with it: but, she is change,
She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well! your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you treachour!
Kno'. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,
Close at your villainy, and wouldst thou 'scuse it

With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me? —
O, old incontinent, [*To* KNO'WELL.] dost not thou shame,
When all thy powers in chastity is spent,
To have a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?
Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!
Kit. Defy me, strumpet? Ask thy pander here,
[*Pointing to* THOMAS.
Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?
Kno'. Why, hear you, sir.
Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak.
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.
Kno'. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?
Kit. Well, good wife ba'd, Cob's wife, and you,
That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy; —
And you, young apple-squire — and old cuckold-maker;
I'll ha' you every one before a justice:
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.
Kno'. Marry, with all my heart, sir: I go willingly;
Though I do taste this as a trick, put on me,
To punish my impertinent search; and justly:
And half forgive my son, for the device.
Kit. Come, will you go?
Dame K. Go? to thy shame believe it.

Enter COB

Cob. Why, what's the matter here, what's here to do?
Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abused,
And i' thy house: never was man so wronged!
Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my Master Kitely? Who wrongs you in my house?
Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young, here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken 'hem.
Cob. How? bawd? is my house come to that? Am I preferred thither? [*Beats his wife.*] Did I charge you to keep your doors shut, Is'bel? and do you let 'hem lie open for all comers?

Kno'. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife,
This's madness in thee.
Cob. Why? is there no cause?
Kit. Yes, I'll show cause before the justice, Cob: Come, let her go with me.
Cob. Nay, she shall go.
Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may be allowed to make a bundle o' hemp o' your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?
Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we'll ha' you tamed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI

A Street

Enter BRAIN-WORM *disguised as a City Serjeant*

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself; being in this serjeant's gown. A man, of my present profession, never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace,[n] made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt, in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit, 'pray Heaven I come well off!

Enter MATTHEW *and* BOBADILL

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.
Bob. Let's go in quest of him.
Mat. 'Save you, friend! are not you here, by appointment of Justice Clement's man?
Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his

master (which I have about me) to be served on one Down-right.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see, where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him, quickly, afore he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, Master Matthew.

Enter STEPHEN *in* DOWN-RIGHT'S *cloak*

Brai. Master Down-right, I arrest you i' the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend? I am no Down-right, I. I am Master Stephen, you do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly: I am in nobody's bonds, nor books, I, would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now are you deceived, gentlemen!

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: but see, here a' comes indeed! this is he, officer.

Enter DOWN-RIGHT

Down. Why, how now, Signior gull! are you turned filcher of late? come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir? I bought it, even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Down-right, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen? these rascals!

[*Raises his cudgel.*

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you, in her majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before Master Justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir: I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice,[n] captain.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore Heaven!

[*Exeunt* BOBADILL *and* MATTHEW.

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There take your cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's: bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your word; and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that: I may take bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose, at another time. But you shall not, now, varlet. Bring him along or I'll swinge you. [*Raises cudgel.*

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case. Here's your money again.

Down. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you, of himself, sir.

Down. Yet more ado.

Brai. [*Aside.*] I have made a fair mash on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Down. Come along, afore me, here: I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir: I hope you cannot hang me for it. — Can he, fellow?

Brai. I think not, sir: it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why, then, let him do his worst, I am resolute.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I

Coleman Street. A Hall in Justice Clement's *House*

Enter Clement, Kno'well, Kitely, Dame Kitely, Tib, Cob, *and* Servants

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: — my chair, sirrah. — You, Master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your son?

Kno'. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you, thither?

Kno'. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno'. Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your clerk: and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk? about what time was this?

Kno'. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitely?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good: but, Mistress Kitely, how chance that you were at Cob's? Ha?

Dame K. An' please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Well-bred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place —

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither, daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True sir, but you know what grows, by such haunts, oftentimes.

Clem. I see, rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitely: but did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Well-bred.

Clem. How? Well-bred first tell her? then tell you, after? Where is Well-bred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly, all! — alas, poor wench, wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope: if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. —

Enter a Servant

How now, sir? what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what's he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier? take down my armour, my sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? come on, come on, hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: — stand by, I will end your matters anon. — Let the soldier enter. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter BOBADILL, *followed by* MATTHEW

Now sir, what ha' you to say to me?

SCENE II

The same

Bob. By your worship's favour — [*Approaches him.*

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence, you send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answered, here, here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman, and myself have been most uncivilly wronged, and beaten by one Down-right, a coarse fellow, about the town here, and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace; despoiled me of mine honour; disarmed me of my weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open streets: when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? here, take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Re-enter Servant

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant?

Serv. Yes, sir. The officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit* Servant.] Set by this picture.[n]

Enter DOWN-RIGHT, STEPHEN, *with* BRAIN-WORM, *disguised as before*

What, Master Down-right! are you brought at Master Freshwater's suit here?

SCENE III

The same

Down. I'faith, sir. And here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. — O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle? who? Master Kno'well?

Kno'. Ay, sir! this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here, monstrously: he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street, by chance.

Down. O, did you "find it," now? You said, you bought it, ere-while.

Step. And you said, I stole it; nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. — You that have cause to complain there, stand forth: had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so:[n] where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants and my hand not at 'hem! Where is the warrant? — Officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir, your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Down-right, are you such a novice, to be served, and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir. He did not serve it on me.

Clem. No? how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said, he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so —

Clem. O, God's pity was it so, sir? "He must serve it!" Give me my long sword there, and help me off: so. Come on, sir varlet, I "must" cut off your legs, sirrah; [BRAIN-WORM *kneels.*] nay, stand up, "I'll use you kindly"; — I "must" cut off your legs, I say.

[*Flourishes over him with his long sword.*

Brai. [*Kneeling again.*] O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good Master Justice!

Clem. I "must" do it; there is no remedy. I "must" cut off your legs, sirrah — I "must" cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it — I "must" cut off your nose — I "must" cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise, how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why, so! I said "I must cut off thy legs," and, "I must cut off thy arms," and, "I must cut off thy head"; but, I did not do it: so you said, "you must serve this gentleman with my warrant," but, you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you "must"? — Sirrah, away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your "must," sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail, — away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose, by my travail, any grain of my fame, certain. [*Takes off his disguises.*

Clem. How is this!

Kno'. My man Brain-worm!

Step. O yes, uncle: Brain-worm has been with my cousin Edward and I, all this day.

Clem. I told you all, there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you; now, stand strong for me; both with your sword, and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! — give me a bowl of sack: — if he belong to you, Master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it, I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno'. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly, for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself: first, as Brain-worm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reformed soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's, upon the errand without end.

Kno'. Is it possible! or that thou shouldst disguise thy language so, as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone, that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, Master Kitely, a message too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship; while Master Well-bred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stolen away?

Kno'. My son is not married, I hope!

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound — which is her portion — can make 'hem: and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'hem, and invite 'hem home.

Clem. Marry, that will I (I thank thee for putting me

in mind on't). — Sirrah, go you and fetch 'hem hither, "upon my warrant." [*Exit* Servant.] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. — Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, — but all in kindness — and stripping him to his shirt: I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold "your worship's warrant" to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself, by my activity, to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee, in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off, this is my sentence: — Pledge me. — Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgement, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for't. — How now, what noise is that?

Enter Servant

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

Enter FORMAL, *in a suit of armour*

What! drunk in arms, against me? your reason, your reason for this?

SCENE IV

The same

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stripped me of all my clothes —

Clem. Well, tell him, I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him: — but what is this to your armour? what may that signify?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up i' the room, where I was stripped; and I borrowed it of one o' the drawers to come home in, because I was loath to do penance through the street, i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

Enter E. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, *and* BRIDGET

Who be these? O, the young company, — welcome, welcome! Gi' you joy. Nay, Mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roof.

SCENE V

The same

E. Kno'. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'hem, they are no part of my care.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister, the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir; below the stairs, and in public: — her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet? I will challenge him myself presently at extempore.

Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify
How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,
And, through the welkin, thundered all aloud.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir. He is all for the pocket-muse; please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

[*They search* MATTHEW'S *pockets.*

Wel. You must not deny the Queen's Justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in 's hose; let's see some of his subjects. [*Reads.*

Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,[n] 23

Runs this poor river, charged with streams of eyes.

How? This is stolen.

E. Kno'. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? — Bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. — Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter, and brighter! still it increases! O, now it's at the highest: and now, it declines as fast. You may see. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* 34

Kno'. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies!

Clem. Nay, no speech, or act of mine be drawn against such, as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff, Master Kitely. You look upon me! Though I live i' the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor — out of his year. But, these paper-pedlars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension, or reproach. They have it with the fact. 45

E. Kno'. Sir, you have saved me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper, between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But, to dispatch away these, — you sign o' the soldier, and picture o' the poet, (but both so false, I will not ha' you hanged out at my door till midnight,) while we are at supper, you two

shall penitently fast it out in my court, without; and, if you will, you may pray there, that we may be so merry within, as to forgive, or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third,[n] because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep, an he had not bleated! — Why, sir, you shall give Master Down-right his cloak; — and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have, i' the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company, here; — whom I will intreat first to be reconciled; — and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'hem so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear, and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving, and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest, to put off all discontent. You, Master Down-right, your anger; you, Master Kno'well, your cares; Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy.

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns i' the mind are worse than o' the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; — kiss me, sweetheart.

See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Winged with my cleansèd, and my cred'lous breath!
Watch 'hem, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see! on heads, that think they've none at all!
O, what a plenteous world, of this will come!
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.

I ha' learned so much verse out of a jealous man's part, in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride, and lead; — every one, a fellow. Here is my

mistress, — Brain-worm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference. Whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not, but it shall find both spectators, and applause. [*Exeunt.*

VOLPONE

OR, THE FOX

VOLPONE

Volpone was written in 1606. It was acted before its printing in 1607 at both Oxford and Cambridge with such success that it called forth from Jonson an enthusiastic dedication to the "two most noble and most equal sisters." The source of the play, in the main, is Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, nos. v–ix, and xi.[1] From these Jonson took suggestions alike for plot and particular scenes. He made, also, frequent but scanty borrowings from Horace, *Satura II*.

[1] See J. Q. Adams, *Mod. Phil.*, II, 289 (1905) and W. H. Browne, *Mod. Lang. Notes*, xxi, 113, April, 1906.

TO THE

MOST NOBLE AND MOST EQUAL SISTERS,

THE TWO FAMOUS UNIVERSITIES,

FOR THEIR

LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE SHOWN TO HIS POEM

IN THE PRESENTATION;

BEN JONSON,

THE GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGER,

DEDICATES BOTH IT AND HIMSELF.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VOLPONE, a Magnifico.
MOSCA, his Parasite.
VOLTORE, an Advocate.
CORBACCIO, an old Gentleman.
CORVINO, a Merchant.
BONARIO, son to CORBACCIO.
SIR POLITICK WOULD-BE, a Knight.
PEREGRINE, a Gentleman Traveller.
NANO, a Dwarf.
CASTRONE, an Eunuch.
ANDROGYNO, an Hermaphrodite.

Grege (or Mob).
Commandadori, Officers of Justice.
Mercatori, three Merchants.
Avocatori, four Magistrates.
Notario, the Register.
Servitori, Servants.

LADY WOULD-BE, Sir POLITICK'S Wife.
CELIA, CORVINO'S Wife.
Waiting-women, &c.

SCENE — VENICE

VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX

THE ARGUMENT[n]

V OLPONE, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
O ffers his state to hopes of several heirs,
L ies languishing: his parasite receives
P resents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
O ther cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.
N ew tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when bold,
E ach tempts the other again,[n] and all are sold.

PROLOGUE

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit
  Will serve to make our play hit;
(According to the palates of the season)
  Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.
This we were bid to credit from our poet,
  Whose true scope, if you would know it,
In all his poems still hath been this measure,
  To mix profit with your pleasure;
And not as some, whose throats their envy failing,
  Cry hoarsely, All he writes is railing:[n]
And when his plays come forth, think they can flout them,
  With saying, he was a year about them.
To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,

Which was two months since no feature:[n]
And though he dares give them five lives to mend it,[n]
'Tis known, five weeks fully penned it,
From his own hand, without a coadjutor,
Novice, journeyman, or tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you as a token
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,[n]
Wherewith your rout are so delighted;
Nor hales he in a gull old ends reciting,[n]
To stop gaps in his loose writing;
With such a deal of monstrous and forced action,
As might make Bethlem a faction:[n]
Nor made he his play for jests stolen from each table,
But makes jests to fit his fable;
And so presents quick comedy refined,
As best critics have designed;
The laws of time, place, persons[n] he observeth,
From no needful rule he swerveth.
All gall and copperas from his ink he draineth,
Only a little salt remaineth,
Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till red with laughter,
They shall look fresh a week after.

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

A Room in VOLPONE'S *House*

Enter VOLPONE *and* MOSCA

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.
[MOSCA *withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, etc.*
Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the longed-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour darkening his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relic
Of sacred treasure in this blessèd room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth:
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,

They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;[n]
Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,
That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things;
The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth Heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise[n] —

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.[n]

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way; I use no trade, no venture;
I wound no earth with ploughshares, fat no beasts
To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder:
I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-facèd sea;
I turn no monies in the public bank,
No usure private.

Mos. No sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall have some will swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
With pills of butter,[n] and ne'er purge for it;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
May be forthcoming, when the flesh is rotten:
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;
You loathe the widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.

Volp. Right, Mosca; I do loathe it.

Mos. And, besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher that doth stand
With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,

And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath filled his vaults
With Romagnia, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and worms
Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds;
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,
Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
Your pleasure allows maintenance —

Volp. Hold thee, Mosca,
[*Gives him money.*
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
And they are envious term[n] thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
And let them make me sport. [*Exit* MOSCA.] What should I do,
But cocker up my genius,[n] and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir; and this makes men observe me:
This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return
Tenfold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,[n]
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin them into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,[n]

Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again. —
How now!

Re-enter MOSCA *with* NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE

Nan. "Now, room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,
They do bring you neither play nor university show;[n]
And therefore do intreat you that whatsoever they rehearse,
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass,
For know, here is enclosed the soul of Pythagoras,[n]
That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;
Which soul, fast and loose, sir, came first from Apollo,
And was breathed into Æthalides, Mercurius his son,[n]
Where it had the gift to remember all that ever was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration
To goldy-locked Euphorbus,[n] who was killed in good fashion,
At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of Sparta.[n]
Hermotimus[n] was next (I find it in my charta),[n]
To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing,
But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learned to go a-fishing;
And thence did it enter the sophist of Greece.
From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful piece,
Hight Aspasia,[n] the meretrix; and the next toss of her
Was again of a whore, she became a philosopher,
Crates the cynic, as itself[n] doth relate it:
Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords, and fools gat it,
Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and brock,
In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobbler's cock.[n]

But I come not here to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath, By QUATER! [n]
His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh,[n]
Or his telling how elements shift; but I
Would ask, how of late thou hast suffered translation,
And shifted thy coat in these days of reformation.
And. Like one of the reformed,[n] a fool, as you see,
Counting all old doctrine heresy.
Nan. But not on thine own forbid meats[n] hast thou ventured?
And. On fish, when first a Carthusian I entered.[n]
Nan. Why, then thy dogmatical silence[n] hath left thee?
And. Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft me.
Nan. O wonderful change, when sir lawyer forsook thee!
For Pythagore's sake, what body then took thee?
And. A good dull mule.
Nan. And how! by that means
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans?[n]
And. Yes.
Nan. But from the mule into whom didst thou pass?
And. Into a very strange beast, by some writers called an ass;
By others a precise, pure, illuminate brother
Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one another:[n]
And will drop you forth a libel, or a sanctified lie,
Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.[n]
Nan. Now quit thee, for Heaven, of that profane nation,
And gently report thy next transmigration.
And. To the same that I am.
Nan. A creature of delight,
And, what is more than a fool, an hermaphrodite!
Now, prithee, sweet soul, in all thy variation,
Which body wouldst thou choose to keep up thy station?[n]

And. Troth, this I am in: even here would I tarry.

Nan. 'Cause here the delight of each sex thou canst vary!

And. Alas, those pleasures be stale and forsaken;
No, 'tis your fool[n] wherewith I am so taken,
The only one creature that I can call blessed;
For all other forms I have proved most distressed.

Nan. Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still,
This learnèd opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow eunuch, as behoves us, with all our wit and art,
To dignify that whereof ourselves are so great and special a part."

Volp. Now, very, very pretty. Mosca, this
Was thy invention?

Mos. If it please my patron,
Not else.

Volp. It doth, good Mosca.

Mos. Then it was, sir.

NANO *and* CASTRONE *sing*

"Fools, they are the only nation
Worth men's envy or admiration;
Free from care or sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry making:
All they speak or do is sterling.
Your fool he is your great man's darling,
And your ladies' sport and pleasure;
Tongue and bauble are his treasure.
E'en his face begetteth laughter,
And he speaks truth free from slaughter;[n]
He's the grace of every feast,
And sometimes the chiefest guest;
Hath his trencher and his stool,
When wit waits upon the fool.
O, who would not be
He, he, he?" [*Knocking without.*

Volp. Who's that? Away! [*Exeunt* NANO *and* CASTRONE.] Look, Mosca. Fool, begone!

[*Exit* ANDROGYNO.

Mos. 'Tis Signior Voltore, the advocate;
I know him by his knock.

Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say my couch is changing,
And let him entertain himself awhile
Without i' the gallery. [*Exit* MOSCA.] Now, now my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, Kite,
Raven, and Gorcrow, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcass, now they come:
I am not for them yet.

Re-enter MOSCA, *with the gown, etc.*

How now! the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir.

Volp. Of what bigness?

Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscribed,
And arms engraven.

Volp. Good! and not a fox
Stretched on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? [n] ha, Mosca!

Mos. Sharp, sir.

Volp. Give me my furs. [*Puts on his sick dress.*] Why dost thou laugh so, man?

Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; [n] if you died to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
What large return would come of all his ventures;
How he should worshipped be, and reverenced;
Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths; waited on

By herds of fools and clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as lettered as himself;
Be called the great and learnèd advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.
Volp. Yes, to be learnèd, Mosca.
Mos. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.
Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch him in.
Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes.
Volp. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.
Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.
Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
And hundreds such as I am, in succession —
Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.
Mos. You shall live
Still to delude these harpies.
Volp. Loving Mosca!
'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.
[*Exit* MOSCA.
Now, my feigned cough, my phthisic, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forcèd functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milked their hopes.
He comes; I hear him — Uh! [*Coughing.*] uh! uh! uh!
O —

Re-enter MOSCA, *introducing* VOLTORE *with a piece of Plate*

Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only you,
Of all the rest, are he commands his love,

And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!
Here's Signior Voltore is come —
Volp. [*Faintly.*] What say you?
Mos. Sir, Signior Voltore is come this morning
To visit you.
Volp. I thank him.
Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,[n]
With which he here presents you.
Volp. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.
Mos. Yes.
Volt. What says he?
Mos. He thanks you, and desires you to see him often.
Volp. Mosca.
Mos. My patron!
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.
Mos. The plate is here, sir.
Volt. How fare you, sir?
Volp. I thank you, Signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.
Volt. [*Putting it into his hands.*] I'm sorry
To see you still thus weak.
Mos. [*Aside.*] That he's not weaker.
Volp. You are too munificent.
Volt. No, sir; would to Heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that plate!
Volp. You give, sir, what you can; I thank you.
Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswered:
I pray you see me often.
Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.

Volp. Be not far from me.
Mos. Do you observe that, sir?
Volp. Hearken unto me still; it will concern you.
Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your good.
Volp. I cannot now last long —
Mos. You are his heir, sir.
Volt. Am I?
Volp. I feel me going: Uh! uh! uh! uh!
I'm sailing to my port, Uh! uh! uh! uh!
And I am glad I am so near my haven.
Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must all go —
Volt. But, Mosca —
Mos. Age will conquer.
Volt. Pray thee, hear me;
Am I inscribed his heir for certain?
Mos. Are you!
I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me in your family.[n] All my hopes
Depend upon your worship: I am lost
Except the rising sun do shine on me.
Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.
Mos. Sir,
I am a man that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers and your caskets locked,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate, and monies; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.
Volt. But am I sole heir?
Mos. Without a partner, sir: confirmed this morning:
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.
Volt. Happy, happy me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Mos. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause.

Volt. Thy modesty
Is not to know it; well, we shall requite it.
Mos. He ever liked your course, sir; that first took him.
I oft have heard him say how he admired
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And return; make knots, and undo them;
Give forkèd counsel; take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up;[n] these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And, for his part, he thought he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin! —
[*Knocking without.*
Who's that? one knocks; I would not have you seen, sir.
And yet — pretend you came, and went in haste;
I'll fashion an excuse — and, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is borne up stiff with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I have not been your worst of clients.
Volt. Mosca! —
Mos. When will you have your inventory brought, sir?
Or see a copy of the Will? — Anon!
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, begone,
Put business in your face. [*Exit* VOLTORE.
Volp. [*Springing up.*] Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.

Mos. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.
Volp. Set the plate away:
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come.
Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.
Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the plate to the rest.*]
Now we shall see
A wretch who is indeed more impotent
Than this can feign to be;[n] yet hopes to hop
Over his grave.

Enter CORBACCIO

Signior Corbaccio!
You're very welcome, sir.
Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.
Corb. What! mends he?
Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Does he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.
Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by while it was made, saw all the ingredients;
And know it cannot but most gently work:
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. [*Aside.*] Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it.
Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
Corb. Say you, say you?
Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think

Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, to escape. I often have
Heard him protest that your physician
Should never be his heir.
Corb. Not I his heir?
Mos. Not your physician, sir.
Corb. O, no, no, no.
I do not mean it.
Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says they flay a man
Before they kill him.
Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve them,
But gives them great reward: and he is loath
To hire his death so.
Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much licence as a judge.
Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
Corb. Ay, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont —
Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir; his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
Corb. O, good!
Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.

Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his brain —
Corb. I conceive you; good.
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolvèd corners of his eyes.
Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he with the swimming of his head?
Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.
Mos. I was a-coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his Will?
What has he given me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing! ha?
Mos. He has not made his Will, sir.
Corb. O, O, O!
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?
Mos. He smelt a carcass, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good —
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True:
I know it too.
Mos. [*Aside.*] By your own scale, sir.[n]
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here I have brought a bag of bright chequines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. [*Taking the bag.*] Yea, marry, sir.

This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates to this great elixir!
Corb. 'Tis *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.[n]
Mos. It shall be ministered to him in his bowl.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessèd cordial!
This will recover him.
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my venture:
Give me it again.
Mos. At no hand:[n] pardon me:
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, sir; 'tis your right, your own; no man
Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How, how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gained sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament:
And show him this. [*Pointing to the money.*
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home with speed;

There, frame a Will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son!
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but colour?[n]
Mos. This Will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to enforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your Will; where, without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience and mere gratitude —
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir —
Corb. Published me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him —
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man —
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir —
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good —
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.

Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir! Heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow grey withal,) how to work things —
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he
For whom I labour here.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. [*Going.*
Mos. [*Aside.*] Rook go with you, raven![n]
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir![n]
Corb. And —
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir.
Corb. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother[n] of his blessing.
Corb. I may have my youth restored to me, why not?
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!
Corb. What sayest thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*
Volp. [*Leaping from his couch.*] O, I shall burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides —
Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope[n]
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give them words;[n]
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!
Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,

So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often called on, as [n] no wish
Can be more frequent with them, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckoned life! nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With charms like Æson, have his youth restored;
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on as he,
And all turns air! [*Knocking within.*] Who's that there, now? a third!

Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his voice. It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.

Volp. [*Lies down as before.*] Dead.

Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. [*Anointing them.*] Who's there?

Enter CORVINO

Signior Corvino! come most wished for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

Corv. Why? what? wherein?

Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.

Corv. He is not dead?

Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good; He knows no man.

Corv. How shall I do then?

Mos. Why, sir?

Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.

Mos. Perhaps he has So much remembrance left as to know you, sir:

He still calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient, sir?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. [*Faintly.*] Signior Corvino!
Mos. Hark.
Volp. Signior Corvino!
Mos. He calls you; step and give it him. — He's here, sir,
And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir?
Tell him it doubles the twelve carat.
Mos. Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to see you —
Corv. Say
I have a diamond for him, too.
Mos. Best show it, sir;
Put it into his hand: 'tis only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling yet.
See how he grasps it!
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman!
How pitiful the sight is!
Mos. Tut, forget, sir.
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter
Under a visor.
Corv. Why, am I his heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the Will
Till he be dead; but here has been Corbaccio,
Here has been Voltore, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many;
All gaping here for legacies: but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
Signior Corvino, *Signior Corvino*, took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I asked him
Whom he would have his heir? *Corvino.* Who
Should be executor? *Corvino.* And,
To any question he was silent to,

I still interpreted the nods he made,
Through weakness, for consent: and sent home th' others,
Nothing bequeathed them, but to cry and curse.
Corv. O, my dear Mosca. [*They embrace.*] Does he not perceive us?
Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those he had begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.
Corv. Has he children?
Mos. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gipsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he was drunk.
Knew you not that, sir? 'tis the common fable.
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his;
He's the true father of his family,
In all save me: — but he has given them nothing.
Corv. That's well, that's well! Art sure he does not hear us?
Mos. Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your own sense. [*Shouts in* VOLPONE'S *ear.*
The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserved it
Throughly and throughly, and the plague to boot! —
You may come near, sir. — Would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,
Covered with hide instead of skin — Nay, help, sir —
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end!
Corv. [*Aloud.*] Or like an old smoked wall, on which the rain
Ran down in streaks!
Mos. Excellent, sir! speak out:

You may be louder yet; a culverin
Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.
Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.
Mos. 'Tis good! And what his mouth?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up —
Corv. By no means.
Mos. Pray you, let me:
Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow
As well as any woman that should keep him
Corv. Do as you will; but I'll begone.
Mos. Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.
Corv. I pray you use no violence.
Mos. No, sir! why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray you, sir?
Corv. Nay, at your discretion.
Mos. Well, good sir, begone.
Corv. I will not trouble you now to take my pearl.
Mos. Puh! nor your diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here, whom you have made your creature?
That owe my being to you?
Corv. Grateful Mosca!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.
Mos. Excepting one.
Corv. What's that?
Mos. Your gallant wife, sir. [*Exit* CORV.
Now he is gone: we had no other means
To shoot him hence but this.
Volp. My divine Mosca!
Thou hast to-day outgone thyself. [*Knocking within.*]
Who's there?
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk [n] is not more sensual in his pleasures

Than will Volpone. [*Exit* Mos.] Let me see; a pearl!
A diamond! plate! chequines! Good morning's purchase.
Why, this is better than rob churches,[n] yet;
Or fat, by eating, once a month, a man —

Re-enter MOSCA

Who is't?
Mos. The beauteous Lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politick Would-be,
(This is the style, sir, is directed me,)[n]
Hath sent to know how you have slept to-night,
And if you would be visited?
Volp. Not now:
Some three hours hence.
Mos. I told the squire so much.
Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine; then, then:
'Fore Heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!
Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is *politick*,
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange airs,
She hath not yet the face to be dishonest:
But had she Signior Corvino's wife's face —
Volp. Hath she so rare a face?
Mos. O, sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
Of the first year, a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,
Than silver, snow, or lilies; a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!
Volp. Why had not I known this before?

Mos. Alas, sir,
Myself but yesterday discovered it.
Volp. How might I see her?
Mos. O, not possible;
She's kept as warily as is your gold;
Never does come abroad, never takes air
But at a window. All her looks are sweet,
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watched
As near as they are.
Volp. I must see her.
Mos. Sir,
There is a guard of spies ten thick upon her,
All his whole household; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge,
When he goes out, when he comes in, examined.
Volp. I will go see her, though but at her window.
Mos. In some disguise then.
Volp. That is true; I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same: we'll think.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I

St. Mark's Place; a retired corner before Corvino's *House*

Enter Sir Politick Would-be, *and* Peregrine

Sir P. Sir, to a wise man, all the world's his soil:
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe
My dearest plots,[n] hath brought me out; much less
That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed project
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with Ulysses!
But a peculiar humour of my wife's
Laid for this height of Venice,[n] to observe,
To quote, to learn the language, and so forth —
I hope you travel, sir, with licence?

Per. Yes.

Sir P. I dare the safelier converse — How long, sir,
Since you left England?

Per. Seven weeks.

Sir. P. So lately!
You have not been with my lord ambassador?[n]

Per. Not yet, sir.
Sir P. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate?
I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be seconded.
Per. What was 't, sir?
Sir P. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's.
Per. [*Aside.*] This fellow,
Does he gull me, trow? or is gulled? — Your name, sir?
Sir P. My name is Politick Would-be.
Per. [*Aside.*] O, that speaks him. —
A knight, sir?
Sir P. A poor knight, sir.
Per. Your lady
Lies here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires and fashions, and behaviour,
Among the courtesans? the fine Lady Would-be?
Sir P. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee ofttimes
Suck from one flower.
Per. Good Sir Politick,
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'Tis true, sir, of your raven.
Sir P. On your knowledge?
Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the Tower.
Sir P. Another whelp?
Per. Another, sir.
Sir P. Now Heaven!
What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!
And the new star! these things concurring, strange,
And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?
Per. I did, sir.
Sir P. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,
As they give out?
Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.
Sir P. I am astonished.

Per. Nay, sir, be not so;
I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these.
Sir P. What should these things portend?
Per. The very day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discovered in the river,
As high as Woolwich,[n] that had waited there,
Few know how many months, for the subversion
Of the Stode fleet.
Sir P. Is't possible? believe it,
'Twas either sent from Spain, or the archduke's:
Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!
Will they not leave these projects? Worthy sir,
Some other news.
Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.
Sir P. Is Mass[n] Stone dead?
Per. He's dead, sir; why, I hope
You thought him not immortal? — [*Aside.*] O, this knight,
Were he well known, would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write[n]
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously.
Sir P. Stone dead!
Per. Dead. — Lord! how deeply, sir, you apprehend it!
He was no kinsman to you?
Sir P. That I know of.
Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.
Per. And yet you knew him, it seems?
Sir P. I did so. Sir,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Living within the state, and so I held him.
Per. Indeed, sir?
Sir P. While he lived, in action.
He has received weekly intelligence,

Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
For all parts of the world, in cabbages; [n]
And those dispensed again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk melons, apricots,
Lemons, pome-citrons, and such-like; sometimes
In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.
Per. You make me wonder.
Sir P. Sir, upon my knowledge.
Nay, I've observed him, at your public ordinary,
Take his advertisement from a traveller,
A concealed statesman, in a trencher of meat;
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a toothpick.
Per. Strange!
How could this be, sir?
Sir P. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid as he
Must easily read the cipher.
Per. I have heard,
He could not read, sir.
Sir P. So 'twas given out,
In policy, by those that did employ him:
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to 't, as sound a noddle —
Per. I have heard, sir,
That your baboons were spies, and that they were
A kind of subtle nation near to China.
Sir P. Ay, ay, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they had
Their hand in a French plot or two; but they
Were so extremely given to women, as
They made discovery of all: yet I
Had my advices here, on Wednesday last,
From one of their own coat, [n] they were returned,
Made their relations, as the fashion is,
And now stand fair for fresh employment.
Per. [*Aside.*] Heart!
This Sir Pol will be ignorant of nothing. —

It seems, sir, you know all.
Sir P. Not all, sir; but
I have some general notions. I do love
To note and to observe: though I live out,
Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
The currents and the passages of things,
For mine own private use; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.
Per. Believe it, sir, I hold
Myself in no small tie unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge, if your bounty equal it,
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behaviour, and my bearing, which
Is yet so rude and raw.
Sir P. Why? came you forth
Empty of rules for travel?
Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar grammar,[n]
Which he that cried Italian to me,[n] taught me.
Sir P. Why, this it is that spoils all our brave bloods,
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of outside, and mere bark. You seem
To be a gentleman of ingenuous race: —
I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with,
In this high kind,[n] touching some great men's sons,
Persons of blood and honour. —

Enter MOSCA *and* NANO *disguised, followed by persons with materials for erecting a Stage*

Per. Who be these, sir?
Mos. Under that window, there 't must be. The same.
Sir P. Fellows, to mount a bank. Did your instructor
In the dear tongues,[n] never discourse to you
Of the Italian mountebanks?

Per. Yes, sir.
Sir P. Why,
Here you shall see one.
Per. They are quacksalvers,
Fellows that live by venting oils and drugs.
Sir P. Was that the character he gave you of them?
Per. As I remember.
Sir P. Pity his ignorance.
They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admired statesmen, professed favourites,
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes;
The only languaged men of all the world!
Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors;
Made all of terms and shreds; no less beliers
Of great men's favours, than their own vile med'cines;
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;
Selling that drug for twopence, ere they part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before.
Sir P. Sir, calumnies are answered best with silence.
Yourself shall judge. — Who is it mounts, my friends?
Mos. Scoto of Mantua,[n] sir.
Sir P. Is't he? Nay, then
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant'sied to you.
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,
Here in this nook, that has been wont t' appear
In face of the Piazza! — Here he comes.

Enter VOLPONE, *disguised as a mountebank Doctor, and followed by a crowd of people*

Volp. Mount, zany. [*To* NANO.
Mob. Follow, follow, follow, follow!
Sir P. See how the people follow him! he's a man
May write ten thousand crowns in bank here. Note,
[VOLPONE *mounts the stage.*

Mark but his gesture: — I do use to observe
The state he keeps in getting up.
Per. 'Tis worth it, sir.

Volp. "Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons! It may seem strange that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my bank in the face of the public Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia,[n] should now, after eight months' absence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza." 161

Sir P. Did not I now object the same?
Per. Peace, sir.

Volp. "Let me tell you: I am not, as your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate than I am accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession (Alessandro Buttone,[n] I mean), who gave out, in public, I was condemned a sforzato to the galleys, for poisoning the Cardinal Bembo's — cook, hath at all attached,[n] much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to tell you true, I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground ciarlitani,[n] that spread their cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity,[n] and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccaccio, like stale Tabarine,[n] the fabulist: some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turks' galleys, when, indeed, were the truth known, they were the Christians' galleys,[n] where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance, enjoined them by their confessors, for base pilferies." 181

Sir P. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. "These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-fartical

rogues, with one poor groat's-worth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapped up in several scartoccios, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet these meagre, starved spirits, who have half stopped the organs of their minds with earthy oppilations,[n] want not their favourers among your shrivelled salad-eating artisans, who are overjoyed that they may have their half-pe'rth of physic; though it purge them into another world, it makes no matter."

Sir P. Excellent! have you heard better language, sir?

Volp. "Well, let them go. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our bank, being thus removed from the clamours of the canaglia, shall be the scene of pleasure and delight; for I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell."

Sir P. I told you, sir, his end.

Per. You did so, sir.

Volp. "I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast as it is fetched away from my lodging by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the Terra-firma;[n] worshipful merchants; ay, and senators too: who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily; for, what avails your rich man to have his magazines stuffed with moscadelli, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him, on pain of death, to drink nothing but water cocted with aniseeds? O, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life —"

Per. You see his end.
Sir P. Ay, is 't not good?

Volp. "For when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head [n] into an arm or shoulder, or any other part; take you a ducket, or your chequin of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed unguento, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes —"

Per. I would he had put in dry too.
Sir P. Pray you, observe.

Volp. "To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, ay, were it of one that, through extreme weakness, vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace; — for the vertigine in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy; the 'mal caduco, cramps, convulsions, paralysies, epilepsies, tremor-cordia, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; stops a dysenteria immediately; easeth the torsion of the small guts; and cures melancholia hypondriaca, being taken and applied, according to my printed receipt. [*Pointing to his bill and his vial.*] For this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect; and, in sum, both together may be termed an abstract of the theorick and practick in the Æsculapian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And, — Zan Fritada,[n] prithee sing a verse extempore in honour of it."

Sir P. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!
Sir P. Is not his language rare?
Per. . . . . . But alchemy,
I never heard the like; or Broughton's books.[n]

NANO *sings*

"Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
That to their books put med'cines all in,
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper;
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, sassafras not named;
Ne yet of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymund Lully's[n] great elixir.
Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword."[n]

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

Volp. "No more. — Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed Oglio del Scoto; with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of the aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appeared on my part, before the signiory of the Sanita[n] and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there

be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours: indeed, very many have assayed, like apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestowed great cost in furnaces, stills, alembics, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists), but when these practitioners come to the last decoction,[n] blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for these may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable. 289

"For myself, I always from my youth have endeavoured to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange, or for money: I spared nor cost nor labour, where anything was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake, by virtue of chemical art, out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the Balloo,[n] I have been at my book; and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation." 301

Sir P. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. "But to our price —"

Per. And that withal,[n] Sir Pol.

Volp. "You all know, honourable gentlemen, I never valued this ampulla, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be deprived of it for six; six crowns is the price, and less in courtesy

I know you cannot offer me; take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns, so the Cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great Duke of Tuscany, my gossip,[n] with divers other princes, have given me; but I despise money. Only to show my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, framed my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels. — Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation."

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance
Is here, to get some three or four gazettes,
Some threepence in the whole! for that 'twill come to.

NANO *sings*

"You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of teeth, and strong of tongue?
Tart of palate? quick of ear?
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
Moist of hand? and light of foot?
Or, I will come nearer to't,
Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act your mistress pleases,
Yet fright all aches from your bones?
Here's a med'cine for the nones." [n]

Volp. "Well, I am in a humour at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark: I asked you six crowns; and six crowns,

at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a moccinigo. Sixpence it will cost you, or six hundred pound — expect no lower price, for, by the banner of my front, I will not bate a bagatine, — that I will have, only, a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to show I am not contemned by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better than if I had presented it with a double pistolet."

Per. Will you be that *heroic spark*, Sir Pol? 353
[CELIA, *at a window above, throws down her handkerchief.*
O, see! the window has prevented you.

Volp. "Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamoured on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean, yet not altogether to be despised, an object. Here is a powder concealed in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth,[n] nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the powder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young, cleared her wrinkles, firmed her gums, filled her skin, coloured her hair; from her derived to Helen, and at the sack of

Troy unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much sophisticated), wherewith the ladies there now colour their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks,[n] firm as a wall: makes them white as ivory, that were black as —"

Enter CORVINO

Cor. Spite o' the devil, and my shame! come down here;
Come down; — No house but mine to make your scene?
Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?
What, is my wife your Franciscina, sir?
No windows on the whole Piazza, here,
To make your properties, but mine? but mine?
[*Beats away* VOLPONE, NANO, *etc.*
Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new christened,
And called the Pantalone di Besogniosi,[n]
About the town.

Per. What should this mean, Sir Pol?

Sir P. Some trick of state, believe it; I will home.

Per. It may be some design on you.

Sir P. I know not.
I'll stand upon my guard.

Per. It is your best, sir.

Sir P. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters,
They have been intercepted.

Per. Indeed, sir!
Best have a care.

Sir P. Nay, so I will

Per. This knight,
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Room in VOLPONE'S *House*

Enter VOLPONE *and* MOSCA

Volp. O, I am wounded!
Mos. Where, sir?
Volp. Not without;
Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.
But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame;
Where now he flings about his burning heat,
As in a furnace an ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopped. The fight is all within me.
I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;
My liver melts,[n] and I, without the hope
Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heap of cinders.
Mos. 'Las, good sir,
Would you had never seen her!
Volp. Nay, would thou
Hadst never told me of her!
Mos. Sir, 'tis true;
I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy; but I'm bound in conscience,
No less than duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.
Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?
Mos. Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of aught
Within a human compass.
Volp. O, there spoke
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,
Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt: nay, coin me too:
So thou in this but crown my longings, Mosca.

Mos. Use but your patience.
Volp. So I have.
Mos. I doubt not
To bring success to your desires.
Volp. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.
Mos. If you can horn him,[n] sir, you need not.
Volp. True:
Besides, I never meant him for my heir. —
Is not the colour of my beard and eyebrows
To make me known?
Mos. No jot.
Volp. I did it well.
Mos. [*Aside.*] So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With half the happiness! and yet I would
Escape your epilogue.[n]
Volp. But were they gulled
With a belief that I was Scoto?
Mos. Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have distinguished!
I have not time to flatter you now, we'll part:
And as I prosper, so applaud my art. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Room in CORVINO'S *House*

Enter CORVINO, *with his sword in his hand, dragging in* CELIA

Corv. Death of mine honour, with the city's fool!
A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank!
And at a public window! where, whilst he,
With his strained action, and his dole of faces,[n]
To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, unmarried, noted lechers,

Stood leering up like satyrs: and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call? their whistle?
Or were you enamoured on his copper rings,
His saffron jewel, with the toadstone in't,
Or his embroidered suit, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a hearse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starched beard! Well you shall have him, yes!
He shall come home, and minister unto you
The fricace for the mother. Or, let me see,
I think you'd rather mount; would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes, truly, you may!
And so you may be seen, down to the foot.
Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man;
Make one: [n] I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!
For if you thought me an Italian,
You would be damned ere you did this, you whore!
Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice.

Cel. Good sir, have patience.

Corv. What couldst thou propose
Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs
As thou wert gazed upon with goatish eyes?

Cel. Alas, sir, be appeased! I could not think
My being at the window should more now
Move your impatience than at other times.

Corv. No! not to seek and entertain a parley
With a known knave, before a multitude!
You were an actor with your handkerchief,
Which he most sweetly kissed in the receipt,
And might, no doubt, return it with a letter,

And point the place where you might meet; your sister's,
Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the turn.
Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make these excuses
Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?
And that so seldom —
Corv. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.
First, I will have this bawdy light [n] dammed up;
And till't be done, some two or three yards off,
I'll chalk a line; o'er which if thou but chance
To set thy desperate foot, more hell, more horror,
More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,
Than on a conjuror that had heedless left
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.[n]
Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee,
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards;
Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no pleasure,
That thou shalt know but backwards: nay, since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your own,
Being too open, makes me use you thus:
Since you will not contain your subtle nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers. [*Knocking within.*] One knocks.
Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the window; if thou dost —
Nay, stay, hear this — let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy,[n]
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in public.
Away! — [*Exit* CELIA.

Enter Servant

Who's there?

Serv. 'Tis Signior Mosca, sir.

Corv. Let him come in. [*Exit* Serv.] His master's dead; there's yet
Some good to help the bad.

Enter MOSCA

My Mosca, welcome!
I guess your news.

Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.

Corv. Is't not his death?

Mos. Rather the contrary.

Corv. Not his recovery?

Mos. Yes, sir.

Corv. I am cursed,
I am bewitched, my crosses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how?

Mos. Why, sir, with Scoto's oil;
Corbaccio and Voltore brought of it, 81
Whilst I was busy in an inner room —

Corv. Death! that damned mountebank! but for the law
Now, I could kill the rascal: it cannot be
His oil should have that virtue. Have not I
Known him a common rogue, come fiddling in
To the osteria, with a tumbling whore,
And, when he has done all his forced tricks, been glad
Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients 90
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod earwigs,[n] pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle:[n]
I know them to a dram.

Mos. I know not, sir;
But some on't, there, they poured into his ears,
Some in his nostrils, and recovered him;
Applying but the fricace.
Corv. Pox o' that fricace!
Mos. And since, to seem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had,
At extreme fees, the college of physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him;
Where one would have a cataplasm of spices,
Another a flayed ape clapped to his breast,
A third would have it a dog, a fourth an oil,
With wild cats' skins: at last, they all resolved
That to preserve him, was no other means
But some young woman must be straight sought out,
Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him;
And to this service most unhappily,
And most unwillingly, am I now employed,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, since it concerns you most;
Because I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my sole dependence, sir;
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
My slackness to my patron, work me out
Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate!
I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all
Now striving who shall first present him; therefore —
I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat;
Prevent them if you can.
Corv. Death to my hopes,
This is my villainous fortune! Best to hire
Some common courtesan.
Mos. Ay, I thought on that, sir;
But they are all so subtle, full of art —

And age again doting and flexible,
So as — I cannot tell — we may, perchance,
Light on a quean may cheat us all.
Corv. 'Tis true.
Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no tricks, sir,
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it;[n]
Some wench you may command. Have you no kinswoman?
Odso — Think, think, think, think, think, think, think, sir.
One o' the doctors offered there his daughter.
Corv. How!
Mos. Yes, Signior Lupo, the physician.
Corv. His daughter!
Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why, alas,
He knows the state of's body, what it is;
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever;
Nor any incantation raise his spirit:
A long forgetfulness hath seized that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one or two —
Corv. I pray thee give me leave. [*Walks aside.*] If any man
But I had had this luck — The thing in't self,
I know, is nothing — Wherefore should not I
As well command my blood and my affections[n]
As this dull doctor? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.
Mos. I hear him coming.[n]
Corv. She shall do't: 'tis done.
Slight! if this doctor, who is not engaged,
Unless 't be for his counsel, which is nothing,
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him: Wretch!
Covetous wretch! — Mosca, I have determined.
Mos. How, sir?
Corv. We'll make all sure. The party you wot of
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.

Mos. Sir, the thing,
But that I would not seem to counsel you,
I should have motioned to you, at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their throats.
Why, 'tis directly taking a possession!
And in his next fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled; it had been done before
But for your scrupulous doubts.
Corv. Ay, a plague on't,
My conscience fools my wit! Well, I'll be brief,
And so be thou, lest they should be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what zeal
And willingness I do it: swear it was
On the first hearing, as thou mayst do, truly,
Mine own free motion.
Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starved clients shall be banished all;
And only you received. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good, you must not know't.
Corv. But do not you forget to send now.
Mos. Fear not.
[*Exit.*
Corv. Where are you, wife? my Celia! wife!

Re-enter CELIA

— What, blubbering?
Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st me in earnest;
Ha! by this light I talked so but to try thee:
Methinks, the lightness of the occasion
Should have confirmed thee. Come, I am not jealous.
Cel. No!
Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was;

It is a poor unprofitable humour.
Do not I know, if women have a will,
They'll do 'gainst all the watches of the world,
And that the fiercest spies are tamed with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't;
And see I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come kiss me. Go, and make thee ready straight,
In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,
Put them all on, and, with them, thy best looks:
We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I am free from jealousy or fear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I

A Street

Enter Mosca

Mos. I fear I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosperous parts,
They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy in my blood: I know not how,
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin now, like a subtle snake,
I am so limber. O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropped from above,
Not bred 'mongst clods and clodpoles, here on earth.
I muse, the mystery was not made a science,
It is so liberally professed! Almost
All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites or sub-parasites. And yet
I mean not those that have your bare town-art,
To know who's fit to feed them; have no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense;[n] or get
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and fleer,
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,[n]
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:[n]
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;

Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;
Present to any humour, all occasion;
And change a visor swifter than a thought!
This is the creature had the art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their zanies.

Enter BONARIO

Who's this? Bonario, old Corbaccio's son?
The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,
You are happily met.
Bon. That cannot be by thee.
Mos. Why, sir?
Bon. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and leave me:
I would be loath to interchange discourse
With such a mate as thou art.
Mos. Courteous sir,
Scorn not my poverty.
Bon. Not I, by Heaven;
But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy baseness.
Mos. Baseness!
Bon. Ay; answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flattery?
Thy means of feeding?
Mos. Heaven be good to me!
These imputations are too common, sir,
And easily stuck on virtue when she's poor.
You are unequal to me, and however
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That, ere you know me, thus proceed in censure:
St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.
[*Weeps.*

Bon. [*Aside.*] What! does he weep? the sign is soft and good:
I do repent me that I was so harsh.
Mos. 'Tis true, that, swayed by strong necessity,
I am enforced to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment
Out of my mere observance, being not born
To a free fortune: but that I have done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Dividing families, betraying counsels,
Whispering false lies, or mining men with praises,
Trained their credulity with perjuries,
Corrupted chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
Prove the most rugged and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation,
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.
Bon. [*Aside.*] This cannot be a personated passion.—
I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature;
Prithee forgive me: and speak out thy business.
Mos. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may seem
At first to make a main offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master;
Yet for the pure love which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you —
Bon. How!
Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his blood: 'tis true, sir.
The work no way engageth me, but, as
I claim an interest in the general state
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
To abound in you; and for which mere respect,
Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.
Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust

Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father should be so unnatural.

Mos. It is a confidence that well becomes
Your piety; and formed, no doubt, it is
From your own simple innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monstrous and abhorred. But, sir,
I now will tell you more. This very minute,
It is, or will be doing; and if you
Shall be but pleased to go with me, I'll bring you,
I dare not say where you shall see, but where
Your ear shall be a witness of the deed;
Hear yourself written bastard, and professed
The common issue of the earth.

Bon. I am mazed!

Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,
And score your vengeance on my front and face;
Mark me your villain: you have too much wrong,
And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weeps blood in anguish —

Bon. Lead; I follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Room in VOLPONE'S *House*

Enter VOLPONE

Volp. Mosca stays long, methinks. — Bring forth your sports,
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE

Nan. "Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.
A question it were now, whether of us three,

Being all the known delicates of a rich man,
In pleasing him, claim the precedency can?
Cas. I claim for myself.
And. And so doth the fool.
Nan. Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to school.
First for your dwarf, he's little and witty,
And everything, as it is little, is pretty;
Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,
So soon as they see him, It's a pretty little ape?
And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imitation
Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fashion?
Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave
Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.
Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,
Yet, for his brain, it must always come after;
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face."
[Knocking within.
Volp. Who's there? my couch; away! look! Nano, see: *[Exeunt* AND. *and* CAS.
Give me my caps first — go, inquire. *[Exit* NANO.] Now, Cupid
Send it be Mosca, and with fair return!
Nan. *[Within.]* It is the beauteous madam —
Volp. Would-be — is it?
Nan. The same.
Volp. Now torment on me! Squire her in;
For she will enter, or dwell here for ever:
Nay, quickly. *[Retires to his couch.]* That my fit were past! I fear
A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my appetite to the other: [n]
Would she were taking now her tedious leave.
Lord, how it threats me what I am to suffer!

Re-enter NANO *with* Lady POLITICK WOULD-BE

Lady P. I thank you, good sir. Pray you signify
Unto your patron I am here. — This band
Shows not my neck enough, — I trouble you, sir;
Let me request you bid one of my women
Come hither to me. In good faith, I am dressed
Most favourably to-day! It is no matter:
'Tis well enough.

Enter 1 Waiting-woman

Look, see these petulant things,
How they have done this!
Volp. [*Aside.*] I do feel the fever
Entering in at mine ears; O, for a charm,
To fright it hence!
Lady P. Come nearer: is this curl
In his right place, or this? Why is this higher
Than all the rest? You have not washed your eyes yet!
Or do they not stand even in your head?
Where is your fellow? call her. [*Exit* 1 Woman.
Nan. Now, St. Mark
Deliver us! anon she'll beat her women,
Because her nose is red.

Re-enter 1 *with* 2 Woman

Lady P. I pray you view
This tire, forsooth: are all things apt, or no?
1 *Wom.* One hair a little here sticks out, forsooth.
Lady P. Does't so, forsooth, and where was your dear sight,
When it did so, forsooth! What now! bird-eyed? [n]
And you, too? Pray you, both approach and mend it.
Now, by that light I muse you are not ashamed!
I, that have preached these things so oft unto you,

Read you the principles, argued all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,
Called you to counsel of so frequent dressings —
Nan. [*Aside.*] More carefully than of your fame or honour.
Lady P. Made you acquainted what an ample dowry
The knowledge of these things would be unto you,
Able alone to get you noble husbands
At your return: and you thus to neglect it!
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
The Italians are, what will they say of me?
The English lady cannot dress herself.
Here's a fine imputation to our country!
Well, go your ways, and stay in the next room.
This focus was too coarse too; it's no matter. —
Good sir, you'll give them entertainment?
[*Exeunt* NANO *and* Waiting-women.
Volp. The storm comes toward me.
Lady P. [*Goes to the couch.*] How does my Volpone?
Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt
That a strange fury entered now my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof asunder.
Lady P. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I remember't —
Volp. [*Aside.*] Out on my fate! I have given her the occasion
How to torment me: she will tell me hers.
Lady P. Methought the golden mediocrity,
Polite, and delicate[n] —
Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.
Lady P. Alas, good soul! the passion of the heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boiled with syrup of apples,
Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,
Your elecampane root, myrobolanes —

Volp. [*Aside.*] Ah me, I have ta'en a grasshopper by the wing!

Lady P. Burnt silk and amber. You have muscadel
Good in the house —

Volp. You will not drink, and part?

Lady P. No, fear not that. I doubt we shall not get
Some English saffron, half a dram would serve;
Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried mints;
Bugloss, and barley-meal —

Volp. [*Aside.*] She's in again!
Before I feigned diseases, now I have one.

Lady P. And these applied with a right scarlet cloth.[n]

Volp. [*Aside.*] Another flood of words! a very torrent!

Lady P. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?

Volp. No, no, no.
I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.

Lady P. I have a little studied physic; but now
I'm all for music, save, in the forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A lady, indeed, to have all letters and arts,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal, as Plato holds, your music,
And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,
Is your true rapture: when there is concent
In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed,
Our sex's chiefest ornament.

Volp. The poet
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says that your highest female grace is silence.

Lady P. Which of your poets? Petrarch, or Tasso, or Dante?
Guarini, Ariosto? Aretine?
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. [*Aside.*] Is everything a cause to my destruction?

Lady P. I think I have two or three of them about me.

Volp. [*Aside.*] The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still

Than her eternal tongue! nothing can scape it.
Lady P. Here's Pastor Fido —
Volp. [*Aside.*] Profess obstinate
silence;
That now my safest.
Lady P. All our English writers.
I mean such as are happy in[n] the Italian,
Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;
Almost as much as from Montagnié:
He has so modern and facile a vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear!
Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,
In days of sonnetting, trusted them with much;[n]
Dante is hard, and few can understand him.
But for a desperate wit, there's Aretine;
Only his pictures are a little obscene —
You mark me not.
Volp. Alas, my mind's perturbed.
Lady P. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,
Make use of our philosophy —
Volp. O me!
Lady P. And as we find our passions do rebel,
Encounter them with treason, or divert them,
By giving scope unto some other humour
Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,[n]
There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgement,
And cloud the understanding, than too much
Settling and fixing, and, as 'twere, subsiding
Upon one object. For the incorporating
Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves some certain fæces
That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,
Assassinate our knowledge.
Volp. [*Aside.*] Now, the spirit
Of patience help me!
Lady P. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more a days; and make you well:

Laugh and be lusty.

Volp. [*Aside.*] My good angel save me!

Lady P. There was but one sole man in all the world
With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he
Would lie you, often, three, four hours together
To hear me speak; and be sometime so rapt,
As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse,
An't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep,
How we did spend our time and loves together,
For some six years.

Volp. O, O, O, O, O, O!

Lady P. For we were cœtanei, and brought up —

Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me!

Enter MOSCA

Mos. God save you, madam!

Lady P. Good sir.

Volp. Mosca! welcome,
Welcome to my redemption.

Mos. Why, sir?

Volp. O,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My madam with the everlasting voice:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
The Cock-pit comes not near it.[n] All my house,
But now, steamed like a bath with her thick breath,
A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her hence.

Mos. Has she presented?[n]

Volp. O, I do not care!
I'll take her absence upon any price,
With any loss.

Mos. Madam —
Lady P. I have brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work.
Mos. 'Tis well.
I had forgot to tell you I saw your knight,
Where you would little think it. —
Lady P. Where?
Mos. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
Rowing upon the water in a gondole,
With the most cunning courtesan of Venice.
Lady P. Is't true?
Mos. Pursue them, and believe your eyes:
Leave me to make your gift. [*Exit* Lady P. *hastily.*] I knew 'twould take:
For, lightly, they that use themselves most licence,
Are still most jealous.
Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
Now to my hopes, what sayst thou?

Re-enter Lady P. WOULD-BE

Lady P. But do you hear, sir? —
Volp. Again! I fear a paroxysm.
Lady P. Which way
Rowed they together?
Mos. Toward the Rialto.
Lady P. I pray you lend me your dwarf.
Mos. I pray you take him. [*Exit* Lady P.
Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms, fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the Will;
When he is gone, I'll tell you more. [*Exit.*

Volp. My blood,
My spirits are returned; I am alive:
And, like your wanton gamester at primero,[n]
Whose thought had whispered to him, not go less.[n]
Methinks I lie, and draw — for an encounter.
[*The scene closes upon* VOLPONE.

SCENE III

The Passage leading to VOLPONE'S *Chamber*

Enter MOSCA *and* BONARIO

Mos. Sir, here concealed [*Shows him a closet.*] you may hear all. But, pray you,
Have patience, sir [*Knocking within.*] — the same's your father knocks:
I am compelled to leave you. [*Exit.*
Bon. Do so. — Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.
[*Goes into the closet.*

SCENE IV

Another part of the same

Enter MOSCA *and* CORVINO, CELIA *following*

Mos. Death on me![n] you are come too soon, what meant you?
Did not I say I would send?
Corv. Yes, but I feared
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.
Mos. [*Aside.*] Prevent! Did e'er man haste so for his horns?
A courtier would not ply it so for a place.
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return. [*Exit.*

Corv. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me.
Corv. Now I will:
Hark hither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A Closet opening into a Gallery

Enter MOSCA *and* BONARIO

Mos. Sir, your father hath sent word,
It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery — at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I'll take care no man shall come unto you, sir.
Bon. Yes, I will stay there — [*Aside.*] I do doubt this fellow. [*Exit.*
Mos. [*Looking after him.*] There; he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And for his father, I can keep him off. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI

VOLPONE'S *Chamber.* VOLPONE *on his Couch.* MOSCA *sitting by him*

Enter CORVINO, *forcing in* CELIA

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back, and therefore,
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed.
It must be done. Nor would I move't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.
Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,

Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever;
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.
Corv. Believe it, I have no such humour, I.
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad;
Not horn-mad, you see? Go to, show yourself
Obedient, and a wife.
Cel. O Heaven!
Corv. I say it,
Do so.
Cel. Was this the train?
Corv. I've told you reasons;
What the physicians have set down; how much
It may concern me; what my engagements are;
My means, and the necessity of those means
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venture.
Cel. Before your honour?
Corv. Honour! tut, a breath:
There's no such thing in nature; a mere term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching, clothes for being looked on?
Why, this's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others' fingers: only knows to gape
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow;
And what can this man hurt you?
Cel. [*Aside.*] Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entered him?
Corv. And for your fame,
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,
Whose lips are in my pocket? Save yourself,
(If you'll proclaim't, you may,) I know no other
Should come to know it.

Cel. Are Heaven and saints then nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?
Corv. How!
Cel. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood
That had read Aretine, conned all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were professed critic in lechery;
And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
This were a sin: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physic,
And honest polity, to assure mine own.
Cel. O Heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?
Volp. Thou art mine honour, Mosca, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring them.
Mos. [*Advancing.*] Please you draw near, sir.
Corv. Come on, what —
You will not be rebellious? by that light —
Mos. Sir,
Signior Corvino, here, is come to see you.
Volp. O!
Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute —
Corv. Thanks, sweet Mosca.
Mos. Freely, unasked, or unintreated —
Corv. Well.
Mos. As the true fervent instance of his love,
His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty
Only of price[n] in Venice —
Corv. 'Tis well urged.
Mos. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.
Volp. Alas, I am past, already! Pray you, thank him

For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst Heaven;
Applying fire to stone — uh, uh, uh, uh! [*Coughing.*
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him
What I have done for him; marry, my state is hopeless.
Will him to pray for me; and to use his fortune
With reverence when he comes to't.
Mos. Do you hear, sir?
Go to him with your wife.
Corv. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee, come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.
Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down poison,
Eat burning coals, do anything —
Corv. Be damned!
Heart, I will drag thee hence home by the hair;
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rochet! [n] — Do not tempt me: come,
Yield, I am loath — Death! I will buy some slave
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him alive!
And at my window hang you forth, devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis,
And burning corsives, on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incensed, I'll do it!
Cel. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your martyr.
Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I have not deserved it:
Think who it is intreats you. Prithee, sweet; —
Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him.
Or touch him but. For my sake. At my suit —
This once. No! not! I shall remember this.

Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my undoing?

Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advised.

Corv. No, no.

She has watched her time. Ods precious,[n] this is scurvy,
'Tis very scurvy; and you are —

Mos. Nay, good sir.

Corv. An arrant locust — by Heaven, a locust! —
Whore, crocodile,[n] that hast thy tears prepared,
Expecting how thou'lt bid them flow —

Mos. Nay, pray you, sir!
She will consider.

Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy —

Corv. 'Sdeath! if she would but speak to him,
And save my reputation, it were somewhat;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin!

Mos. Ay, now you have put your fortune in her hands.
Why i'faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her.
If you were absent, she would be more coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What woman can before her husband? pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here.

Corv. Sweet Celia,
Thou mayst redeem all yet; I'll say no more:
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.

[*Shuts the door and exit with* MOSCA.

Cel. O God, and his good angels! whither, whither,
Is shame fled human breasts? that with such ease,
Men dare put off your honours, and their own?
Is that, which ever was a cause of life,[n]
Now placed beneath the basest circumstance,
And modesty an exile made, for money?

Volp. Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,

[*Leaping from his couch.*

That never tasted the true Heaven of love.

Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a copeman.
Why art thou mazed to see me thus revived?
Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;
'Tis thy great work: that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times raised me, in several shapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebank,
To see thee at thy window: ay, before
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the hornèd flood.[n]
Now art thou welcòme.

Cel. Sir!

Volp. Nay, fly me not.
Nor let thy false imagination
That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am now as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight [n]
As, when, in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy,
For entertainment of the great Valois,[n]
I acted young Antinous; and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
To admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing.
[*Sings.*

Come, my Celia, let us prove
While we can, the sports of love,
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?

Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removèd by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some serene blast me, or dire lightning strike
This my offending face!
Volp. Why droops my Celia?
Thou hast, in the place of a base husband, found
A worthy lover; use thy fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possessed and crowned.
See, here, a rope of pearl; and each more orient
Than the brave Egyptian queen caroused:[n]
Dissolve and drink them. See, a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;
A diamond would have bought Lollia Paulina,[n]
When she came in like star-light, hid with jewels,
That were the spoils of provinces, take these
And wear, and lose them; yet remains an ear-ring
To purchase them again, and this whole state.
A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing; we will eat such at a meal.
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches,
Shall be our food, and, could we get the phœnix,
Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.
Cel. Good sir, these things might move a mind affected
With such delights; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,

And which, once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:
If you have conscience —
Volp. 'Tis the beggar's virtue;
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.
Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,
The milk of unicorns,[n] and panthers' breath
Gathered in bags, and mixed with Cretan wines.
Our drink shall be preparèd gold and amber;
Which we will take until my roof whirl round
With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,
My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic,
Whilst we, in changèd shapes, act Ovid's tales,
Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:
So of the rest, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attired like some sprightly dame of France,
Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
Sometimes unto the Persian sophy's wife;
Or the grand signior's mistress; and for change,
To one of our most artful courtesans,
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
Where we may so transfuse our wandering souls
Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures, [*Sings.*

That the curious shall not know
How to tell them as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierced — or eyes
That can be opened — a heart that may be touched —
Or any part that yet sounds man above you —
If you have touch of holy saints — or Heaven —

Do me the grace to let me 'scape — if not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a creature, hither ill betrayed,
By one whose shame I would forget it were:
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust,
(It is a vice comes nearer manliness,)
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face,
Or poison it with ointments for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands
With what may cause an eating leprosy,
E'en to my bones and marrow; anything
That may disfavour me, save in my honour —
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health;
Report, and think you virtuous —
Volp. Think me cold,
Frozen, and impotent, and so report me?
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think.
I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long;
I should have done the act, and then have parleyed.
Yield, or I'll force thee. [*Seizes her.*
Cel. O! just God!
Volp. In vain —
Bon. [*Rushing in.*] Forbear, foul ravisher! libidinous swine!
Free the forced lady, or thou diest, impostor.
But that I'm loath to snatch thy punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst yet
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar and this dross, thy idol. —
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:
And he ere long shall meet his just reward.
[*Exeunt* BON. *and* CEL.

Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin!
Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!
I am unmasked, unspirited, undone,
Betrayed to beggary, to infamy —

Enter MOSCA *wounded and bleeding*

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched shame of men,
To beat out my unlucky brains?
Volp. Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed?
Mos. O, that his well-driven sword
Had been so courteous to have cleft me down
Unto the navel, ere I lived to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engagèd by my error!
Volp. Woe on thy fortune!
Mos. And my follies, sir.
Volp. Thou hast made me miserable.
Mos. And myself, sir,
Who would have thought he would have hearkened so?
Volp. What shall we do?
Mos. I know not; if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.
Will you be pleased to hang me, or cut my throat?
And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romans,
Since we have lived like Grecians. [*Knocking within.*
Volp. Hark! who's there?
I hear some footing; officers, the saffi,
Come to apprehend us! I do feel the brand
Hissing already at my forehead; now
Mine ears are boring.[n]
Mos. To your couch, sir, you
Make that place good, however. [VOLPONE *lies down as before.*] Guilty men
Suspect what they deserve still.

Enter CORBACCIO

Signior Corbaccio!

Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?

Mos. O, undone, amazed, sir.
Your son, I know not by what accident,
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your Will, and making him your heir,
Entered our house, with violence, his sword drawn,
Sought for you, called you wretch, unnatural,
Vowed he would kill you.

Corb. Me!

Mos. Yes, and my patron.

Corb. This act shall disinherit him indeed:
Here is the Will.

Mos. 'Tis well, sir.

Corb. Right and well:
Be you as careful now for me.

Enter VOLTORE, *behind*

Mos. My life, sir,
Is not more tendered; [n] I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st thou?

Mos. I fear
He'll outlast May.

Corb. To-day?

Mos. No, last out May, sir.

Corb. Couldst thou not give him a dram?

Mos. O, by no means, sir.

Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.

Volt. [*Coming forward.*] This is a knave, I see.

Mos. [*Seeing* VOLT. — *Aside.*] How! Signior Voltore! did he hear me?

Volt. Parasite!
Mos. Who's that? — O, sir, most timely welcome —
Volt. Scarce,
To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.
You are his, *only?* [n] and mine also, are you not?
Mos. Who? I, sir!
Volt. You, sir. What device is this
About a Will?
Mos. A plot for you, sir.
Volt. Come,
Put not your foists upon me; I shall scent them.
Mos. Did you not hear it?
Volt. Yes, I hear Corbaccio
Hath made your patron there his heir.
Mos. 'Tis true,
By my device, drawn to it by my plot,
With hope —
Volt. Your patron should reciprocate?
And you have promised?
Mos. For your good I did, sir.
Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid him here,
Where he might hear his father pass the deed;
Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,
That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,[n]
(Which I did mean t'help on), would sure enrage him
To do some violence upon his parent,
On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope:
Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My only aim was to dig you a fortune
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres —
Volt. I cry thee mercy, Mosca.
Mos. Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And see the change!
Volt. Why, what success?
Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.

Whilst we expected the old Raven, in comes
Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband —
Volt. What, with a present?
Mos. No, sir, on visitation;
(I'll tell you how anon;) and staying long,
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, and makes her swear
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
To affirm my patron to have done her rape:
Which how unlike it is, you see! and hence,
With that pretext he's gone, to accuse his father,
Defame my patron, defeat you —
Volt. Where is her husband?
Let him be sent for straight.
Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineo.
Mos. Sir, I will.
Volt. This must be stopped.
Mos. O you do nobly, sir.
Alas, 'twas laboured all, sir, for your good;
Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:
But fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir.
Corb. [*Listening.*] What's that?
Volt. Wilt please you, sir, to go along?
[*Exit* CORBACCIO, *followed by* VOLTORE.
Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.
Volp. [*Rising from his couch.*] Need makes devotion:
Heaven your labour bless! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

A Street

Enter Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE *and* PEREGRINE

Sir. P. I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see
What observation is! You mentioned me
For some instructions: I will tell you, sir,
(Since we are met here in this height of Venice,)
Some few particulars I have set down,
Only for this meridian, fit to be known
Of your crude traveller; and they are these.
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
For they are old.
Per. Sir, I have better.
Sir P. Pardon,
I meant, as they are themes.[n]
Per. O, sir, proceed:
I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.
Sir P. First, for your garb,[n] it must be grave and serious,
Very reserved and locked; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father: scarce
A fable, but with caution: make sure choice
Both of your company and discourse; beware
You never speak a truth —
Per. How!
Sir P. Not to strangers,
For those be they you must converse with most;

Others I would not know, sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a saver in them:
You shall have tricks else passed upon you hourly.
And then, for your religion, profess none,
But wonder at the diversity of all;
And, for your part, protest, were there no other
But simply the laws o' th' land, you could content you.
Nic. Machiavel[n] and Monsieur Bodin,[n] both
Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals,
The metal of your glass; (these are main matters
With your Italian;) and to know the hour
When you must eat your melons and your figs.
Per. Is that a point of state too?
Sir P. Here it is:
For your Venetian, if he see a man
Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir,
I now have lived here 'tis some fourteen months:
Within the first week of my landing here,
All took me for a citizen of Venice,
I knew the forms so well —
Per. [*Aside.*] And nothing else.
Sir P. I had read Contarene,[n] took me a house,
Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with movables —
Well, if I could but find one man, one man
To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I would —
Per. What, what, sir?
Sir P. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not think again.[n] I would command it.
Per. As how?
Sir P. With certain projects that I have;
Which I may not discover.
Per. [*Aside.*] If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
He tells me instantly.
Sir P. One is, and that

I care not greatly who knows, to serve the state
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o' the states, and to that purpose:
He cannot write his name, but that's his mark.
Per. He is a chandler?
Sir P. No, a cheesemonger.
There are some others too with whom I treat
About the same negotiation;
And I will undertake it: for 'tis thus.
I'll do't with ease, I have cast it all. Your hoy
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a year:
So if there come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk:[n] — but this is now,
If my main project fail.
Per. Then you have others?
Sir P. I should be loath to draw the subtle air
Of such a place, without my thousand aims.
I'll not dissemble, sir: where'er I come,
I love to be considerative; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do call *my Cautions;* and, sir, which
I mean, in hope of pension, to propound
To the Great Council, then unto the Forty,
So to the Ten.[n] My means are made already —
Per. By whom?
Sir P. Sir, one that though his place be obscure,
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's
A commandador.
Per. What! a common serjeant?
Sir P. Sir, such as they are, put it in their mouths,
What they should say, sometimes; as well as greater:
I think I have my notes to show you —
[*Searching his pockets.*

Per. Good sir.
Sir P. But you shall swear unto me, on your gentry,
Not to anticipate —
Per. I, sir!
Sir P. Nor reveal
A circumstance — My paper is not with me.
Per. O, but you remember, sir.
Sir P. My first is
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is here without its box.
Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case,[n] that you or I were ill affected
Unto the state, sir; with it in our pockets,
Might not I go into the Arsenal,
Or you come out again, and none the wiser?
Per. Except yourself, sir.
Sir P. Go to, then. I therefore
Advertise to the state, how fit it were
That none but such as were known patriots,
Sound lovers of their country, should be suffered
To enjoy them in their houses; and even those
Sealed at some office, and at such a bigness
As might not lurk in pockets.
Per. Admirable!
Sir P. My next is, how to inquire, and be resolved,
By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arrived from Soria, or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague: and where they use
To lie out forty, fifty days, sometimes,
About the Lazaretto, for their trial;
I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.
Per. Indeed, sir!
Sir P. Or — I will lose my labour.
Per. My faith, that's much.
Sir P. Nay, sir, conceive me. It will cost me in onions,

Some thirty livres —

Per. Which is one pound sterling.

Sir P. Beside my water-works: for this I do, sir.
First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick walls;
But those the state shall venture. On the one
I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that
I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other
Is full of loopholes, out of which I thrust
The noses of my bellows; and those bellows
I keep, with water-works, in perpetual motion,
Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally
Attract the infection, and your bellows blowing
The air upon him, will show instantly,
By his changed colour, if there be contagion;
Or else remain as fair as at the first.
Now it is known, 'tis nothing.

Per. You are right, sir.

Sir P. I would I had my note.

Per. Faith, so would I:
But you have done well for once, sir.

Sir. P. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could show you reasons
How I could sell this state now to the Turk,
Spite of their galleys, or their —

[*Examining his papers.*

Per. Pray you, Sir Pol.

Sir P. I have them not about me.

Per. That I feared:
They are there, sir.

Sir P. No, this is my diary,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.

Per. Pray you let's see, sir. What is here? [*Reads.*

Notandum,
A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; notwithstanding,
I put on new, and did go forth; but first

I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,
I went and bought two toothpicks, whereof one
I burst immediately, in a discourse
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout ragion del stato.[n]
From him I went and paid a moccinigo
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way
I cheapened sprats; and at St. Mark's I urined.

Faith these are politic notes!
Sir P. Sir, I do slip
No action of my life, but thus I quote it.
Per. Believe me, it is wise!
Sir P. Nay, sir, read forth.

Enter, at a distance, Lady POLITICK WOULD-BE, NANO, *and two* Waiting-women

Lady P. Where should this loose knight be, trow? sure he's housed.
Nan. Why, then he's fast.
Lady P. Ay, he plays both with me.[n]
I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion than his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How comes it off! [*Rubbing her cheeks.*
1 *Wom.* My master's yonder.
Lady P. Where?
2 *Wom.* With a young gentleman.
Lady P. That same's the party;
In man's apparel! Pray you, sir, jog my knight:
I will be tender to his reputation,
However he demerit.
Sir P. [*Seeing her.*] My lady!
Per. Where?
Sir P. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know her. She is,
Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,

For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty
I durst compare —
Per. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.
Sir P. Nay, and for discourse —
Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.
Sir P. [*Introducing* PER.] Madam,
Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly;
He seems a youth, but he is —
Lady P. None.
Sir P. Yes, one
Has put his face as soon into the world —
Lady P. You mean, as early? but to-day?
Sir P. How's this?
Lady P. Why, in this habit, sir; you apprehend me:
Well, Master Would-be, this doth not become you;
I had thought the odour, sir, of your good name
Had been more precious to you; that you would not
Have done this dire massacre on your honour;
One of your gravity, and rank besides!
But knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies; chiefly their own ladies.
Sir P. Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my knighthood —
Per. [*Aside.*] Lord, how his brain is humbled for an oath!
Sir P. I reach you not.
Lady P. Right, sir, your policy
May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you.
[*To* PER.
I would be loath to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem
Froward, or violent, as the courtier says;
It comes too near rusticity in a lady,
Which I would shun by all means: and however
I may deserve from Master Would-be, yet
T' have one fair gentlewoman thus be made

The unkind instrument to wrong another,
And one she knows not, ay, and to persever;
In my poor judgement, is not warranted
From being a solecism in our sex,[n]
If not in manners.
Per. How is this!
Sir P. Sweet madam,
Come nearer to your aim.
Lady P. Marry, and will, sir.
Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-siren here,
Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite —
Per. What's here?
Poetic fury and historic storms!
Sir P. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth
And of our nation.
Lady P. Ay, your Whitefriars nation.[n]
Come, I blush for you, Master Would-be, I;
And am ashamed you should have no more forehead,
Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male outside.
Sir P. Nay,
An you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too liquid. [*Exit.*
Lady P. Ay, you may carry't clear, with your state-face!
But for your carnival concupiscence,[n]
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I dis'ple.
Per. This is fine, i' faith!
And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?
Madam —
Lady P. Go to, sir.
Per. Do you hear me, lady?

Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far.
Lady P. This cannot work you
Out of my snare.
Per. Why, am I in it, then?
Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines,
That side that's next the sun, to the queen-apple.[n] 220
Lady P. This cannot be endured by any patience.

Enter MOSCA

Mos. What is the matter, madam?
Lady P. If the senate
Right not my quest in this, I will protest them
To all the world no aristocracy.
Mos. What is the injury, lady?
Lady P. Why, the callet
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguised.
Mos. Who? this! what means your ladyship? the creature
I mentioned to you is apprehended now,
Before the senate; you shall see her —
Lady P. Where?
Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
I saw him land this morning at the port. 231
Lady P. Is't possible! how has my judgement wandered?
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have erred;
And plead your pardon.
Per. What, more changes yet!
Lady P. I hope you have not the malice to remember
A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir —
Mos. Will you go, madam?
Lady P. Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,

The more you see me the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.

[*Exeunt* LADY WOULD-BE, MOSCA, NANO, *and* Waiting-women.

Per. This is rare! 240
Sir Politick Would-be? no, Sir Politick Bawd,
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise Sir Pol, since you have practised thus
Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter plot. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

The Scrutineo, or Senate House

Enter VOLTORE, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, *and* MOSCA

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the business,[n]
Your constancy is all that is required
Unto the safety of it.
Mos. Is the lie
Safely conveyed amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Then shrink not.
Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?
Mos. O, sir,
By no means; I devised a formal tale,
That salved your reputation. But be valiant, sir.
Corv. I fear no one but him that this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heir —
Mos. Co-halter! 10
Hang him; we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do croaker's[n] here.
Corv. Ay, what shall he do?
Mos. When we have done, you mean?
Corv. Yes.

Mos. Why, we'll think:
Sell him for mummia:[n] he's half dust already.
Do you not smile, [*To* VOLTORE.] to see this buffalo,
How he doth sport it with his head?—[*Aside.*] I should,
If all were well and past.—Sir, [*To* CORBACCIO.] only you
Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.

Corb. Ay, peace.

Mos. [*Turning to* CORVINO.] But you shall eat it.—
[*Aside.*] Much![n]—Worshipful sir, [*To* VOLTORE.]
Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,
Or the French Hercules,[n] and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beat along,
As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries;
But much more yours, sir.

Volt. Here they come, have done.

Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir, I can produce.

Volt. Who is it?

Mos. Sir, I have her.

Enter Avocatori, *and take their seats*, BONARIO, CELIA, Notario, Commandadori, Saffi, *and other* Officers of Justice

1 *Avoc.* The like of this the senate never heard of.

2 *Avoc.* 'Twill come most strange to them when we report it.

4 *Avoc.* The gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreprovèd name.

3 *Avoc.* So has the youth.

4 *Avoc.* The more unnatural part that of his father.

2 *Avoc.* More of the husband.

1 *Avoc.* I not know to give
His act a name, it is so monstrous!

4 *Avoc.* But the impostor, he's a thing created
To exceed example!

1 *Avoc.* And all after-times!
2 *Avoc.* I never heard a true voluptuary
Described but him.
3 *Avoc.* Appear yet those were cited?
Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.
1 *Avoc.* Why is not he here?
Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself so weak,
So feeble —
4 *Avoc.* Who are you?
Bon. His parasite,
His knave, his pander. I beseech the court
He may be forced to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.
Volt. Upon my faith and credit with your virtues,
He is not able to endure the air.
2 *Avoc.* Bring him, however.
3 *Avoc.* We will see him.
4 *Avoc.* Fetch him.
Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be obeyed;
[*Exeunt* Officers.
But sure, the sight will rather move your pities
Than indignation. May it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me:
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.
3 *Avoc.* Speak free.
Volt. Then know, most honoured fathers, I must now
Discover to your strangely abused ears,
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman,
That wants no artificial looks or tears
To help the visor she has now put on,

Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
I say, but known, and taken in the act
With him; and by this man, the easy husband,
Pardoned; whose timeless bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person,
That ever man's own goodness made accused.
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being placed
So above all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit; and in place
Of thanks, devise to extirpe the memory
Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhoods
To observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures
Discovered in their evils: and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes: — but that anon
Will more appear. — This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And grieved in nothing more than that he could not
Preserve himself a parent (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood), at last decreed
To disinherit him.

1 *Avoc.* These be strange turns!

2 *Avoc.* The young man's fame was ever fair and honest.

Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so under shade of virtue.
But, as I said, my honoured sires, his father
Having this settled purpose, by what means
To him betrayed, we know not, and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
I cannot style him better, by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Entered Volpone's house (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, designed
For the inheritance), there sought his father: —

But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent!
It was to murder him: when being prevented
By his more happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds;
(Mischief doth never end where it begins)
An act of horror, fathers! he dragged forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-rid
Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,
Naked upon the floor, there left him; wounded
His servant in the face; and with this strumpet,
The stale to his forged practice, who was glad
To be so active, — (I shall here desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable, —) thought at once to stop
His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their lives.

1 *Avoc.* What proofs have you of this?

Bon. Most honoured fathers,
I humbly crave there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.

2 *Avoc.* Forbear.

Bon. His soul moves in his fee.

3 *Avoc.* O, sir.

Bon. This fellow,
For six sols more would plead against his Maker.

1 *Avoc.* You do forget yourself.

Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
Let him have scope: can any man imagine
That he will spare his accuser, that would not
Have spared his parent?

1 *Avoc.* Well, produce your proofs.

Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.

Volt. Signior Corbaccio!

[CORBACCIO *comes forward.*

4 *Avoc.* What is he?

Volt. The father.

2 *Avoc.* Has he had an oath?

Not. Yes.

Corb. What must I do now?

Not. Your testimony's craved.

Corb. Speak to the knave?
I'll have my mouth first stopped with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.

1 *Avoc.* But for what cause?

Corb. The mere portent of nature!
He is an utter stranger to my loins.

Bon. Have they made you to this?[n]

Corb. I will not hear thee,
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide!
Speak not, thou viper.

Bon. Sir, I will sit down,
And rather wish my innocence should suffer
Than I resist the authority of a father.

Volt. Signior Corvino! [CORVINO *comes forward.*

2 *Avoc.* This is strange.

1 *Avoc.* Who's this?

Not. The husband.

4 *Avoc.* Is he sworn?

Not. He is.

3 *Avoc.* Speak then.

Corv. This woman, please your fatherhoods, is a whore,
Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich,
Upon record —

1 *Avoc.* No more.

Corv. Neighs like a jennet.

Not. Preserve the honour of the court.

Corv. I shall,
And modesty of your most reverend ears.

And I hope that I may say these eyes
Have seen her glued unto that piece of cedar,
That fine well-timbered gallant; and that here
The letters may be read, thorough the horn,[n]
That makes the story perfect.
Mos. Excellent! sir.
Corv. [*Aside to* MOSCA.] There is no shame in this now, is there?
Mos. None.
Corv. Or if I said, I hoped that she were onward
To her damnation, if there be a hell
Greater than whore and woman; a good Catholic
May make the doubt.
3 *Avoc.* His grief hath made him frantic.
1 *Avoc.* Remove him hence.
2 *Avoc.* Look to the woman.
[CELIA *swoons.*
Corv. Rare!
Prettily feigned again!
4 *Avoc.* Stand from about her.
1 *Avoc.* Give her the air.
3 *Avoc.* What can you say?
[*To* MOSCA.
Mos. My wound,
May it please your wisdoms, speaks for me, received
In aid of my good patron, when he missed
His sought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue given her to cry out, A rape!
Bon. O most laid impudence! Fathers —
3 *Avoc.* Sir, be silent;
You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.
2 *Avoc.* I do begin to doubt the imposture here.
4 *Avoc.* This woman has too many moods.
Volt. Grave fathers,
She is a creature of a most professed
And prostituted lewdness.
Corv. Most impetuous,

Unsatisfied, grave fathers!
Volt. May her feignings
Not take your wisdoms: but this day she baited
A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,
And more lascivious kisses. This man saw them
Together on the water, in a gondola.
Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw them too,
Without; who then had in the open streets
Pursued them, but for saving her knight's honour.
1 *Avoc.* Produce that lady.
2 *Avoc.* Let her come.
[*Exit* MOSCA.
4 *Avoc.* These things,
They strike with wonder.
3 *Avoc.* I am turned a stone.

Re-enter MOSCA *with* Lady WOULD-BE

Mos. Be resolute, madam.
Lady P. Ay, this same is she.
[*Pointing to* CELIA.
Out, thou camelion harlot! now thine eyes
Vie tears with the hyena. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wrongèd face? I cry your pardons,
I fear I have forgettingly transgressed
Against the dignity of the court —
2 *Avoc.* No, madam.
Lady P. And been exorbitant —
2 *Avoc.* You have not, lady.
4 *Avoc.* These proofs are strong.
Lady P. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your honours, or my sex's.
3 *Avoc.* We do believe it.
Lady P. Surely you may believe it.
2 *Avoc.* Madam, we do.
Lady P. Indeed you may; my breeding
Is not so coarse —

4 *Avoc.* We know it.
Lady P. To offend
With pertinacy —
3 *Avoc.* Lady —
Lady P. Such a presence!
No surely.
1 *Avoc.* We well think it.
Lady P. You may think it.
1 *Avoc.* Let her o'ercome. What witnesses have you,
To make good your report?
Bon. Our consciences.
Cel. And Heaven, that never fails the innocent.
4 *Avoc.* These are no testimonies.
Bon. Not in your courts,
Where multitude and clamour overcomes.
1 *Avoc.* Nay, then you do wax insolent.

Re-enter Officers, *bearing* VOLPONE *on a couch*

Volt. Here, here,
The testimony comes, that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues:
See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,
The rider on men's wives, the great impostor,
The grand voluptuary! Do you not think
These limbs should affect venery? or these eyes
Covet a concubine? pray you mark these hands;
Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?
Perhaps he doth dissemble!
Bon. So he does.
Volt. Would you have him tortured?
Bon. I would have
him proved.
Volt. Best try him then with goads, or burning irons;
Put him to the strappado;[n] I have heard
The rack hath cured the gout; faith, give it him,
And help him of a malady; be courteous.

I'll undertake, before these honoured fathers,
He shall have yet as many left diseases,
As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.
O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,
May pass with sufferance, what one citizen
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
To him that dares traduce him? which of you
Are safe, my honoured fathers? I would ask,
With leave of your grave fatherhoods, if their plot
Have any face or colour like to truth?
Or, if, unto the dullest nostril here,
It smell not rank, and most abhorrèd slander?
I crave your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much endangered by their fable;
And as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious persons, when they're hot, and fleshed
In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
Damned deeds are done with greatest confidence.

1 *Avoc.* Take them to custody, and sever them.

2 *Avoc.* 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live.

1 *Avoc.* Let the old gentleman be returned with care. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* VOLPONE.

I'm sorry our credulity hath wronged him.

4 *Avoc.* These are two creatures!

3 *Avoc.* I've an earthquake in me.

2 *Avoc.* Their shame, even in their cradles, fled their faces.

4 *Avoc.* You have done a worthy service to the state, sir,
In their discovery. [*To* VOLT.

1 *Avoc.* You shall hear, ere night,
What punishment the court decrees upon them.

[*Exeunt* Avocatori, Notario, *and* Officers *with* BONARIO *and* CELIA.

Volt. We thank your fatherhoods. — How like you it?

Mos. Rare.

I'd have your tongue, sir, tipped with gold for this;
I'd have you be the heir to the whole city;
The earth I'd have want men ere you want living:
They're bound to erect your statue in St. Mark's.
Signior Corvino, I would have you go
And show yourself that you have conquered.
Corv. Yes.
Mos. It was much better that you should profess
Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been proved.
Corv. Nay, I considered that:
Now it is her fault.
Mos. Then it had been yours.
Corv. True; I do doubt this advocate still.
Mos. I' faith,
You need not, I dare ease you of that care.
Corv. I trust thee, Mosca. [*Exit.*
Mos. As your own soul, sir.
Corb. Mosca!
Mos. Now for your business, sir.
Corb. How! have you business?
Mos. Yes, yours, sir.
Corb. O, none else?
Mos. None else, not I.
Corb. Be careful then.
Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.[n]
Corb. Dispatch it.
Mos. Instantly.
Corb. And look that all,
Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,
Household stuff, bedding, curtains.
Mos. Curtain-rings, sir:
Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.
Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.
Mos. Sir, I must tender it.
Corb. Two chequines is well.
Mos. No, six, sir.

Corb. 'Tis too much.
Mos. He talked a great while;
You must consider that, sir.
Corb. Well, there's three —
Mos. I'll give it him.
Corb. Do so, and there's for thee.
[*Exit.*
Mos. [*Aside.*] Bountiful bones! What horrid strange offence
Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,
Worthy this age?—[*To* VOLT.] You see, sir, how I work
Unto your ends: take you no notice.
Volt. No,
I'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Mos. All is yours, the devil and all:
Good advocate! — Madam, I'll bring you home.
Lady P. No, I'll go see your patron.
Mos. That you shall not:
I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his Will, and for
The zeal you have shown to-day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you shall be now
Put in the first; which would appear as begged
If you were present. Therefore —
Lady P. You shall sway me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I

A Room in Volpone's *House*

Enter Volpone

Volp. Well, I am here, and all this brunt is past.
I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise
Till this fled moment: here 'twas good, in private;
But in your public, — *cave* [n] whilst I breathe.
'Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp,
And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a dead palsy.[n] Well! I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villainous disease,
Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.
Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright
This humour from my heart. [*Drinks.*] Hum, hum, hum!
'Tis almost gone already; I shall conquer.
Any device now of rare ingenious knavery,
That would possess me with a violent laughter,
Would make me up again. [*Drinks again.*] So, so, so, so!
This heat is life; 'tis blood by this time: — Mosca!

Enter Mosca

Mos. How now, sir? does the day look clear again?
Are we recovered, and wrought out of error,

Into our way, to see our path before us?
Is our trade free once more?
Volp. Exquisite Mosca!
Mos. Was it not carried learnedly?
Volp. And stoutly:
Good wits are greatest in extremities.
Mos. It were folly beyond thought to trust
Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit:
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.
Volp. O, more than if I had enjoyed the wench:
The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.
Mos. Why, now you speak, sir. We must here be fixed;
Here we must rest; this is our masterpiece;
We cannot think to go beyond this.
Volp. True,
Thou hast played thy prize, my precious Mosca.
Mos. Nay, sir,
To gull the court —
Volp. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.
Mos. Yes, and to make
So rare a music out of discords —
Volp. Right.
That yet to me's the strangest, how thou hast borne it!
That these, being so divided amongst themselves,
Should not scent somewhat, or in me or thee,
Or doubt their own side.
Mos. True, they will not see't,
Too much light blinds them, I think. Each of them
Is so possessed and stuffed with his own hopes
That anything unto the contrary,
Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it —
Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.
Mos. Right, sir.
Merchants may talk of trade, and your great signiors
Of land that yields well; but if Italy

Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows,
I am deceived. Did not your advocate rare?
Volp. O — "My most honoured fathers, my grave fathers,
Under correction of your fatherhoods,
What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds
May pass, most honoured fathers" — I had much ado
To forbear laughing.
Mos. It seemed to me, you sweat, sir.
Volp. In troth, I did a little.
Mos. But confess, sir,
Were you not daunted?
Volp. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not dejected;
Never but still myself.
Mos. I think it, sir.
Now, so truth help me, I must needs say this, sir,
And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserved,
In my poor judgement, I speak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, sir, very richly —
Well — to be cozened.
Volp. Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him in the latter end.[n]
Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,[n]
Then use his vehement figures — I looked still
When he would shift a shirt;[n] and doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain —
Volp. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, Mosca, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, even now — to vex them all,
This very instant.
Mos. Good sir.
Volp. Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.

Mos. Castrone, Nano!

Enter CASTRONE *and* NANO

Nan. Here.
Volp. Shall we have a jig now? [n]
Mos. What you please, sir.
Volp. Go,
Straight give out about the streets, you two,
That I am dead; do it with constancy,
Sadly, do you hear? impute it to the grief
Of this late slander. [*Exeunt* CAST. *and* NANO.
Mos. What do you mean, sir?
Volp. O,
I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,
Raven, come flying hither, on the news,
To peck for carrion, my She-wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation —
Mos. And then to have it ravished from their mouths!
Volp. 'Tis true. I will have thee put on a gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;
Show them a Will. Open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight
Put in thy name.
Mos. It will be rare, sir. [*Gives him a paper.*
Volp. Ay,
When they ev'n gape, and find themselves deluded —
Mos. Yes.
Volp. And thou use them scurvily!
Dispatch, get on thy gown.
Mos. [*Putting on a gown.*] But what, sir, if they ask
After the body?
Volp. Say, it was corrupted.
Mos. I'll say it stunk, sir; and was fain to have it
Coffined up instantly, and sent away.
Volp. Anything; what thou wilt. Hold, here's my Will.

Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels: I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken:
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave their faces.
O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter!
Mos. [*Putting on a cap, and setting out the table, etc.*]
Your advocate will turn stark dull upon it.
Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge.
Mos. But your clarissimo, old roundback,[n] he
Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the touch.[n]
Volp. And what Corvino?
Mos. O, sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad,
My lady, too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship —
Volp. Yes,
And kissed me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flowed all with oils —
Mos. And sweat, sir. Why your gold
Is such another med'cine,[n] it dries up
All those offensive savours: it transforms
The most deformèd, and restores them lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.[n] Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtle
To pass Acrisius' guards.[n] It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.
Volp. I think she loves me.
Mos. Who? the lady, sir?
She's jealous of you.
Volp. Dost thou say so? [*Knocking within.*
Mos. Hark,
There's some already.
Volp. Look.
Mos. It is the Vulture;

He has the quickest scent.

Volp. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture. [*Goes behind the curtain.*

Mos. I am set.

Volp. But, Mosca,
Play the artificer, now, torture them rarely.

Enter VOLTORE

Volt. How now, my Mosca?

Mos. [*Writing.*] "Turkey carpets, nine — "

Volt. Taking an inventory! that is well. 130

Mos. "Two suits of bedding, tissue — "

Volt. Where's the Will?
Let me read the while.

Enter Servants *with* CORBACCIO *in a chair*

Corb. So, set me down,
And get you home. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Volt. Is he come now, to trouble us!

Mos. "Of cloth of gold, two more — "

Corb. Is it done, Mosca?

Mos. "Of several velvets, eight — "

Volt. I like his care.

Corb. Dost thou not hear?

Enter CORVINO

Corv. Ha! is the hour come, Mosca?

Volp. [*Peeping over the curtain.*] Ay, now they muster.

Corv. What does the advocate here,
Or this Corbaccio?

Corb. What do these here?

Enter Lady POLITICK WOULD-BE

Lady P. Mosca!
Is his thread spun?

Mos. "Eight chests of linen — "
Volp. O,
My fine Dame Would-be, too!
Corv. Mosca, the Will,
That I may show it these, and rid them hence.
Mos. "Six chests of diaper, four of damask." — There.
[*Gives them the Will carelessly, over his shoulder.*
Corb. Is that the Will?
Mos. "Down-beds, and bolsters — "
Volp. Rare!
Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:
They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!
How their swift eyes run over the long deed,
Unto the name and to the legacies,
What is bequeathed them there —
Mos. "Ten suits of hangings — "
Volp. Ay, in their garters, Mosca. Now their hopes
Are at the gasp.
Volt. Mosca the heir!
Corb. What's that?
Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my merchant,
He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is lost,
He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reached his despair yet.
Corb. All these
Are out of hope; I am, sure, the man.
[*Takes the Will.*
Corv. But, Mosca —
Mos. "Two cabinets — "
Corv. Is this in earnest?
Mos. "One
Of ebony — "
Corv. Or do you but delude me?
Mos. "The other, mother of pearl" — I am very busy.
Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me —

"Item, one salt of agate" — not my seeking.
Lady P. Do you hear, sir?
Mos. "A perfumed box" — Pray you forbear,
You see I'm troubled — "made of an onyx —"
Lady P. How!
Mos. To-morrow or next day, I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all.
Corv. Is this my large hope's issue?
Lady P. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.
Mos. Madam!
Marry, and shall: pray you, fairly quit my house.
Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but hark you,
Remember what your ladyship offered me
To put you in an heir; go to, think on it:
And what you said e'en your best madams did
For maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
Go home, and use the poor Sir Pol, your knight, well,
For fear I tell some riddles; go, be melancholy.
[*Exit* Lady WOULD-BE.
Volp. O, my fine devil!
Corv. Mosca, pray you a word.
Mos. Lord! will not you take your dispatch hence yet?
Methinks, of all, you should have been the example.
Why should you stay here? with what thought, what promise?
Hear you; do you not know, I know you an ass,
And that you would most fain have been a wittol
If fortune would have let you? that you are
A declared cuckold, on good terms? This pearl,
You'll say, was yours? right: this diamond?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
It may be so. Why, think that these good works
May help to hide your bad. I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary,
And have it only in title,[n] it sufficeth:
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad. [*Exit* CORVINO.

Volp. Rare Mosca! how his villainy becomes him!
Volt. Certain he doth delude all these for me.
Corb. Mosca the heir!
Volp. O, his four eyes have found it.
Corb. I am cozened, cheated, by a parasite slave; Harlot,[n] thou hast gulled me.
Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs,[n] that here, in hope of prey,
Have, any time this three years, snuffed about,
With your most grovelling nose, and would have hired
Me to the poisoning of my patron, sir:
Are not you he that have to-day in court
Professed the disinheriting of your son?
Perjured yourself? Go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters! [*Exit* CORBACCIO.] Go, go, stink.
Volp. Excellent varlet!
Volt. Now, my faithful Mosca,
I find thy constancy —
Mos. Sir!
Volt. Sincere.
Mos. [*Writing.*] "A table
Of porphyry" — I mar'le you'll be thus troublesome.
Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.
Mos. Why, who are you?
What! who did send for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend sir! Good faith, I am grieved for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving travails:
But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could almost wish to be without it,
But that the will o' the dead must be observed.
Marry, my joy is that you need it not;
You have a gift, sir (thank your education),

Will never let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!
If I have any suits, as I do hope,
Things being so easy and direct, I shall not,
I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
Conceive me — for your fee, sir. In mean time,
You that have so much law, I know have the conscience
Not to be covetous of what is mine.
Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill help
To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, sir.
[*Exit* VOLTORE.

Volp. [*Comes from behind the curtain.*] Bid him eat lettuce well.[n] My witty mischief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a Venus! — Mosca, go,
Straight take my habit of clarissimo,
And walk the streets; be seen, torment them more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this feast?

Mos. I doubt it will lose them.

Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise
To meet them in, and ask them questions:
How I would vex them still at every turn!

Mos. Sir, I can fit you.

Volp. Canst thou?

Mos. Yes, I know
One o' the commandadori, sir, so like you;
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you his habit.

Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!
O, I will be a sharp disease unto them.

Mos. Sir, you must look for curses —

Volp. Till they burst;
The Fox fares ever best when he is cursed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Hall in Sir POLITICK'S *House*

Enter PEREGRINE *disguised, and three* Merchants

Per. Am I enough disguised?
1 Mer. I warrant you.
Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.
2 Mer. If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.
3 Mer. To Zant, or to Aleppo!
Per. Yes, and have his
Adventures put i' the Book of Voyages,[n]
And his gulled story registered for truth.
Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our discourse,
Know your approaches.
1 Mer. Trust it to our care. [*Exeunt* Merchants.

Enter Waiting-woman

Per. Save you, fair lady! Is Sir Pol within? 10
Wom. I do not know, sir.
Per. Pray you say unto him
Here is a merchant, upon urgent business,
Desires to speak with him.
Wom. I will see, sir. [*Exit.*
Per. Pray you.
I see the family is all female here.

Re-enter Waiting-woman

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of state,
That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him.
Per. Pray you say again,

If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. [*Exit* Woman.] What might be
His grave affair of state now! how to make
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
One o' the ingredients?

Re-enter Waiting-woman

Wom. Sir, he says, he knows
By your word *tidings*,[n] that you are no statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.
Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done —
But — here he deigns to come. [*Exit* Woman.

Enter SIR POLITICK

Sir P. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanced to-day
Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me;
And I was penning my apology,
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.
Per. Sir, I am grieved I bring you worse disaster:
The gentleman you met at the port to-day,
That told you he was newly arrived —
Sir P. Ay, was
A fugitive punk?
Per. No, sir, a spy set on you:
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you professed to him to have a plot
To sell the State of Venice to the Turk.
Sir P. O me!
Per. For which warrants are signed by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers —

Sir P. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books —
Per. All the better, sir.
Sir P. And some essays. What shall I do?
Per. Sir, best
Convey yourself into a sugar-chest:
Or, if you could lie round, a frail were rare,
And I could send you aboard.
Sir P. Sir, I but talked so,
For discourse sake merely. [*Knocking within.*
Per. Hark! they are there.
Sir P. I am a wretch, a wretch!
Per. What will you do, sir?
Have you ne'er a currant-butt to leap into?
They'll put you to the rack; you must be sudden.
Sir P. Sir, I have an ingine —
3 *Mer.* [*Within.*] Sir Politick Would-be!
2 *Mer.* [*Within.*] Where is he?
Sir P. That I have thought
upon before time.
Per. What is it?
Sir P. I shall ne'er endure the torture.
Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir, help me.
Here I've a place, sir, to put back my legs,
Please you to lay it on, sir, [*Lies down while* PER. *places the shell upon him.*] — with this cap,
And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir, like a tortoise,
Till they are gone.
Per. And call you this an ingine?
Sir P. Mine own device — Good sir, bid my wife's
women
To burn my papers. [*Exit* PER.

The three Merchants *rush in*

1 *Mer.* Where is he hid?

3 *Mer.* We must,
And will sure find him.
2 *Mer.* Which is his study?

Re-enter PEREGRINE

1 *Mer.* What
Are you, sir?
Per. I am a merchant, that came here
To look upon this tortoise.
3 *Mer.* How!
1 *Mer.* St. Mark!
What beast is this?
Per. It is a fish.
2 *Mer.* Come out here!
Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread upon him:
He'll bear a cart.
1 *Mer.* What, to run over him?
Per. Yes, sir.
3 *Mer.* Let's jump upon him.
2 *Mer.* Can he not go?
Per. He creeps, sir.
1 *Mer.* Let's see him creep.
Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him.
2 *Mer.* Heart, I will see him creep, or prick his guts.
3 *Mer.* Come out here!
Per. Pray you, sir. — [*Aside to* Sir POL.] Creep a little. 71
1 *Mer.* Forth.
2 *Mer.* Yet farther.
Per. Good sir! — Creep.
2 *Mer.* We'll see his legs.
[*They pull off the shell and discover him.*
3 *Mer.* Ods so, he has garters!
1 *Mer.* Ay, and gloves!
2 *Mer.* Is this
Your fearful tortoise?

Per. [*Discovering himself.*] Now, Sir Pol, we are even;
For your next project I shall be prepared:
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Fleet Street.
2 *Mer.* Ay, in the Term.
1 *Mer.* Or Smithfield,[n] in the fair.
3 *Mer.* Methinks 'tis but a melancholy sight.
Per. Farewell, most politic tortoise!
[*Exeunt* PER. *and* Merchants.

Re-enter Waiting-woman

Sir P. Where's my lady?
Knows she of this?
Wom. I know not, sir.
Sir P. Enquire.— 81
O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,
The freight of the gazetti, ship-boys' tale;
And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.
Wom. My lady's come most melancholy home,
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for physic.
Sir P. And I, to shun this place and clime for ever,
Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politic shell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Room in VOLPONE'S *House*

Enter MOSCA *in the habit of a clarissimo, and* VOLPONE *in that of a commandadore*

Volp. Am I then like him?
Mos. O, sir, you are he:
No man can sever you.
Volp. Good.

Mos. But what am I?
Volp. 'Fore Heaven a brave clarissimo; thou becom'st it!
Pity thou wert not born one.
Mos. [*Aside.*] If I hold
My made one,[n] 'twill be well.
Volp. I'll go and see
What news first at the court. [*Exit.*
Mos. Do so. My Fox
Is out of his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,
I'll make him languish in his borrowed case,
Except he come to composition with me. —
Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!

Enter ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE, *and* NANO

All. Here.
Mos. Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go, sport. — [*Exeunt.*
So, now I have the keys, and am possessed.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him: I am his heir,
And so will keep me, till he share at least.
To cozen him of all, were but a cheat
Well placed: no man would construe it a sin:
Let his sport pay for't. This is called the Fox-trap. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

A Street

Enter CORBACCIO *and* CORVINO

Corb. They say the court is set.
Corv. We must maintain
Our first tale good, for both our reputations.

Corb. Why, mine's no tale: my son would there have killed me.

Corv. That's true, I had forgot: — [*Aside.*] mine is, I'm sure. —
But for your Will, sir.

Corb. Ay, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

Enter VOLPONE

Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio! sir,
Much joy unto you.

Corv. Of what?

Volp. The sudden good
Dropped down upon you —

Corb. Where?

Volp. And none knows how,
From old Volpone, sir.

Corb. Out, arrant knave!

Volp. Let not your too much wealth, sir, make you furious.

Corb. Away, thou varlet.

Volp. Why, sir?

Corb. Dost thou mock me?

Volp. You mock the world, sir; did you not change Wills?

Corb. Out, harlot!

Volp. O! belike you are the man,
Signior Corvino? faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal; I love your spirit;
You are not over-leavened with your fortune.
You should have some would swell now, like a wine-fat,
With such an autumn. — Did he give you all, sir?

Corv. Avoid, you rascal!

Volp. Troth, your wife has shown
Herself a very woman; but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good estate,

To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:
Except Corbaccio have a share.

Corb. Hence, varlet!

Volp. You will not be acknown, sir; why, 'tis wise.
Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble:
No man will seem to win. [*Exeunt* CORVINO *and* CORBACCIO.] Here comes my Vulture,
Heaving his beak up in the air, and snuffing.

Enter VOLTORE

Volt. Outstripped thus, by a parasite! a slave,
Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs.
Well, what I'll do —

Volp. The court stays for your worship.
I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,
And that it fell into so learned hands,
That understand the fingering —

Volt. What do you mean?

Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your worship,
For the small tenement, out of reparations,
That, at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria: it was, in Volpone's time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew diseased,
A handsome, pretty, customed bawdy-house
As any was in Venice, none dispraised;
But fell with him: his body and that house
Decayed together.

Volt. Come, sir, leave your prating.

Volp. Why, if your worship give me but your hand,
That I may have the refusal, I have done.
'Tis a mere toy to you, sir; candle-rents;
As your learned worship knows —

Volt. What do I know?

Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir; God decrease it!

Volt. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune? [*Exit.*

Volp. His blessing on your heart, sir; would 'twere more! —
Now to my first again, at the next corner. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

Another part of the Street

Enter CORBACCIO *and* CORVINO. MOSCA *passes over the Stage, before them*

Corb. See, in our habit! see the impudent varlet!
Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him, like gunstones! [n]

Enter VOLPONE

Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite?
Corb. Again, to afflict us! monster!
Volp. In good faith, sir,
I'm heartily grieved, a beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reached. I never brooked [n]
That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen:
There still was somewhat in his look, did promise
The bane of a clarissimo.
Corb. Knave —
Volp. Methinks
Yet you, that are so traded in the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,
That have such moral emblems on your name, [n]
Should not have sung your shame, and dropped your cheese,
To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness.
Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seems to me
Nailed to your jolt-head [n] with those two chequines, [n]
Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; approach.

Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your valour well,
Since you durst publish what you are, sir.
Corv. Tarry,
I'd speak with you.
Volp. Sir, sir, another time —
Corv. Nay, now.
Volp. O lord, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.
[*As he is running off, re-enter* MOSCA.
Corb. What, come again!
Volp. Upon 'em, Mosca; save me.
Corb. The air's infected where he breathes.
Corv. Let's fly him.
[*Exeunt* CORV. *and* CORB.
Volp. Excellent basilisk![n] turn upon the Vulture.

Enter VOLTORE

Volt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you now;
Your winter will come on.
Mos. Good advocate,
Prithee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a solecism, as madam says.
Get you a biggin[n] more; your brain breaks loose.
[*Exit.*
Volt. Well, sir.
Volp. Would you have me beat the insolent slave,
Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?[n]
Volt. This same
Is doubtless some familiar.
Volp. Sir, the court,
In troth, stays for you. I am mad, a mule
That never read Justinian,[n] should get up,
And ride an advocate.[n] Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not done it:
'Tis but confederacy to blind the rest.
You are the heir.

Volt. A strange, officious,
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.
Volp. I know—
It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozened;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That wealth and wisdom still should go together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

The Scrutineo or Senate House

Enter Avocatori, Notario, BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, Commandadori, Saffi, *etc.*

1 *Avoc.* Are all the parties here?
Not. All but the advocate.
2 *Avoc.* And here he comes.

Enter VOLTORE *and* VOLPONE

1 *Avoc.* Then bring them forth to sentence.
Volt. O, my most honoured fathers, let your mercy
Once win upon your justice, to forgive—
I am distracted—
Volp. [*Aside.*] What will he do now?
Volt. O,
I know not which to address myself to first;
Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents—
Corv. [*Aside.*] Will he betray himself?
Volt. Whom equally
I have abused, out of most covetous ends—
Corv. The man is mad!
Corb. What's that?
Corv. He is possessed.
Volt. For which, now struck in conscience, here I prostrate

Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.
1, 2 *Avoc.* Arise.
Cel. O Heaven, how just thou art!
Volp. [*Aside.*] I am caught
In mine own noose —
Corv. [*To* CORBACCIO.] Be constant, sir; nought now
Can help but impudence.
1 *Avoc.* Speak forward.
Com. Silence!
Volt. It is not passion in me, reverend fathers,
But only conscience, conscience, my good sires,
That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,
That knave, hath been the instrument of all.
1 *Avoc.* Where is that knave? fetch him.
Volp. I go. [*Exit.*
Corv. Grave fathers;
This man's distracted; he confessed it now:
For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir,
Who now is dead —
3 *Avoc.* How!
2 *Avoc.* Is Volpone dead?
Corv. Dead since,[n] grave fathers.
Bon. O sure vengeance!
1 *Avoc.* Stay,
Then he was no deceiver.
Volt. O no, none:
This parasite, grave fathers.
Corv. He does speak
Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant's made
The thing he gaped for: please your fatherhoods,
This is the truth, though I'll not justify
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.
Volt. Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine, Corvino:
But I'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wisdoms,
To view these certain notes, and but confer them;
And as I hope favour, they shall speak clear truth.
Corv. The devil has entered him!

Bon. Or bides in you.
4 *Avoc.* We have done ill, by a public officer
To send for him, if he be heir.
2 *Avoc.* For whom?
4 *Avoc.* Him that they call the parasite.
3 *Avoc.* 'Tis true,
He is a man of great estate, now left.
4 *Avoc.* Go you, and learn his name, and say the court
Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing
Of some few doubts. [*Exit* Notary.
2 *Avoc.* This same's a labyrinth!
1 *Avoc.* Stand you unto your first report?
Corv. My state,
My life, my fame —
Bon. Where is it?
Corv. Are at the stake.
1 *Avoc.* Is yours so too?
Corb. The advocate's a knave,
And has a forkèd tongue —
2 *Avoc.* Speak to the point.
Corb. So is the parasite too.
1 *Avoc.* This is confusion.
Volt. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but those —
[*Giving them papers.*
Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit hath writ:
It cannot be but he's possessed, grave fathers.
[*The scene closes.*

SCENE VII

A Street

Enter VOLPONE

Volp. To make a snare for mine own neck! and run
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!
When I had newly scaped, was free and clear,

Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine when I devised it,
And Mosca gave it second; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.

Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE

How now! who let you loose? whither go you now?
What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings?
Nan. Sir, Master Mosca called us out of doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the keys.
And. Yes.
Volp. Did Master Mosca take the keys? why, so!
I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear
My fortune soberly? I must have my crotchets,
And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:
His meaning may be truer than my fear.
Bid him, he straight come to me to the court;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:
When I provoked him, then I lost myself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII

The Scrutineo or Senate House

Avocatori, BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, Commandadori, Saffi, *etc., as before*

1 *Avoc.* These things can ne'er be reconciled. He here [*Showing the papers.*
Professeth that the gentleman was wronged,
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forced by her husband, and there left.
Volt. Most true.

Cel. How ready is Heaven to those that pray!
1 *Avoc.* But that
Volpone would have ravished her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his impotence.
Corv. Grave fathers, he's possessed; again, I say,
Possessed: nay, if there be possession, and
Obsession,[n] he has both.
3 *Avoc.* Here comes our officer.

Enter VOLPONE

Volp. The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.
4 *Avoc.* You might invent some other name, sir varlet.
3 *Avoc.* Did not the notary meet him?
Volp. Not that I know.
4 *Avoc.* His coming will clear all.
2 *Avoc.* Yet it is misty.
Volt. May't please your fatherhoods —
Volp. [*Whispers* VOLT.] Sir, the parasite
Willed me to tell you that his master lives;
That you are still the man; your hopes the same;
And this was only a jest —
Volt. How?
Volp. Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.
Volt. Art sure he lives?
Volp. Do I live, sir?
Volt. O me!
I was too violent.
Volp. Sir, you may redeem it.
They said you were possessed: fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good. — [VOLTORE *falls.*] God bless the man! —
Stop your wind hard, and swell — See, see, see, see!

He vomits crooked pins! [n] his eyes are set,
Like a dead hare's hung in a poulterer's shop!
His mouth's running away! Do you see, signior?
Now it is in his belly.
Corv. Ay, the devil!
Volp. Now in his throat.
Corv. Ay, I perceive it plain.
Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out! stand clear. See where it flies,
In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings!
Do you not see it, sir?
Corb. What? I think I do.
Corv. 'Tis too manifest.
Volp. Look! he comes to himself!
Volt. Where am I?
Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir. You are dispossessed.
1 *Avoc.* What accident is this!
2 *Avoc.* Sudden, and full of wonder!
3 *Avoc.* If he were
Possessed, as it appears, all this is nothing.
Corv. He has been often subject to these fits.
1 *Avoc.* Show him that writing: — do you know it, sir?
Volp. [*Whispers* VOLT.] Deny it, sir, forswear it; know it not.
Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand;
But all that it contains is false.
Bon. O practice!
2 *Avoc.* What maze is this!
1 *Avoc.* Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the parasite?
Volt. Grave fathers,
No more than his good patron, old Volpone.
4 *Avoc.* Why, he is dead.
Volt. O no, my honoured fathers,
He lives —

1 *Avoc.* How! Lives?
Volt. Lives.
2 *Avoc.* This is subtler yet!
3 *Avoc.* You said he was dead.
Volt. Never.
3 *Avoc.* You said so.
Corv. I heard so.
4 *Avoc.* Here comes the gentleman; make him way.

Enter MOSCA

3 *Avoc.* A stool.
4 *Avoc.* [*Aside.*] A proper man; and were Volpone dead,
A fit match for my daughter.
3 *Avoc.* Give him way.
Volp. [*Aside to* MOS.] Mosca, I was almost lost; the advocate
Had betrayed all; but now it is recovered;
All's on the hinge again — Say I am living.
Mos. What busy knave is this! — Most reverend fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,
But that my order for the funeral
Of my dear patron did require me —
Volp. [*Aside.*] Mosca!
Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.
Volp. [*Aside.*] Ay, quick, and cozen me of all.
2 *Avoc.* Still stranger!
More intricate!
1 *Avoc.* And come about again!
4 *Avoc.* [*Aside.*] It is a match, my daughter is bestowed.
Mos. [*Aside to* VOLP.] Will you give me half?
Volp. First I'll be hanged.
Mos. I know
Your voice is good, cry not so loud.
1 *Avoc.* Demand

The advocate. — Sir, did you not affirm
Volpone was alive?
Volp. Yes, and he is;
This gentleman told me so. — [*Aside to* Mos.] Thou shalt have half.
Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? speak, some that know him:
I never saw his face. — [*Aside to* VOLP.] I cannot now
Afford it you so cheap.
Volp. No!
1 *Avoc.* What say you?
Volt. The officer told me.
Volp. I did, grave fathers,
And will maintain he lives, with mine own life,
And that this creature [*Points to* Mos.] told me. — [*Aside.*] I was born
With all good stars my enemies.
Mos. Most grave fathers,
If such an insolence as this must pass
Upon me, I am silent; 'twas not this
For which you sent, I hope.
2 *Avoc.* Take him away.
Volp. Mosca!
3 *Avoc.* Let him be whipped.
Volp. Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?
3 *Avoc.* And taught to bear himself
Toward a person of his rank.
4 *Avoc.* Away. [*The* Officers *seize* VOLPONE.
Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.
Volp. [*Aside.*] Soft, soft: Whipped!
And lose all that I have! If I confess,
It cannot be much more.
4 *Avoc.* Sir, are you married?
Volp. They'll be allied anon; I must be resolute;
The Fox shall here uncase. [*Throws off his disguise.*
Mos. Patron!

Volp. Nay now
My ruin shall not come alone; your match
I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue you,
Nor screw you into a family.
Mos. Why, patron!
Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave;
[*Pointing to* MOSCA.
This [*To* VOLT.], his own knave; this [*To* CORB.] avarice's fool;
This [*To* CORV.], a chimera of wittol, fool, and knave:
And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope
Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it.
You hear me brief.
Corv. May it please your fatherhoods —
Com. Silence.
1 *Avoc.* The knot is now undone by miracle.
2 *Avoc.* Nothing can be more clear.
3 *Avoc.* Or can more prove
These innocent.
1 *Avoc.* Give them their liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.
2 *Avoc.* If this be held the highway to get riches,
May I be poor!
3 *Avoc.* This is not the gain, but torment.
1 *Avoc.* These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,
Which trulier may be said to possess them.
2 *Avoc.* Disrobe that parasite.
Corv. Mos. Most honoured fathers —
1 *Avoc.* Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice?
If you can, speak.
Corv. Volt. We beg favour.
Cel. And mercy.
1 *Avoc.* You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.

Stand forth; and first the parasite. You appear
T'have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
In all these lewd impostures, and now, lastly,
Have with your impudence abused the court,
And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
Being a fellow of no birth or blood:
For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipped;
Then live a perpetual prisoner in our galleys.

Volp. I thank you for him.

Mos. Bane to thy wolfish nature!

1 *Avoc.* Deliver him to the saffi. [MOSCA *is carried out.*] Thou, Volpone,
By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall
Under like censure; but our judgement on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To the hospital of the Incurabili:
And since the most was gotten by imposture,
By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, cramp'd with irons,
Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him.

[*He is taken from the Bar.*

Volp. This is called mortifying of a Fox.

1 *Avoc.* Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal,
Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profession,
Art banished from their fellowship, and our state.
Corbaccio! — bring him near. We here possess
Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee
To the monastery of San Spirito;
Where, since thou knewest not how to live well here,
Thou shalt be learned to die well.

Corb. Ha! what said he?

Com. You shall know anon, sir.

1 *Avoc.* Thou, Corvino, shalt
Be straight embarked from thine own house, and rowed
Round about Venice, through the grand canale,
Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears,
Instead of horns! and so to mount, a paper

Pinned on thy breast, to the Berlina.
Corv. Yes,
And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
Bruised fruit, and rotten eggs — 'tis well. I am glad
I shall not see my shame yet.
1 *Avoc.* And to expiate
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:
And these are all your judgements.
All. Honoured fathers —
1 *Avoc.* Which may not be revoked. Now you begin,
When crimes are done, and past, and to be punished,
To think what your crimes are: away with them.
Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.
[*Exeunt.*

VOLPONE *comes forward*

The seasoning of a play is the applause.
Now, though the Fox be punished by the laws,
He yet doth hope, there is no suffering due,
For any fact which he hath done 'gainst you;
If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands:
If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands. [*Exit.*

EPICŒNE

OR, THE SILENT WOMAN

EPICŒNE

Epicœne, or *The Silent Woman*, was written during the latter part of the year 1609 and was first acted in January of 1610 at Whitefriars by the Children of Her Majesty's Revels. It was entered in the Stationers' Register, September, 1610. In spite of entries in the Register for quarto editions in 1610 and 1612, the earliest extant text of *Epicœne* is that of the first folio of 1616. The only quarto bears the date 1620. The play is reprinted in the second and third folios of 1640 and 1692. Notwithstanding the loss of the earlier quartos, our present text of the play is in no way invalidated. Jonson himself revised the folio of 1616 and stated regarding *Epicœne*, "There is not a line or syllable in it changed from the simplicity of the first copy."

In *Epicœne*, as in so many of his plays, Jonson made heavy draughts on the classics. The suggestion of a husband so irked by the ceaseless gabble of a loquacious wife that he appears before judges to gain their permission to drink hemlock and die, had its origin in an oration of the Sophist Libanius, *Declamatio Sexta*, *Morosus qui uxorem loquacem duxerat seipsum accusat*.[1] The idea of a mock wedding which ends in the discovery that the supposed wife is a boy is found in the *Casina* of Plautus. The two main sources of the dialogue are Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* and Juvenal's *Satura VI*, from which he sometimes draws suggestions, but more often translates bodily. The only incident traceable to an English source is the gulling of Daw and La Foole by Truewit (4. 5), which some think had its origin in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (3. 4), where Sir Toby and Fabian plan a quarrel between Aguecheek and Viola.[2]

[1] *Libanii Sophistæ Præludia Oratoria LXXII. Declamationes XLV. et Dissertationes Morales.* Paris, 1606, "Declamatio Sexta."

[2] See *Epicœne*, ed. by A. Henry, *Yale Studies* (1906).

DEDICATION[n]

To the Truly Noble by all Titles,

SIR FRANCIS STUART[n]

"Sir, — My hope is not so nourished by example, as it will conclude this dumb piece should please you, because it hath pleased others before: but by trust, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have displeased none. This makes that I now number you, not only in the names of favour, but the names of justice to what I write; and do presently call you to the exercise of that noblest and manliest virtue: as coveting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a judge, than the credit of an undertaker. Read, therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line or syllable in it changed from the simplicity of the first copy. And when you shall consider, through the certain hatred of some, how much a man's innocency may be endangered by an uncertain accusation; you will, I doubt not, so begin to hate the iniquity of such natures, as I shall love the contumely done me, whose end was so honourable as to be wiped off by your sentence.

"Your unprofitable, but true Lover,

"Ben Jonson."

This Comedy was first
acted, in the year
1609
By the Children of her Majesty's
Revels.

The principal Comedians were

Nat. Field	Will. Barksted
Gil. Carie	Will. Pen
Hug. Attawel	Rice. Allin
Joh. Smith	Joh. Blaney

With the allowance of the Master of Revels.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MOROSE, a Gentleman that loves no noise.
SIR DAUPHINE EUGENIE, a Knight, his nephew.
NED CLERIMONT, a Gentleman, his friend.
TRUEWIT, another friend.
SIR JOHN DAW, a Knight.
SIR AMOROUS LA-FOOLE, a Knight also.
THOMAS OTTER, a land and sea Captain.
CUTBEARD, a Barber.
MUTE, one of MOROSE's servants.
Parson.
Page to CLERIMONT.
Pages, Servants, etc.

EPICŒNE, supposed the SILENT WOMAN.
LADY HAUGHTY, }
LADY CENTAURE, } Ladies Collegiates.
MISTRESS DOL MAVIS, }
MISTRESS OTTER, the Captain's Wife, }
MISTRESS TRUSTY, LADY HAUGHTY'S woman, } Pretenders.

SCENE — LONDON

PROLOGUE

Truth says, of old the art of making plays
Was to content the people; and their praise
Was to the poet money, wine, and bays.[n]

But in this age a sect of writers are,
That only for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is popular.

With such we mingle neither brains nor breasts;
Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
And not to please the cook's taste but the guests.

Yet if those cunning palates hither come,
They shall find guests' entreaty, and good room;
And though all relish not, sure there will be some,

That when they leave their seats shall make them say,
Who wrote that piece, could so have wrote a play;
But that he knew this was the better way.

For, to present all custard or all tart,
And have no other meats to bear a part,
Or to want bread and salt, were but coarse art.

The poet prays you then, with better thought
To sit; and when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-bought,

Be fit for ladies: some for lords, knights, squires;
Some for your waiting-wench, and city-wires;[n]
Some for your men, and daughters of Whitefriars.[n]

Nor is it only while you keep your seat
Here that his feast will last; but you shall eat
A week at ord'naries on his broken meat:
If his muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

ANOTHER

The ends of all, who for the scene do write,
Are, or should be, to profit and delight.
And still't hath been the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touched to tax the crimes.
Then in this play, which we present to-night,
And make the object of your ear and sight,
On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing true:
Lest so you make the maker to judge you.
For he knows, poet never credit gained
By writing truths, but things, like truths, well feigned.
If any yet will, with particular sleight
Of application, wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
They make a libel, which he made a play.

EPICŒNE; OR, THE SILENT WOMAN

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

A Room in CLERIMONT'S *House*

Enter CLERIMONT *making himself ready, followed by his* Page

Cler. Have you got the song yet perfect I gave you, boy?

Page. Yes, sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Page. You shall, sir; but i' faith let nobody else.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Page. It will get you the dangerous name of a poet in town, sir; besides me a perfect deal of ill-will at the mansion you wot of, whose lady is the argument of it; where now I am the welcomest thing under a man that comes there.

Cler. I think; and above a man too, if the truth were racked out of you.

Page. No, faith, I'll confess before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me on the bed, and carry me in to my lady; and she kisses me with her oiled face, and puts a peruke on my head; and asks me an I will wear her gown? and I say no: and then she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me Innocent! and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel if the door be kept shut against your master, when the entrance is so easy to you — Well, sir, you shall go there no more, lest I be fain to seek your voice in my lady's rushes[n] a fortnight hence. Sing, sir.

[Page *sings.*

Still to be neat, still to be dressed —

Enter TRUEWIT

True. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! What between his mistress abroad and his ingle at home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours have no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute,[n] or condemned to any capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every article of your time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for it.

Cler. Why, what should a man do?

True. Why, nothing; or that which, when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match, lay wagers, praise Puppy, or Peppercorn, White-foot, Franklin; swear upon White-mane's[n] party; speak aloud, that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and be able to give them the character of every bowler or better on the green. These be the things wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have grey heads and weak hams, moist eyes and shrunk members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and fast.

True. Ay, and destine only that time of age to goodness, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil!

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

True. Yes; as if a man should sleep all the term,[n] and think to effect his business the last day. O, Clerimont, this time, because it is an incorporeal thing, and not subject to sense, we mock ourselves the fineliest out of it, with vanity and misery indeed! not seeking an end of wretchedness, but only changing the matter still.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now —

True. See but our common disease! with what justice can we complain, that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affairs such dispatch as we expect, when we will never do it to ourselves? nor hear, nor regard ourselves?

Cler. Foh! thou hast read Plutarch's *Morals*, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee! 'fore God, 'twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk to me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things; and leave this Stoicity alone till thou mak'st sermons.

True. Well, sir; if it will not take, I have learned to lose as little of my kindness as I can; I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

Cler. What college?

True. As if you knew not!

Cler. No, faith, I came but from court yesterday.

True. Why, is it not arrived there yet, the news? A new foundation, sir, here in the town, of ladies, that call themselves the collegiates, an order between courtiers and country-madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment to all the wits, and braveries of the time, as they call them: cry down, or up, what they like or dislike in a brain or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority; and every day gain to their college some new probationer.

Cler. Who is the president?

True. The grave and youthful matron, the Lady Haughty.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal face, her pieced beauty! there's no man can be admitted till she be ready now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfumed, and washed, and scoured, but the boy here; and him she wipes her oiled lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song (I pray thee hear it) on the subject.

SONG

[Page *sings.*]

Still to be neat, still to be dressed,[n]
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

True. And I am clearly on the other side: I love a good dressing before any beauty o' the world. O, a woman is then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it;[n] she may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass, and choose the best. If she have good ears, show them; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand, discover it often: practise any art to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eyebrows; paint and profess it.

Cler. How! publicly?

True. The doing of it, not the manner: that must be private.[n] Many things that seem foul in the doing, do

please done. A lady should, indeed, study her face, when we think she sleeps; nor, when the doors are shut, should men be inquiring; all is sacred within then. Is it for us to see their perukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eyebrows, their nails? You see gilders will not work, but enclosed. They must not discover how little serves, with the help of art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore Aldgate? [n] Were the people suffered to see the city's Love and Charity, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnished? No; no more should servants approach their mistresses, but when they are complete and finished.

Cler. Well said, my Truewit.

True. And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatched at her peruke to cover her baldness; and put it on the wrong way.[n]

Cler. O prodigy!

True. And the unconscionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that reversed face, when I still looked when she should talk from the t'other side.

Cler. Why, thou shouldst have relieved her.

True. No, faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you Dauphine Eugenie?

Cler. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this morning? he is very melancholy, I hear.

True. Sick of the uncle, is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turban of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

Cler. O, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

True. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women;

and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men; they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear one.

True. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammerman. A brazier is not suffered to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hanged a pewterer's prentice once upon a Shrove Tuesday's riot,[n] for being of that trade, when the rest were quit.

True. A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys.

Cler. Out of his senses. The wights of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practised on him one night like the bellman; and never left till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

Page. Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his ease: his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward one day to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under Master Morose's window: till he was sent crying away with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And another time, a fencer marching to his prize had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

True. A good wag! How does he for the bells?

Cler. O, in the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holy-day eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of

ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and caulked; and there he lives by candle-light. He turned away a man last week for having a pair of new shoes that creaked. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers soled with wool: and they talk each to other in a trunk. See, who comes here?

SCENE II

Enter Sir DAUPHINE EUGENIE

Daup. How now! what ails you, sirs? dumb?

True. Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle. There was never such a prodigy heard of.

Daup. I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

True. How is that?

Daup. Marry, that he will disinherit me; no more. He thinks I and my company are authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Monuments[n] are told of him.

True. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: it gives thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanac, get it printed; and then have him drawn out on a coronation day to the Tower-wharf,[n] and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sister's son?

Daup. Ay, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

True. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venture on a wife?

Cler. Yes: why, thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick yet. He has employed a fellow this half-year all over England to hearken him out a dumb woman;

be she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: her silence is dowry enough, he says.

True. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cler. No: but he has heard of one that's lodged in the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken: thrifty of her speech; that spends but six words a day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

True. Is't possible! who is his agent in the business?

Cler. Marry, a barber, one Cutbeard; an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

True. Why, you oppress me with wonder; a woman, and a barber, and love no noise!

Cler. Yes, faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his shears or his fingers;[n] and that continence in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel.

True. Is the barber to be seen, or the wench?

Cler. Yes, that they are.

True. I prithee, Dauphine, let's go thither.

Daup. I have some business now, I cannot, i' faith.

True. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, sir; we'll make her talk, believe it; or, if she will not, we can give out at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty; we will break it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Daup. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never have that plea against me, that I opposed the least phant'sy of his. Let it lie upon my stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

True. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: when some groom of his has got him an heir, or this barber, if he himself cannot. *Innocent!* I prithee, Ned, where lies she? Let him be innocent still.

Cler. Why, right over against the barber's; in the house where Sir John Daw lives.

True. You do not mean to confound me!

Cler. Why?

True. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cler. I cannot tell.

True. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cler. Why?

True. The only talking Sir in the town! Jack Daw! and he teach her not to speak! God be wi' you. I have some business too.

Cler. Will you not go thither, then?

True. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears.

Cler. Why, I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

True. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cler. They say he is a very good scholar.

True. Ay, and he says it first. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him!

Cler. The world reports him to be very learned.

True. I am sorry the world should so conspire to belie him.

Cler. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

True. You may; there's none so desperately ignorant to deny that; would they were his own! God be wi' you, gentlemen. [*Exit hastily.*

Cler. This is very abrupt!

SCENE III

Daup. Come, you are a strange open man, to tell everything thus.

Cler. Why, believe it, Dauphine, Truewit's a very honest fellow.

Daup. I think no other; but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cler. Nay then, you are mistaken, Dauphine: I know

where he has been well trusted, and discharged the trust very truly, and heartily.

Daup. I contend not, Ned, but with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cler. When were you there?

Daup. Last night: and such a Decameron of sport fallen out! Boccace never thought of the like. Daw does nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would lie with her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk and be free, and commends her silence in verses; which he reads, and swears are the best that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines, why he is not made a councillor, and called to affairs of state.

Cler. I prithee, let's go. I would fain partake this. — Some water, boy. [*Exit* Page.

Daup. We are invited to dinner[n] together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir La-Foole.

Cler. O, that's a precious mannikin!

Daup. Do you know him?

Cler. Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of prayers. He is one of the braveries, though he be none of the wits. He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He does give plays and suppers, and invites his guests to them, aloud, out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose: or to watch when ladies are gone to the china-houses,[n] or the Exchange, that he may meet them by chance, and give them presents, some two or three hundred pounds' worth of toys, to be laughed at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweetmeats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Daup. Excellent! he was a fine youth last night; but now he is much finer! what is his Christian name? I have forgot.

Re-enter Page

Cler. Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Page. The gentleman is here below that owns that name.

Cler. 'Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Daup. Like enough: prithee, let's have him up.

Cler. Boy, marshal him.

Page. With a truncheon, sir?

Cler. Away, I beseech you. [*Exit* Page.] — I'll make him tell us his pedigree now; and what meat he has to dinner; and who are his guests; and the whole course of his fortunes; with a breath.

SCENE IV

Enter Sir AMOROUS LA-FOOLE

La-F. Save, dear Sir Dauphine! honoured Master Clerimont!

Cler. Sir Amorous! you have very much honested my lodging with your presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging: almost as delicate a lodging as mine.

Cler. Not so, sir.

La-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were in the Strand, I assure you. I am come, Master Clerimont, to entreat you to wait upon two or three ladies, to dinner, to-day.

Cler. How, sir! wait upon them? did you ever see me carry dishes!

La-F. No, sir, dispense with me; I meant, to bear them company.

Cler. O, that I will, sir: the doubtfulness of your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour with the terrible boys,[n] if you should but keep them fellowship a day.

La-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

Cler. I believe it, sir. Where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otter's, sir.

Daup. Tom Otter! What's he?

La-F. Captain Otter, sir; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Daup. O, then he is *animal amphibium?*

La-F. Ay, sir: his wife was the rich china-woman, that the courtiers visited so often; that gave the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cler. Then she is Captain Otter.

La-F. You say very well, sir; she is my kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies for my sake.

Daup. Not of the La-Fooles of Essex?

La-F. No, sir; the La-Fooles of London.

Cler. [*Aside.*] Now he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our house, the La-Fooles of the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south — we are as ancient a family as any is in Europe — but I myself am descended lineally of the French La-Fooles — and, we do bear for our coat yellow,[n] or *or*, checkered *azure*, and *gules*, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has sometimes been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house — but let that go, antiquity is not respected now.[n] — I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company: — there will be a great lady or two, my Lady Haughty, my Lady Centaure, Mistress Dol Mavis — and they

come o' purpose to see the silent gentlewoman, Mistress Epicœne, that honest Sir John Daw has promised to bring thither — and then, Mistress Trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and his honourable knight, Sir Dauphine, with yourself, Master Clerimont — and we'll be very merry, and have fiddlers, and dance. — I have been a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my Lord Lofty, and after, my Lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in Ireland, since it pleased my elder brother to die. — I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day as any worn in the island voyage, or at Cadiz,[n] none dispraised; and I came over in it hither, showed myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the country, and surveyed my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent it in the eye o' the land[n] here, upon ladies: — and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Daup. Can you take up ladies, sir?

Cler. O, let him breathe, he has not recovered. 70

Daup. Would I were your half in that commodity!

La-F. No, sir, excuse me: I meant money, which can take up anything. I have another guest or two to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail — Your servant. [*Exit.*

Daup. We will not fail you, sir precious La-Foole; but she shall, that your ladies come to see, if I have credit afore Sir Daw. 78

Cler. Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker as this?

Daup. Or such a rook as the other, that will betray his mistress to be seen! Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cler. Go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

A Room in MOROSE'S *House*

Enter MOROSE *with a tube in his hand, followed by* MUTE

Mor. Cannot I yet find out a more compendious method, than by this trunk, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discords of sound? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me; they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise, [MUTE *makes a leg.*] — very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the outside of the door; that if they knock with their daggers, or with brickbats, they can make no noise? — But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise. [*Makes a leg.*] — Very good. This is not only a fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? [*Makes a leg.*] — Good. And, he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. [*Makes a leg.*] So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay; if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an

hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one. [*Holds up a finger bent.*] — Good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? [*Makes a leg.*] — Good. And is the lock oiled, and the hinges, to-day? [*Makes a leg.*] — Good. And the quilting of the stairs nowhere worn out and bare? [*Makes a leg.*] — Very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend them in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter. [*A horn winded within.*] — How now? O! O! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? Look. [*Exit* MUTE. *Horn again.*] O, cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be? 45

Re-enter MUTE

Mute. It is a post from the court —

Mor. Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says he must speak with you, pain of death —

Mor. Pain of thy life, be silent!

SCENE II

Enter TRUEWIT, *with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand*

True. By your leave, sir; — I am a stranger here: — Is your name Master Morose? is your name Master Morose? Fishes? Pythagoreans all![n] This is strange. What say you, sir? nothing! Has Harpocrates been

here with his club,[n] among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time: I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend them to you, sir —

Mor. O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence?

True. And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Mor. Whose knave are you?

True. Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword —

True. You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do, groom; and you the other, if you stir, sir. Be patient, I charge you, in the King's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

True. Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near,[n] wherein you may drown so handsomely; or London Bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or, such a delicate steeple in the town, as Bow, to vault from; or, a braver height, as Paul's. Or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street; or, a beam in the said garret, with this halter — [*Shows him the halter.*] — which they have sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, than to the wedlock noose; or, take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or, a fly, as one said, with a straw in your arse; any way rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife in these times? Now? When there are so many masques, plays, Puritan preachings, mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen daily, private and public? If you had lived in King Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the Confessor, you might, perhaps, have found one in some cold country hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench, would have been contented with one man: now, they will as soon be pleased with one leg or one

eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Mor. Good sir, have I ever cozened any friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begged a reversion from them? bastarded their issue? What have I done that may deserve this?

True. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why, if I had made an assassinate upon your father, vitiated your mother, ravished your sisters —

True. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why, you do more in this, sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts that could be named, to do that you do.

True. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems, your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger (but you may do your pleasure for all them, I persuade not, sir). If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer for his skill at his weapon; why, it is not their fault, they have discharged their consciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young and vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses[n] in the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them, and buy these doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as May and humorous as April; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every hour; though it be for the dearest morsel of man. If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patri-

mony will be too little for the guests that must be invited, to hear her speak Latin and Greek: and you must lie with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren,[n] once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or wood of them; and hear long-winded exercises, singings and catechizings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cause, will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir! — but this is not half, i' faith: you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before; I come not to persuade you. [MUTE *is stealing away.*] — Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you. 92

Mor. O, what is my sin! what is my sin!

True. Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir; O, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure in your torments! you shall lie with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must be for that jewel or that pearl when she does; every half-hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you wooed her at first. Then you must keep what servants she please; what company she will; that friend must not visit you without a licence; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or cousin at the college, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies; where she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be served in silver; have the chamber filled with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewellers, tire-women, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for

her velvets; never weighs what her pride costs, sir; so she may kiss a page, or a smooth chin, that has the despair of a beard; be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress;[n] or so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them; Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth,[n] and so forth: or be thought cunning in controversies, or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematics and demonstration; and answer, in religion to one, in state to another, in bawdry to a third.

Mor. O, O! 128

True. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soon you shall die? next, if her present servant love her? next, if she shall have a new servant? and how many? which of her family would make the best bawd, male or female? what precedence she shall have by her next match? and sets down the answers, and believes them above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Mor. Gentle sir, have you done? have you had your pleasure of me? I'll think of these things. 139

True. Yes, sir; and then comes reeking home of vapour and sweat, with going a foot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil and birdlime; and rises in asses' milk, and is cleansed with a new fucus. God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot. This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity aforehand, as your wise widows do of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir. Who can tell? Or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the wedding-day, or the night before, and antedate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devised, impossible thing, sir. God be wi' you: I'll be bold to leave this rope

with you, sir, for a remembrance. Farewell, Mute! [*Exit.*

Mor. Come, have me to my chamber; but first shut the door. [TRUEWIT *winds the horn without.*] O, shut the door, shut the door! is he come again?

Enter CUTBEARD

Cut. 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

Mor. O Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cut-throat with me: help me into my bed, and give me physic with thy counsel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Room in Sir JOHN DAW'S *House*

Enter DAW, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, *and* EPICŒNE

Daw. Nay, and she will, let her refuse at her own charges; 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen; but she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

Cler. [*Aside to* EPI.] O, by no means, she may not refuse — to stay at home, if you love your reputation. 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laughed at by the lady of the college, and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaimed you.

Daup. [*Aside to* EPI.] You shall not go; let him be laughed at in your stead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling and talking loud, to satisfy the company.

Cler. He will suspect us; talk aloud. Pray, Mistress Epicœne, let's see your verses; we have Sir John Daw's leave; do not conceal your servants' merit, and your own glories.

Epi. They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave so soon.

Daup. His vainglories, lady!

Daw. Show them, show them, mistress! I dare own them.

Epi. Judge you, what glories.

Daw. Nay, I'll read them myself, too: an author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of Modesty.

Modest and fair, for fair and good are near
Neighbours, howe'er.

Daup. Very good.

Cler. Ay, is't not?

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,*
But two in one.

Daup. Excellent!

Cler. That again, I pray, Sir John.

Daup. It has something in't like rare wit and sense.

Cler. Peace.

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,*
But two in one.
Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright beauty's rays:
And having praised both beauty and modesty,
I have praised thee.

Daup. Admirable!

Cler. How it chimes, and cries tink in the close, divinely!

Daup. Ay, 'tis Seneca.

Cler. No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The dor on Plutarch and Seneca! I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen.

Cler. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave asses! mere essayists: a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so his whole age. I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observed, as either of them.

Daup. Indeed, Sir John!

Cler. He must needs; living among the wits and braveries too.

Daup. Ay, and being president of them, as he is.

Daw. There's Aristotle, a mere common-place fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus, an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

Cler. What do you think of the poets, Sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass, talks of curriers, and chines of beef; Virgil, of dunging of land and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

Cler. I think so.

Daw. And so Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon,[n] Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest —

Cler. What a sack full of their names he has got!

Daup. And how he pours them out! Politian with Valerius Flaccus!

Cler. Was not the character right of him?

Daup. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And Persius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endured.

Daup. Why, whom do you account for authors, Sir John Daw?

Daw. Syntagma juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis; Corpus juris canonici; the King of Spain's Bible —

Daup. Is the King of Spain's Bible an author?

Cler. Yes, and Syntagma.

Daup. What was that Syntagma, sir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Daup. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

Cler. Ay, both the Corpuses, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. And then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha:[n] the other are not to be received, within the thought of a scholar.

Daup. [*Aside.*] 'Fore God, you have a simple learned servant, lady — in titles.

Cler. I wonder that he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor.

Daup. He is one extraordinary.

Cler. Nay, but in ordinary; to say truth, the state wants such.

Daup. Why, that will follow.

Cler. I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a servant.

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Daup. In verse, Sir John?

Cler. What else?

Daup. Why, how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse is not a poet; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets: they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

Daup. Why, would not you live by your verses, Sir John?

Cler. No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! he did not make them to that end, I hope.

Daup. And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not ashamed.

Cler. Ay, he professed himself; but Sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own rising in the state so much. Do you think he will? Your verses, good Sir John, and no poems.

Daw.

Silence in woman, is like speech in man,
Deny't who can.

Daup. Not I, believe it: your reason, sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a tale,*
That female vice should be a virtue male,
Or masculine vice a female virtue be:
You shall it see
Proved with increase;
I know to speak, and she to hold her peace.

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

Daup. No, faith; how mean you *with increase*, Sir John?

Daw. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing, but *consentire videtur;* and in time is *gravida.*

Daup. Then this is a ballad of procreation?

Cler. A madrigal of procreation; you mistake.

Epi. Pray give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. If you'll ask them aloud, you shall.

[*Walks aside with the papers.*

Cler. See, here's Truewit again!

Scene IV

Enter Truewit, *with his horn*

Cler. Where hast thou been, in the name of madness, thus accoutred with thy horn?

True. Where the sound of it might have pierced your senses with gladness, had you been in ear-reach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worship me; I have forbid the banns, lad: I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Daup. You have not, I hope.

True. Yes, faith; an thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me: this horn got me entrance; kiss it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a post; but when I got in once, I proved none, but rather the contrary, turned him into a post, or a stone,

or what is stiffer, with thundering into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description: I have put him off o' that scent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, sirs? why stand you mute? are you stupid? You are not worthy of the benefit.

Daup. Did not I tell you? Mischief!

Cler. I would you had placed this benefit somewhere else.

True. Why so?

Cler. 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak thing, that ever man did to his friend.

Daup. Friend! if the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be greater.

True. Wherein, for God's sake? Gentlemen, come to yourselves again.

Daup. But I presaged thus much afore to you.

Cler. Would my lips had been soldered when I spake on't! Slight, what moved you to be thus impertinent?

True. My masters, do not put on this strange face to pay my courtesy; off with this visor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way!

Daup. 'Fore Heaven, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute. Now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodged here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath professed this obstinate silence for my sake: being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now all my hopes are utterly miscarried by this unlucky accident.

Cler. Thus 'tis when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his why. I wonder what courteous itch possessed you. You never did absurder

part in your life, nor a greater trespass to friendship or humanity.

Daup. Faith, you may forgive it best; 'twas your cause principally.

Cler. I know it; would it had not.

Enter CUTBEARD

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! what news?

Cut. The best, the happiest that ever was, sir. There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning [*Seeing* TRUEWIT.]—I think this be the gentleman—that has almost talked him out of his wits, with threatening him from marriage—

Daup. On, I prithee.

Cut. And your uncle, sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will see the party you wot of presently; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb[n] as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to-day, instantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Daup. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

True. Beyond our expectation! By this light I knew it would be thus.

Daup. Nay, sweet Truewit, forgive me.

True. No, I was *ignorantly officious, impertinent;* this was the *absurd, weak part.*

Cler. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was mere fortune?

True. Fortune! mere providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my genius is never false to me in these things. Show me how it could be otherwise.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, contend not; 'tis well now.

True. Alas, I let him go on with *inconsiderate,* and *rash,* and what he pleased.

Cler. Away, thou strange justifier of thyself, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event.

True. Event! by this light, thou shalt never persuade me but I foresaw it as well as the stars themselves.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now. Do you two entertain Sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

True. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Cler. Master Truewit, lady, a friend of ours.

True. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

[*Exeunt* DAUP., EPI., *and* CUTBEARD.

Cler. Faith, an you had come sooner, you should have seen and heard her well celebrated in Sir John Daw's madrigals.

True. [*Advances to* DAW.] Jack Daw, God save you; when saw you La-Foole?

Daw. Not since last night, Master Truewit.

True. That's miracle! I thought you two had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his guests.

True. God's so! 'tis true! What a false memory have I towards that man! I am one. I met him even now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black horse, rid into foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give them the cue —

Cler. Lest they should forget?

True. Yes: there was never poor captain took more pains at a muster to show men, than he at this meal to show friends.

Daw. It is his quarter-feast, sir.

Cler. What! do you say so, Sir John?

True. Nay, Jack Daw will not be out, at the best friends he has, to the talent of his wit. Where's his mistress, to hear and applaud him? is she gone?

Daw. Is Mistress Epicœne gone?

Cler. Gone afore, with Sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

True. Gone afore! that were a manifest injury, a

disgrace and a half; to refuse him at such a festival-time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too!

Cler. Tut, he'll swallow it like cream: he's better read in Jure civili, than to esteem anything a disgrace is offered him from a mistress.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together, for John Daw, I warrant her. Does she refuse me?

Cler. No, sir, do not take it so to heart; she does not refuse you, but a little neglects you. Good faith, True-wit, you were to blame, to put it into his head, that she does refuse him.

True. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to-day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

True. Nor to anybody else, sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Cler. [*Aside.*] It had been an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholy, i' faith.

Cler. As a dog, if I were as you, Sir John.

True. Or a snail, or a hog-louse. I would roll myself up for this day; in troth, they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this picktooth, so I will.

Cler. 'Tis well done: he begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, gentlemen?

Cler. Nay, you must walk alone if you be right melancholy, Sir John.

True. Yes, sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off. [*Exit* DAW.

Cler. Was there ever such a two yards of knighthood measured out by time, to be sold to laughter?

True. A mere talking mole, hang him! no mushroom was ever so fresh. A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cler. Let's follow him; but first let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the house to hear what news.

True. Content. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A Room in MOROSE'S *House*

Enter MOROSE *and* MUTE, *followed by* CUTBEARD *with* EPICŒNE

Mor. Welcome, Cutbeard! draw near with your fair charge: and in her ear softly entreat her to unmask. [EPI. *takes off her mask.*] So! Is the door shut? [MUTE *makes a leg.*] Enough! Now, Cutbeard, with the same discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutbeard, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. [CUT. *makes a leg.*] Very well done, Cutbeard. I conceive besides, Cutbeard, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty consequence of marriage. [*Makes a leg.*] This I conceive, Cutbeard. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. [*Bows again.*] Very well done, Cutbeard. Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition and aptitude to my affection. [*Goes about her and views her.*] She is exceeding fair, and of a special good favour; a sweet composition or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. — Come near, fair gentlewoman; let not my behaviour seem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strange. [EPICŒNE *curtsies.*] Nay, lady, you may speak, though Cutbeard and my man might not; for of all sounds, only

the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady; out of the first fire of meeting eyes, they say, love is stricken: do you feel any such emotion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? ha, lady? [EPI. *curtsies.*] Alas, lady, these answers by silent curtsies from you are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornaments. Can you speak, lady?

Epi. [*Softly.*] Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. What say you, lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth. 39

Mor. On my judgement, a divine softness! But can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin these by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgement, and, not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefest pleasure, think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches jump right with what you conceive? [EPI. *curtsies.*] Excellent! divine! if it were possible she should hold out thus! Peace, Cutbeard, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this felicity have lasting; but I will try her further. Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine ears banquetted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her that I mean to choose for my bed-phere. The ladies in court think it is a most desperate impair to their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'em; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it as himself. And do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they, with so much circumstance, affect and toil for, to seem learned, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in yourself with silence, and rather trust your graces to the fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's, or your own proclamation?

Epi. [*Softly.*] I should be sorry else. 64

Mor. What say you, lady? good lady, speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O Morose, thou art happy above mankind! pray that thou mayst contain thyself. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. But hear me, fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall choose for my heifer, to be the first and principal in all fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have council of tailors, lineners, lace-women, embroiderers; and sit with them sometimes twice a day upon French intelligences, and then come forth varied like nature, or oftener than she, and better by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect: and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold but necessary instructions, for that bodice, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t'other scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, lady? 84

Epi. [*Softly.*] I'll leave it to you, sir.

Mor. How, lady? Pray you rise a note.

Epi. I leave it to wisdom and you, sir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more. I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine. Cutbeard, I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not but with thy leg. [CUTBEARD *shakes his head.*] I know what thou wouldst say, she's poor and her friends deceased. She has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, Cutbeard; and in respect of her poverty, Cutbeard, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutbeard. Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, Cutbeard. [*Exit* CUT.] Sirrah, conduct

your mistress into the dining-room, your now mistress. [*Exit* MUTE, *followed by* EPI.] O, my felicity! how shall I be revenged on my insolent kinsman, and his plots to fright me from marrying! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me; his title must do it. No, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's and the sixteenth lady's letter, kinsman; and it shall do you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeemed; it shall cheat at the twelve-penny ordinary,[n] it knighthood, for its diet, all the term time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; or it knighthood shall do worse, take sanctuary in Cole-harbour,[n] and fast. It shall fright all its friends with borrowing letters; and when one of the fourscore hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes, or the Bear[n] at the Bridge-foot, and be drunk in fear; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear it knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs:[n] and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth for the attempting of a baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It shall give it knighthood's name for a stallion, to all gamesome citizens' wives, and be refused, when the master of a dancing school, or (*How* do you call him,[n]) the worst reveller in the town is taken: it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool to lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia,[n] but the best and last fortune to it knighthood, shall be to make Dol Tear-sheet or Kate Common a lady, and so it knighthood may eat. [*Exit.* 136

SCENE VI

A Lane near MOROSE'S *House*

Enter TRUEWIT, DAUPHINE, *and* CLERIMONT

True. Are you sure he has not gone by?

Daup. No, I staid in the shop ever since.

Cler. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Daup. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

True. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

Daup. Yonder he comes.

Cler. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, Dauphine.

Enter CUTBEARD

Daup. How now, Cutbeard; succeeds it or no? 10

Cut. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda;* you could not have prayed to have had it so well. *Saltat senex,* as it is in the proverb; he does triumph in his felicity, admires the party! he has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry them, and away.

True. 'Slight! get one of the silenced ministers;[n] a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio,* sir.

Daup. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: when 'tis done and finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation. 22

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus.* [*Exit.*

Cler. How the slave doth Latin it!

True. It would be made a jest to posterity, sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will.

Cler. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Daup. And for my part. What is it?

True. To translate all La-Foole's company and his feast thither to-day, to celebrate this bride-ale.

Daup. Ay, marry; but how will't be done?

True. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady-guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Cler. For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

Daup. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

True. I'll warrant you for the college-honours: one of their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the other her smock sleeked.

Cler. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast.

True. Best go see, and assure ourselves.

Cler. Who knows the house?

True. I'll lead you. Were you never there yet?

Daup. Not I.

Cler. Nor I.

True. Where have you lived then? not know Tom Otter!

Cler. No: for God's sake, what is he?

True. An excellent animal, equal with your Daw or La-Foole, if not transcendent; and does Latin it as much as your barber. He is his wife's subject; he calls her princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

Daup. What be those, in the name of Sphinx?[n]

True. Why, sir, he has been a great man at the Bear-garden[n] in his time; and from that subtle sport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that he calls

his deer and his ape; and several degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect till these be brought out, and set on the cupboard.

Cler. For God's love! — we should miss this if we should not go.

True. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his wife, with certain commonplaces, behind her back, and to her face —

Daup. No more of him. Let's go see him, I petition you. [*Exeunt.*

Act III
P. 335.

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I

A Room in Otter's *House*

Enter Captain Otter *with his cups, and* Mistress Otter

Ott. Nay, good princess, hear me *pauca verba.*

Mrs. Ott. By that light, I'll have you chained up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send to you to kennel, i' faith. You were best bait me with your bull, bear, and horse. Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove Tuesday![n] I would have you get your Whitsuntide velvet cap, and your staff in your hand, to entertain them: yes, in troth, do.

Ott. Not so, princess, neither; but under correction, sweet princess, give me leave. These things I am known to the courtiers by. It is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse is known all over England, *in rerum natura.*

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* them over to Paris-garden,[n] and *na-ture* you thither too if you pronounce them again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? think in your discretion, in any good policy.

Ott. The horse then, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well horsed, I know: I love it myself.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine horse this: *Poetarum Pegasus.* Under correction,[n] princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a — *taurus*, or bull, under correction, good princess.

Enter TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT, *and* DAUPHINE, *behind*

Mrs. Ott. By my integrity, I'll send you over to the Bankside; I'll commit you to the master of the Garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfumed for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument when I married you? that I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your half-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear them? — 'tis mar'le you have them on now. Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as looked upon by a lord or a lady before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun-holidays? and then out at the banqueting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone[n] were at the stake?

True. For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.

Mrs. Ott. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasy buff doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows? you forget this.

True. She'll worry him, if we help not in time.

[*They come forward.*

Mrs. Ott. O, here are some of the gallants. Go to, behave yourself distinctly,[n] and with good morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.[n]

SCENE II

True. By your leave, fair Mistress Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. Ott. It shall not be obnoxious, or difficile, sir.

True. How does my noble captain? is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still?

Ott. Sir, *sic visum superis.*

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate them, do. Go your ways in, and get toasts and butter made for the woodcocks: that's a fit province for you.

[*Drives him off.*

Cler. Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to.

True. O, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

Daup. Dares he ever speak?

True. No Anabaptist ever railed[n] with the like licence: but mark her language in the meantime, I beseech you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cousin, Sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

True. In good time, lady. Was not Sir John Daw here, to ask for him, and the company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot assure you, Master Truewit. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruff, that demanded my subject for somebody, a gentleman, I think.

Cler. Ay, that was he, lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

Daup. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in!

True. O, sir, she is the only authentical courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

True. No, I assure you, the court governs it so, lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the servant of the court and courtiers, sir.

True. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not so, sir.

Enter CUTBEARD

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! any cross?

Cut. O no, sir, *omnia bene.* 'Twas never better on the hinges; all's sure. I have so pleased him with a curate, that he's gone to't almost with the delight he hopes for soon.

Daup. What is he for a vicar?[n]

Cut. One that has catched a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not picked, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers.[n] I came to tell you, sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem*, as they say, be ready with your vexation.

Daup. Gramercy, honest Cutbeard! be thereabouts with thy key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, sir; *ad manum.* [*Exit.*

True. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Cler. Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not. [*Exit* TRUEWIT.

Mrs. Ott. Is Master Truewit gone?

Daup. Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate business fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I adjudged by the physiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dream last night too of the new pageant, and my lady mayoress, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady Haughty t'other day, when her honour came hither to see some

she expounded it out of Artemidorus,[n] und it since very true. It has done me
m, lady? 68

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir, anything I do but dream of the city. It stained me a damask tablecloth, cost me eighteen pound, at one time; and burnt me a black satin gown, as I stood by the fire at my Lady Centaur's chamber in the college, another time. A third time, at the lords' masque, it dropped all my wire and my ruff with wax candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Ware, to meet a friend, it dashed me a new suit all over (a crimson satin doublet and black velvet skirts) with a brewer's horse, that I was fain to go in and shift me, and kept my chamber a leash of days for the anguish of it. 80

Daup. These were dire mischances, lady.

Cler. I would not dwell in the city an 'twere so fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir: but I do take advice of my doctor to dream of it as little as I can.

Daup. You do well, Mistress Otter.

Enter Sir JOHN DAW, *and is taken aside by* CLERIMONT

Mrs. Ott. Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

Daup. And your favour, lady: but we stay to speak with a knight, Sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady. 91

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, sir. It is my cousin, Sir Amorous his feast —

Daup. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more than of the place.

Daup. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

Cler. [*Coming forward with* DAW.] [illegible] know it, Sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do.

Cler. I'll tell you then; she's married by this time. And whereas you were put in the head, that she was gone with Sir Dauphine, I assure you Sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discovered the whole plot, and made your mistress so acknowledging, and indeed so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day. She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle, old Morose; and she willed me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more favours, and with more security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i' faith?

Cler. Why, what do you think of me, Sir John! ask Sir Dauphine!

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir Dauphine, did she desire me to forgive her?

Daup. I assure you, Sir John, she did.

Daw. Nay, then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be jovial.

Cler. Yes, for look you, sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and promise to bring her; and then at the time she would have appeared, as his friend, to have given you the dor. Whereas now, Sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name; and

so disappoint La-Foole, to make you good again, and, as it were, a saver in the main.

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her; and forgive her heartily.

Cler. About it then presently. Truewit is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well. —

Enter Sir AMOROUS LA-FOOLE

See; here comes your antagonist; but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-F. Are the ladies come, Sir John Daw, and your mistress? [*Exit* DAW.] Sir Dauphine! you are exceeding welcome, and honest Master Clerimont. Where's my cousin? did you see no collegiates, gentlemen?

Daup. Collegiates! do you not hear, Sir Amorous, how you are abused?

La-F. How, sir!

Cler. Will you speak so kindly to Sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront?

La-F. Wherein, gentlemen? let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you.

Cler. Why, sir, his mistress is married to-day to Sir Dauphine's uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to frustrate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here now to have enticed us away from you too: but we told him his own, I think.

La-F. Has Sir John Daw wronged me so inhumanly?

Daup. He has done it, Sir Amorous, most maliciously and treacherously; but if you'll be ruled by us, you shall quit him, i' faith.

La-F. Good gentlemen, I'll make one, believe it. How, I pray?

Daup. Marry, sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently; and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer; and, bareheaded, march afore it with a good confidence ('tis but over the way, hard by), and we'll second you, where you shall set it on the board, and bid them welcome to't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly; and for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal guest herself; sit ranked with the college honours, and be honoured, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the best of them.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolved. [*Exit.*

Cler. I thought he would not hear it out but 'twould take him.

Daup. Well, there be guests and meat now; how shall we do for music?

Cler. The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other.

Daup. I would it would call the trumpeters thither!

Cler. Faith, there is hope; they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks: 'tis twenty to one but we have them.

Daup. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cler. Ay, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

Daup. Tut, flatter them both, as Truewit says, and you may take their understandings in a purse-net. They'll believe themselves to be just such men as we make them, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

Re-enter LA-FOOLE, *like a Sewer*

Cler. See! Sir Amorous has his towel on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible; she'll do anything, she says, rather than the La-Fooles should be disgraced.

Daup. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pestling device, Sir Amorous; it will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

Cler. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means —

Re-enter Captain OTTER

Ott. Gentlemen, my princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate:* and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you —

Cler. And yourself too, Captain Otter?

Daup. By any means, sir.

Ott. Yes, sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my cousin Sir Amorous, and you, gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

Cler. That you shall do, Captain Otter.

La-F. My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

Daup. She must consent, Sir Amorous, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no decorum among ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, sir.

Cler. Ay, she must hear argument. Did not Pasiphaë,[n] who was a queen, love a bull? and was not Callisto,[n] the mother of Arcas, turned into a bear, and made a star, Mistress Ursula, in the heavens?

Ott. O lord; that I could have said as much! I

will have these stories painted in the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii metamorphosi.*

Daup. Where is your princess, captain? pray be our leader.

Ott. That I shall, sir.

Cler. Make haste, good Sir Amorous. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A Room in MOROSE'S *House*

Enter MOROSE, EPICŒNE, Parson, *and* CUTBEARD

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature,[n] for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. [*Speaks as having a cold.*] I thank your worship; so it is mine now.

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

Cut. He says *præsto*, sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.[n]

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse! — uh! uh! uh!

Mor. O, O! stay, Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cut. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be changed.

Cut. [*Aside to* Parson.] Cough again.

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. Uh, uh, uh!

Mor. Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it. —

[*Exit* CUT. *thrusting out the* Par.

Epi. Fie, Master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity or breeding, as you pretend, in court, to have offered this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. Ay, sir. Why, do you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets with the eyes turned with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital,[n] that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaise mouth,[n] and look upon you?

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! What, Cutbeard!

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simply maid: but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

Enter MUTE

Mor. What, sirrah! None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard?

[MUTE *makes signs.*

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern. [*Exit* MUTE.

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis;[n] sold my liberty to a distaff.

SCENE V

Enter TRUEWIT

True. Where's Master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me!

True. I wish you all joy, Mistress Epicœne, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, Master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance too!

True. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, sir?

True. Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet go on, and be yourself. It shows you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.[n]

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much?

True. Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? you might as well have told it the conduit, or the bakehouse, or the infantry that follow the court,[n] and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and noted a remnant as, *Lippis et tonsoribus notum?*[n] Well, sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be

three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters? my mouths, now? —

Enter Servants

Bar up my doors, you varlets!

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let them stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barred of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation? [*Exeunt* Ser.

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!

True. Nay, faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason! and, methinks, is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, sir, afore noon? a man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a town-bull, or a mountain-goat; but stay the due season; and ascend it then with religion and fear. Those delights are to be steeped in the humour and silence of the night; and give the day to other open pleasures, and jollities of feasting, of music, of revels, of discourse: we'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment!

True. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort or hope can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come —

Mor. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

True. I have done, sir.

Mor. That cursed barber!

True. Yes, faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.

Mor. I have married his cittern,[n] that's common to all men. Some plague above the plague —

True. All Egypt's ten plagues.

Mor. Revenge me on him!

True. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear them. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure it, sir; or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some male bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling-iron.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man!

True. Ay, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

True. A perpetual frost underneath it, sir.

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

True. But in hell, sir.

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissors rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

True. Very dreadful that! And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.

Mor. Let there be no bawd carted that year to employ a bason of his:[n] but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

True. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of bread —

True. Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. Or draw his own teeth,[n] and add them to the lute-string.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

True. Yes, make meal of the millstones.

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cured on others break out upon him.

True. And he now forget the cure of them in himself, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him have scraped all his linen into lint fo't, and have not a rag left him for to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever! Now, no more, sir.

True. O, that last was too high set; you might go less with him, i' faith, and be revenged enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole —

Mor. Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.

True. Or, want credit to take up with a comb-maker —

Mor. No more, sir.

True. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another —

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

True. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers —

Mor. Sir —

True. Or, may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medley, and yet be hanged for't.

Mor. I will forgive him rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

SCENE VI

Enter DAW, *introducing* Lady HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *and* TRUSTY

Daw. This way, madam.

Mor. O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be overwhelmed with noise. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in myself for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistress.

Mor. Has she servants too!

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My Lady Haughty [*As he presents them severally,* EPI. *kisses them.*] — this my Lady Centaure — Mistress Dol Mavis — Mistress Trusty, my Lady Haughty's woman. Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

True. Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant? O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an she have such servants. [*Going.*

True. Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies; you must not go away now; they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I' faith, Master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel: you shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

Epi. Your ladyship does me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as you have done both him and me grace to visit so unprepared a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment!

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, Mistress Morose; we will all bear rather than one shall be oppressed.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

[*Walks aside while the rest talk apart.*

Hau. Is this the Silent Woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, Master Truewit says.

Hau. O, Master Truewit! 'save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? she speaks, methinks!

True. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us she could not speak!

True. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by Sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her! 51

True. That falls out often, madam, that he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the master-fool. I assure your ladyship, ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the college. An she have wit, she shall be one of us, shall she not, Centaure? we'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, madam, and Mavis and she will set up a side.[n]

True. Believe it, madam, and Mistress Mavis she will sustain her part. 61

Mav. I'll tell you that when I have talked with her, and tried her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis.

Mav. So I will, madam. [*Whispers her.*

Mor. [*Aside.*] Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever!

True. In the mean time, madam, would but your ladyship help to vex him a little: you know his disease, talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or— 71

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure, help me. Master bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. [*Aside.*] O, it was too miraculously good to last!

Hau. We see no ensigns of a wedding here; no character of a bride-ale: where be our scarves and our gloves? I pray you, give them us. Let us know your bride's colours, and yours at least.

Cen. Alas, madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your ladyship's painter, I would.

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, i' faith. But do you hear, Master Morose! a jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have sucked the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggin to the night-cap,[n] as we may say, and you to offend in such a high point of ceremony as this, and let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! How much plate have you lost to-day (if you had but regarded your profit), what gifts, what friends, through your mere rusticity!

Mor. Madam —

Hau. Pardon me, sir, I must insinuate your errors to you; no gloves? no garters? no scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?

Daw. Yes, madam, I'll make an epithalamium, I promise my mistress; I have begun it already: will your ladyship hear it?

Hau. Ay, good Jack Daw.

Mor. Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? you shall have your choice of rooms to retire to after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath been your ladyship's errand into the city at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me; but I shall be loath to break any honourable custom of your ladyship's. And therefore, good madam —

Epi. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

True. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your horns reach from one side of the island to the other. Do not mistake me, sir; I but speak this to give the ladies some heart again, nor for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your bravo, ladies?

True. As God [shall] help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and begin to you in a very sad cup; do you see? Go to, know your friends, and such as love you.

SCENE VII

Enter CLERIMONT, *followed by a number of* Musicians

Cler. By your leave, ladies. Do you want any music? I have brought you variety of noises. Play, sirs, all of you.

[*Aside to the* Musicians, *who strike up all together.*

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot upon me! this day I shall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

Cler. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts: I can give you the receipt.

True. Peace, boys!

Cler. Play! I say.

True. Peace, rascals! You see who's your friend now, sir: take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience: 'tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? no. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. [LA-FOOLE *passes over the stage as a sewer, followed by servants carrying dishes, and* Mistress OTTER.] Look you here sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mistress Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it.

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come! hide me! hide me!

True. I warrant you, sir, she will not transform

you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No!— Mistress bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shamefaced here.

Epi. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your company, mistress.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistress.

Cen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well.

Mrs. Ott. 'Tis my place.

Mav. You shall pardon me, Mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Why, I am a collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

Mrs. Ott. But I am.

Mav. We'll dispute that within. [*Exeunt* Ladies.

Cler. Would this had lasted a little longer.

True. And that they had sent for the heralds.—

Enter Captain OTTER

Captain Otter! what news?

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

[*The drum and trumpets sound within.*

Mor. O, O, O!

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of them, anon, for bold Britons, i' faith. [*They sound again.*

Mor. O, O, O! [*Exit hastily.*

Omnes. Follow, follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I

A Room in Morose's *House*

Enter Truewit *and* Clerimont

True. Was there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man, indeed?

Cler. I have not read of the like in the Chronicles of the land.

True. Sure, he cannot but go to a place of rest, after all this purgatory.

Cler. He may presume it, I think.

True. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the sneezing, the farting, dancing, noise of the music, and her masculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a fury.

Cler. And she carries it up bravely.

True. Ay, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

Cler. And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

True. And has almost brought him to the faith, in the article. Here he comes. —

Enter Sir Dauphine

Where is he now? what's become of him, Dauphine?

Daup. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest[n] else. He has got on his whole nest of night-caps,

and locked himself up in the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peeped in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam of the roof, like him on the saddler's horse in Fleet Street,[n] upright: and he will sleep there.

Cler. But where are your collegiates?

Daup. Withdrawn with the bride in private.

True. O, they are instructing her in the college-grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cler. Methinks the Lady Haughty looks well to-day, for all my dispraise of her in the morning. I think I shall come about to thee again, Truewit.

True. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made in their features, with dressings.[n] And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest, when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cler. O, you shall have some women, when they laugh you would think they brayed, it is so rude and—

True. Ay, and others, that will stalk in their gait like an estrich, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure in the feet, and number in the voice: they are gentlenesses that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

Daup. How camest thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou wouldst make me a proficient.

True. Yes, but you must leave to live in your cham-

ber, then, a month together upon Amadis de Gaul, or Don Quixote, as you are wont: and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes; thither they come to show their new tires too, to see, and to be seen. In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgement. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe.[n] He must go where she is.

Daup. Yes, and be never the nearer.

True. Out, heretic! That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so.

Cler. He says true to you, Dauphine.

Daup. Why?

True. A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish them, and he shall: for though they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Ostend,[n] you saw, was taken at last. You must persever and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise them, flatter them, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rubbed. With praises you must mix kisses too: if they take them, they'll take more — though they strive, they would be overcome.

Cler. O, but a man must beware of force.

True. It is to them an acceptable violence,[n] and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesy. She that might have been forced, and you let her go free without touching, though then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad in the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

Cler. But all women are not to be taken all ways.[1]

True. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why, she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them in their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, though you borrow them of a friend, or buy them, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels,[n] though you be staunch in fighting. If activity, be seen on your barbary often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned counsel about you every morning, your French tailor, barber, linener, &c. Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then, if she be covetous and craving, do you promise anything, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren field that yields little; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots; and say, they were sent you out of the country, though you bought them in Cheapside. Admire her tires; like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second parts to her: like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the household and servants yours, yea, the whole family, and salute them by their names ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase them so), and make her physician your pensioner, and her chief

woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away when she comes to be a part of the crime.

Daup. On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling? 138

True. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkening after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

Daup. Yes, by my troth, am I! 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

True. With which of them, I prithee?

Daup. With all the collegiates.

Cler. Out on thee! We'll keep you at home, believe it, in the stable, and you be such a stallion. 148

True. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women: some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thou wouldst think it strange if I should make them all in love with thee afore night!

Daup. I would say, thou hadst the best philtre in the world, and couldst do more than Madam Medea, or Doctor Forman.[n]

True. If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat while I live, and the bawd for my drink. 160

Daup. So be it, I say.

Scene II

Enter Otter, *with his three cups*, Daw, *and* La-Foole

Ott. O lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have missed you here!

Cler. Why, captain, what service, what service?

Ott. To see me bring up my bull, bear, and horse to fight.

Daw. Yes, faith, the captain says we shall be his dogs to bait them.

Daup. A good employment.

True. Come on, let's see your course, then.

La-F. I am afraid my cousin will be offended, if she come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. — Gentlemen, I have placed the drum and the trumpets, and one to give them the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself, and my bear for Sir John Daw, and my horse for Sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his and —

La-F. Pray God my cousin come not.

Ott. St. George and St. Andrew,[n] fear no cousins. Come, sound, sound! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*] *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.* [*They drink.*

True. Well said, captain, i' faith; well fought at the bull.

Cler. Well held at the bear.

True. Low, low! captain.

Daup. O, the horse has kicked off his dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

True. Ods so! off with his spurs, somebody.

La-F. It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I have done mine.

True. You fought high and fair, Sir John.

Cler. At the head.

Daup. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Cler. You take no notice of the business, I hope?

Daw. Not a word, sir; you see we are jovial.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pulled down, for all my cousin.

Cler. 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink, they'll think you are discontented with something; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I; I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You must pull the horse on his knees, Sir Amorous; fear no cousins. *Jacta est alea.*

True. O, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife now will make him rail desperately.

Cler. Speak to him of her.

True. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it. [*Exit.*

Daup. Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter is coming, your wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz! *Titivilitium*! There's no such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title; but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish again; another bout. [*Fills the cups again.*] Wives are nasty, sluttish animals.

Daup. O, captain.

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis*. Where's Master Truewit?

Daw. He's slipped aside, sir.

Cler. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall have the bear, cousin, and Sir John Daw the horse, and I'll have the bull still. Sound, Tritons of the Thames! [*Drum and trumpets sound again.*] *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero* —

Mor. [*Above.*] Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there?

Cler. O, now the trumpets have waked him, we shall have his company.

Ott. A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing,

a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding, *mala bestia.*

Re-enter TRUEWIT *behind, with* Mistress OTTER

Daup. Why did you marry one then, captain?

Ott. A pox! I married with six thousand pound, I, I was in love with that. I have not kissed my Fury these forty weeks.

Cler. The more to blame you, captain.

True. Nay, Mistress Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She has a breath worse than my grandmother's *profecto.*

Mrs. Ott. O treacherous liar! kiss me, sweet Master Truewit, and prove him a slandering knave.

True. I'll rather believe you, lady.

Ott. And she has a peruke that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads.

Mrs. Ott. O viper, mandrake!

Ott. A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs'-bones. All her teeth were made in the Blackfriars, both her eyebrows in the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street. Every part of the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. [*Comes forward.*] I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock:[n] and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters. — Have you done me right, gentlemen?

Mrs. Ott. [*Falls upon him and beats him.*] No, sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters!

Ott. O, hold, good princess.

True. Sound, sound! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*

Cler. A battle, a battle!

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell?

Ott. Under correction, dear princess. Look to my bear and my horse, gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want teeth and eyebrows, thou bull-dog?

True. Sound, sound still! [*They sound again.*

Ott. No, I protest, under correction — 118

Mrs. Ott. Ay, now you are under correction, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princess! I'll make thee an example — [*Beats him.*

Enter MOROSE, *with his long sword*

Mor. I will have no such examples in my house, Lady Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Ah! —

[Mrs. OTTER, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE *run off.*

Mor. Mistress Mary Ambree,[n] your examples are dangerous. Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors! out of my doors, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day,[n] or when the galley-foist is afloat to Westminster![n] [*Drives out the* Musicians.] A trumpeter could not be conceived but then. 131

Daup. What ails you, sir?

Mor. They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows asunder with their brazen throats. [*Exit.*

True. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Daup. So I will.

Cler. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, sir. Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out of the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen? 143

Cler. Is't not on, captain?

True. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here it is. An you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff,[n] and have a course i' faith, for all these disasters. There is *bona spes* left.

True. Away, captain, get off while you are well. [*Exit* OTTER.

Cler. I am glad we are rid of him.

True. You had never been unless we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at last as it was ridiculous at first. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A long open Gallery in the same

Enter Lady HAUGHTY, Mistress OTTER, MAVIS, DAW, LA-FOOLE, CENTAURE, *and* EPICŒNE

Hau. We wondered why you shrieked so, Mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. O lord, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and looked so dreadfully! sure he's beside himself.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mistress Otter?

Mrs. Ott. Alas, Mistress Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too: learn to chastise. Mistress Otter corrects her husband so he dares not speak, but under correction.

La-F. And with his hat off to her: 'twould do you good to see.

Hau. In sadness, 'tis good and mature counsel; practise it, Morose. I'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give you milk and honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach and four horses, your woman, your chambermaid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms.

Hau. And go with us to Bed'lem,[n] to the china-houses,[n] and to the Exchange.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortalized herself with taming of her wild male.

Mav. Ay, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

Enter CLERIMONT *and* TRUEWIT

Epi. But, ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do them all graces?

Hau. Why not? why should women deny their favours to men? are they the poorer or the worse?

Daw. Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistresss?

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches?[n]

True. Well said, La-Foole; what a new one he has got!

Cen. They are empty losses women fear in this kind.

Hau. Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.

Mav. We are rivers that cannot be called back, madam: she that now excludes her lovers may live to lie a forsaken beldam in a frozen bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, Mavis; and who will wait on us to coach then? or write, or tell us the news then, make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hands all the playtime, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my mistress is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

Cler. What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boast them again, servant. And have you those excellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children?

Hau. O yes, Morose: how should we maintain our youth and beauty else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

SCENE IV

Enter MOROSE *and* DAUPHINE

Mor. O my cursèd angel, that instructed me to this fate!

Daup. Why, sir?

Mor. That I should be seduced by so foolish a devil as a barber will make!

Daup. I would I had been worthy, sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, nephew, a hand, or any other member.

Daup. Marry, God forbid, sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and that I did supererogatory penance in a belfry, at Westminster-hall, in the Cockpit, at the fall of a stag, the Tower-wharf[n] — what place is there else? — London-bridge, Paris-garden, Billinsgate, when the noises are at their height, and loudest. Nay, I would sit out a play,[n] that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target.

Daup. I hope there shall be no such need, sir.

Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.

True. I told you so, sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, Master Truewit, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceived the effect of it too late in Madame Otter.

Epi. How do you, sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, empress, empress.

Epi. You are not well, sir; you look very ill; something has distempered you.

Mor. O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! would not one of these have served, do you think, sir? would not one of these have served?

True. Yes, sir; but these are but notes of female kindness, sir; certain tokens that she has a voice, sir.

Mor. O, is it so! Come, an't be no otherwise — What say you?

Epi. How do you feel yourself, sir?

Mor. Again that!

True. Nay, look you, sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence.

Epi. They say you are run mad, sir.

Mor. Not for love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

Epi. O lord, gentlemen! lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? who's his physician, can you tell, that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good sir, speak; I'll send for one of my doctors else.

Mor. What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possessed of all!

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! he looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has!

Cler. Ay, 'tis melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, counsel me. Ladies — servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelsus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ah me, what fortune had I to marry a distracted man!

Daw. I'll tell you, mistress —

True. [*Aside to* CLER.] How rarely she holds it up!

Mor. What mean you, gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, servant?

Daw. The disease in Greek is called *μανία*, in Latin *insania*, *furor*, *vel ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus*.

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so.

Epi. Ay, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

Mor. Let me go.

True. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, sir.

Mor. O no, labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy.

La-F. Ay, and there's an excellent book of moral philosophy, madam, of Reynard the Fox, and all the beasts, called *Doni's Philosophy*.[n]

Cen. There is indeed, Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. O misery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady Centaure, all over, to my cousin here.

Mrs. Ott. Ay, and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

Daw. Tut, he must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the ancients; the moderns are not for this disease.

Cler. Why, you discommended them too to-day, Sir John.

Daw. Ay, in some cases; but in these they are best, and Aristotle's ethics.

Mav. Say you so, Sir John? I think you are deceived: you took it upon trust.

Hau. Where's Trusty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I prithee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think so. Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage ceremony, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of them, I know not which, was cured with the *Sick Man's Salve*,[n] and the other with Greene's *Groat's-worth of Wit*.[n]

True. A very cheap cure, madam.

Enter TRUSTY

Hau. Ay, 'tis very feasible.

Mrs. Ott. My lady called for you, Mistress Trusty; you must decide a controversy.

Hau. O, Trusty, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cured with the *Sick Man's Salve?*

Trus. My mother, madam, with the *Salve.*

True. Then it was the *Sick Woman's Salve?*

Trus. And my father with the *Groat's-worth of Wit.* But there was other means used: we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescribed to go to church by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a week —

Epi. To sleep!

Trus. Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books.

Mor. O!

La-F. I can help you with one of them, Mistress Morose, the *Groat's-worth of Wit.*

Epi. But I shall disfurnish you, Sir Amorous: can you spare it?

La-F. O yes, for a week or so; I'll read it myself to him.

Epi. No, I must do that, sir; that must be my office.

Mor. O, O.

Epi. Sure he would do well enough if he could sleep.

Mor. No, I should do well enough if you could sleep. Have I no friend that will make her drunk, or give her a little laudanum, or opium?

True. Why, sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cler. Do you not know that, sir? Never ceases all night.

True. And snores like a porpoise.

Mor. O redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate! For how many causes may a man be divorced, nephew?

Daup. I know not, truly, sir.

True. Some divine must resolve you in that, sir, or canon lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know. [*Exit with* DAUPHINE.

Cler. Alas, poor man!

True. You'll make him mad, indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or so.

Cler. By my faith, a large truce!

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful knight —

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madam.

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark; he set me in the nick t'other night at Primero.

True. How these swabbers talk!

Cler. Ay, Otter's wine has swelled their humours above a spring-tide.

Hau. Good Morose, let's go in again. I like your couches exceedingly well; we'll go lie and talk there.

[*Exeunt* HAU., CEN., MAV., TRUS., LA-FOOLE, *and* DAW.

Epi. [*Following them.*] I wait on you, madam.

True. [*Stopping her.*] 'Slight, I will have them as silent as signs, and their post too, ere I have done. Do you hear, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly: magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst; — I have some purpose in't: — and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontentment, hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angered me to the soul, to hear them begin to talk so malapert.

True. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in and hear me do 't?

True. No, I'll stay here. Drive them out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of them presently. [*Exit.*

Cler. What a cast of kestrels are these, to hawk after ladies, thus!

True. Ay, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

Cler. He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

SCENE V

Re-enter DAUPHINE

Cler. O, sir, you are welcome.

True. Where's thine uncle?

Daup. Run out of doors in his night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably.

True. Thou wouldst have said so, an thou hadst been here! The ladies have laughed at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cler. And asked if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

True. And the brace of baboons answered, Yes; and said thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didst live upon posts, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some few benevolences that the lords gave thee to fool to them, and swagger.

Daup. Let me not live, I'll beat them: I'll bind them both to grand-madam's bed-posts, and have them baited with monkeys.

True. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon them, I warrant thee, shall serve; trust my plot.

Daup. Ay, you have many plots! so you had one to make all the wenches in love with me.

True. Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.

Cler. 'Fore God, I'll be his witness, thou shalt have it, Dauphine: thou shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not.

True. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be his better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a tragi-comedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines,[n] Daw and La-Foole — which of them comes out first, will I seize on; — you two shall be the chorus behind the arras,[n] and whip out between the acts and speak. — If I do not make them keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have failed once — I hear Daw coming: hide, [*They withdraw.*] and do not laugh, for God's sake.

Re-enter DAW

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

True. O, Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no further between you: I must have it taken up.

Daw. What matter, sir? between whom?

True. Come, you disguise it: Sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaurs were at, though there be a she-one here. [*Takes his sword.*] The bride has entreated me I will see no blood shed at her bridal: you saw her whisper me erewhile.

Daw. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

True. Do you not wait for Sir Amorous?

Daw. Not I, by my knighthood.

True. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too.

True. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask your mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walked here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now as good friends as could be.

True. Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I have known many men in my time vexed with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as Sir Amorous did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to-day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back with such threatenings and contempts — He said to Dauphine you were the arrant'st ass —

Daw. Ay, he may say his pleasure.

True. And swears you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, sir — but fighting —

True. Ay, sir: but who knows what satisfaction he'll take: blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himself?

Daw. I pray you, Master Truewit, be you a mediator.

True. Well, sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. [*Puts him into the study.*] Nay, you must be content to be locked in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Ods so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh. — In good faith, Sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are armed as if you sought revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, he would hear reason. — Jack Daw, Jack! asleep!

Daw. [*Within.*] Is he gone, Master Truewit?

True. Ay; did you hear him?

Daw. O lord! yes.

True. What a quick ear fear has!

Daw. [*Comes out of the closet.*] But is he so armed as you say?

True. Armed! did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession? [n]

Daw. Ay, sir.

True. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false brother in the house has furnished him strangely; or, if it were out of the house, it was Tom Otter.

Daw. Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

True. He has got somebody's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees: and that sword hath spawned such a dagger! — But then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, petronels, calivers, and muskets, that he looks like a justice-of-peace's hall: a man of two thousand a year is not cessed at so many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challenged at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish.[n] If he could but victual himself for half a year in his breeches,[n] he is sufficiently armed to over-run a country.

Daw. Good lord! what means he, sir? I pray you, Master Truewit, be you a mediator.

True. Well, I'll try if he will be appeased with a leg or an arm; if not — you must die once.

Daw. I would be loath to lose my right arm, for writing madrigals.

True. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best. [*Shuts him up again.*

Daw. Good sir, do.

[CLERIMONT *and* DAUPHINE *come forward.*

Cler. What hast thou done?

True. He will let me do nothing; he does all afore; he offers his left arm.

Cler. His left wing, for a Jack Daw.

Daup. Take it by all means.

True. How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou!

Daup. 'Tis no loss to him: he has no employment for his arms but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body as his reputation.

True. He is a scholar and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us; for we all resolved him an ass before. To your places again.

Cler. I pray thee, let me be in it at the other a little.

True. Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your tricks.

Cler. No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

True. I warrant you. I pray, forbear, I'll leave it off else.

Daup. Come away, Clerimont.

[DAUP. *and* CLER. *withdraw as before.*

Enter LA-FOOLE

True. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Master Truewit.

True. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the court to make water.

True. By no means, sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, sir?

True. Enter here, if you love your life.

[*Opening the door of the other study.*

La-F. Why? — why?

True. Question till your throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged soul find you.

La-F. Who is that?

True. Daw it is: will you in?

La-F. Ay, ay, I'll in: what's the matter?

True. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there has been some hope to atone you;[n] but he seems so implacably enraged!

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage! I'll hide myself.

True. Do, good sir. But what have you done to him within that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies.

La-F. Not I, never in my life broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising Sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff,[n] and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink erewhile, that I would not pledge all the horse full.

True. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down,[n] through every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, *Where's La-Foole? Who saw La-Foole?* And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but — *O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel* — which leads us to conjecture that the main cause of his fury is for bringing your meat to-day with a towel about you, to his discredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, an he be angry for that I'll stay here till his anger be blown over.

True. A good becoming resolution, sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on; or, I'll away into the country presently.

True. How will you go out of the house, sir? He knows you are in the house, and he'll watch this se'ennight but he'll have you: he'll outwait a sergeant[n] for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

True. You must think how to victual yourself in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet Master Truewit, will you entreat

my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber-pot.

True. A stool were better, sir, of Sir Ajax his invention.[n]

La-F. Ay, that will be better indeed; and a pallet to lie on.

True. O, I would not advise you to sleep by any means.

La-F. Would you not, sir? Why, then I will not.

True. Yet there's another fear —

La-F. Is there! What is't?

True. No, he cannot break open this door with his foot, sure.

La-F. I'll set my back against it, sir. I have a good back.

True. But then if he should batter.

La-F. Batter! if he dare, I'll have an action of battery against him.

True. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner of the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. [*Thrusts in* LA-FOOLE *and shuts the door.*] — I protest, Sir John Daw, he is not this way: what will you do? Before God, you shall hang no petard here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word! I never knew one but would be satisfied. — Sir Amorous [*Speaks through the key-hole.*], there's no standing out: he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms to offer him.

La-F. [*Within.*] Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction; I dare give any terms.

True. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. Ay, sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

True. [*Beckoning forward* CLER. *and* DAUP.] How now — what think you, sirs? Were't not a difficult thing to determine which of these two feared most?

Cler. Yes, but this fears the bravest: the other a whiniling dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroic coward! and is afraid in a great look and a stout accent; I like him rarely.

True. Had it not been pity these two should have been concealed?

Cler. Shall I make a motion?

True. Briefly; for I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cler. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

True. Umph! ay, by my troth.

Daup. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think them wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

True. Well, I will have them fetched, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine: do, Clerimont, fetch them, and discourse to them all that's past, and bring them into the gallery here.

Daup. This is thy extreme vanity, now! thou think'st thou wert undone if every jest thou mak'st were not published.

True. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. [*Exit* CLERIMONT.] Trust me not if the whole drift be not for thy good. There is a carpet[n] in the next room, put it on with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion on thy head and be ready when I call Amorous. Away! [*Exit* DAUP.] — John Daw! [*Goes to* DAW'S *closet, and brings him out.*]

Daw. What good news, sir?

True. Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

Daw. It doth so indeed, sir.

True. And that you would suffer, I told him: so at first he demanded by my troth, in my conceit, too much

Daw. What was it, sir?

True. Your upper lip and six of your fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable.

True. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare them all. So after long argument *pro et con*, as you know, I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have them.

True. But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir: because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remembered or upbraided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his own person: he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure: which will be but a little while, we'll get it released presently.

Daw. Five kicks! he shall have six, sir, to be friends.

True. Believe me, you shall not overshoot yourself, to send him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, sir; he shall have it with all my heart, to be friends.

True. Friends! Nay, an he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemy while I live. Come, sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O lord, sir, 'tis nothing.

True. True! what's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, sir.

True. Sir Amorous!

Re-enter DAUPHINE, *disguised*

No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

Daw. [*As* DAUP. *kicks him.*] One, two, three, four, five. I protest, Sir Amorous, you shall have six.

True. Nay, I told you you should not talk. Come,

give him six, an he will needs. [DAUPHINE *kicks him again.*] — Your sword. [*Takes his sword.*] Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another. [*Puts* DAW *into the study.*] Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other barefaced. Stand by: [DAUPHINE *retires, and* TRUEWIT *goes to the other closet, and releases* LA-FOOLE.] Sir Amorous!

La-F. What's here! A sword?

True. I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon myself. Here he has sent you his sword —

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

True. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilts.

La-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood.

True. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfy him: if not, he shall beat it himself, for Amorous.

True. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man undertakes for you! I offered him another condition; will you stand to that?

La-F. Ay, what is't?

True. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.[n]

Enter, above, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mistress OTTER, EPICŒNE, *and* TRUSTY

True. Then you must submit yourself to be hoodwinked in this scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth *gules*, and tweaks by the nose *sans nombre*.

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

True. That's for your good, sir; because if he

should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace (which I hope he will not do), you might swear safely, and protest he never beat you to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

True. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

True. Nor he of you, sir. If he should. [*Binds his eyes.*] — Come, sir. [*Leads him forward.*] All hid, Sir John!

Enter DAUPHINE, *and tweaks him by the nose*

La-F. O, Sir John, Sir John! O, o-o-o-o-o-O —

True. Good Sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis Sir John's pleasure you should retire into the study. [*Puts him up again.*] Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you I hope is buried; you shall come forth by and by Damon and Pythias upon't,[n] and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be. I trust we shall have them tamer in their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee. God's will, the ladies have surprised us!

SCENE VI

Enter HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mistress OTTER, EPICŒNE, *and* TRUSTY *behind*

Hau. Centaure, how our judgements were imposed on by these adulterate knights!

Cen. Nay, madam, Mavis was more deceived than we; 'twas her commendation uttered them[n] in the college.

Mav. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never looked toward their valours.

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit, too, it seems.

Mav. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ott. So Master Clerimont intimates, madam.

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? he seems a very perfect gentleman.

Epi. He is so, madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, Morose?

Epi. Three or four days hence, madam, when I have got me a coach and horses.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

Mav. Yes, faith, do, and bring Sir Dauphine with you.

Hau. She has promised that, Mavis.

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madam.

Hau. Ay, he shows he is judicial in his clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a brake.[n]

Hau. Ay, and have every hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer linen than ourselves, and profess more neatness than the French hermaphrodite.

Epi. Ay, ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir Dauphine's carelessness becomes him.

Cen. I could love a man for such a nose.

Mav. Or such a leg.

Cen. He has an exceeding good eye, madam.

Mav. And a very good lock.[n]

Cen. Good Morose, bring him to my chamber first.

Mrs. Ott. Please your honours to meet at my house, madam.

True. See how they eye thee, man! they are taken, I warrant thee.

HAUGHTY *comes forward*

Hau. You have unbraced our brace of knights here, Master Truewit.

True. Not I, madam; it was Sir Dauphine's ingine: who, if he have disfurnished your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good again in himself. 53

Hau. There is no suspicion of that, sir.

Cen. God so, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

[*They come forward.*

Hau. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as Sir Dauphine.

Cen. We would be all glad to style him of our friendship, and see him at the college. 61

Mav. He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I'll prophesy; and I hope he himself will think so.

Daup. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

True. [*Aside.*] Did not I tell thee, Dauphine! Why, all their actions are governed by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do anything; but as they are informed, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways them generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it, now thou hast them. 73

Hau. Shall we go in again, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir Dauphine's company.

True. Stay, good madam, the interview of the two friends, Pylades and Orestes:[n] I'll fetch them out to you straight.

Hau. Will you, Master Truewit?

Daup. Ay; but, noble ladies, do not confess in your countenance, or outward bearing to them, any discovery of their follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir Dauphine.

Cen. Mav. Upon our honours, Sir Dauphine.

True. [*Goes to the first closet.*] Sir Amorous, Sir Amorous! The ladies are here.

La-F. [*Within.*] Are they?

True. Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turned, and meet Sir John here, as by chance when I call you. [*Goes to the other.*] — Jack Daw!

Daw. [*Within.*] What say you, sir?

True. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger in your looks to your adversary. Now, now!

[LA-FOOLE *and* DAW *slip out of their respective closets, and salute each other.*

La-F. Noble Sir John Daw! where have you been?

Daw. To seek you, Sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, sir.

Cler. They have forgot their rapiers.

True. O, they meet in peace, man.

Daup. Where's your sword, Sir John?

Cler. And yours, Sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! my boy had it forth to mend the handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Daup. Indeed, sir! — How their excuses meet!

Cler. What a consent there is in the handles!

True. Nay, there is so in the points too, I warrant you.

Enter MOROSE, *with the two swords, drawn, in his hands*

Mrs. Ott. O me! madam, he comes again, the madman! Away!

[Ladies, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE *run off.*

SCENE VII

Mor. What make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?

True. O sir! here hath like to have been murder since you went; a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours! We were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begged by this time else.[n]

Mor. For what?

Cler. For manslaughter, sir, as being accessory.

Mor. And for her favours? 10

True. Ay, sir, heretofore, not present. — Clerimont, carry them their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do. [*Exit* CLER. *with the two swords.*

Daup. Have you spoke with the lawyer, sir?

Mor. O no! there is such a noise in the court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors, that the noise here is silence to't, a kind of calm midnight! 22

True. Why, sir, if you would be resolved indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall enquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, Master Truewit?

True. Yes, and are very sober, grave persons, that will dispatch it in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

Mor. Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust myself into your hands?

True. Alas, sir! your nephew and I have been ashamed and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abused. Go in, good sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, sir.

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen. I believe in you, and that deserves no delusion. [*Exit.*

True. You shall find none, sir; — but heaped, heaped plenty of vexation.

Daup. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

True. Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Daup. Why? to what purpose?

True. O, I'll make the deepest divine and gravest lawyer out of them two, for him —

Daup. Thou canst not, man; these are waking dreams.

True. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with a welt on the one, and a canonical cloak with sleeves on the other, and give them a few terms in their mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor and complete a parson, for this turn, as may be wished, trust not my election: and I hope, without wronging the dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Daup. Yes, and Otter too.

True. Well then, if I make them not wrangle out this case to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw or La-Foole, or anything worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Daup. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

A Room in MOROSE'S *House*

Enter LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, *and* DAW

La-F. Where had you our swords, Master Clerimont?

Cler. Why, Dauphine took them from the madman.

La-F. And he took them from our boys, I warrant you.

Cler. Very likely, sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.

Cler. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen!

Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your servants, sir.

Enter MAVIS

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in Italian, for Sir Dauphine to translate.

Cler. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, lady.

[*Exeunt* DAW *and* MAVIS.

Cler. He has it in the haft of a knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his box of instruments.

Cler. Like a surgeon!

La-F. For the mathematics: his square, his compasses, his brass pens, and blacklead, to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

Cler. How, maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here, and of the Prince of Moldavia,[n] and of his mistress, Mistress Epicœne.

Re-enter DAW

Cler. Away! he hath not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

Cler. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly. — Sir John, I am telling Sir Amorous here that you two govern the ladies wherever you come; you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, sir.

Cler. Nay, I believe that they do withal — but that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions —

Daw. Not I; Sir Amorous is.

La-F. I protest, Sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to rise in the state, Sir Amorous, you have the person.

La-F. Sir John, you have the person, and the discourse too.

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse — and then you have activity beside.

La-F. I protest, Sir John, you come as high from Tripoly[n] as I do, every whit: and lift as many joined stools, and leap over them, if you would use it.

Cler. Well, agree on't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom or commonwealth of ladies' affections. I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and fear you indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

La-F. That we have — velvet petticoats, and wrought smocks, or so.

Daw. Ay, and —

Cler. Nay, out with it, Sir John; do not envy your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting.

Daw. Why — a — Do you speak, Sir Amorous.

La-F. No, do you, Sir John Daw.

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-F. I' faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have been —

La-F. In the great bed at Ware[n] together in our time. On, Sir John.

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir Amorous.

Cler. And these ladies with you, knights?

La-F. No, excuse us, sir.

Daw. We must not wound reputation.

La-F. No matter — they were these, or others. Our bath cost us fifteen pounds when we came home.

Cler. Do you hear, Sir John? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, sir.

Cler. You lay in the same house with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and conversed with her hourly, sir.

Cler. And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceedingly open, sir. I was her servant, and Sir Amorous was to be.

Cler. Come, you have both had favours from her: I know, and have heard so much.

Daw. O no, sir.

La-F. You shall excuse us, sir; we must not wound reputation.

Cler. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and therefore speak plainly: how many time, i' faith? which of you led first? ha!

La-F. Sir John had her maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, sir; but Sir Amorous knows what's what as well.

Cler. Dost thou, i' faith, Amorous?

La-F. In a manner, sir.

Daw. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this; nor shall he for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad ox!

Cler. Speak softly; here comes his nephew, with the Lady Haughty: he'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch them home again, I warrant you. [*Exit with* DAW. CLER. *walks aside.*

SCENE II

Enter DAUPHINE *and* HAUGHTY

Hau. I assure you, Sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only that hath embarked me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is always an argument of some virtue in ourselves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Daup. Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness.

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish gems from pebbles —

Daup. [*Aside.*] Are you so skilful in stones?

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgement as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with Centaure or Mavis —

Daup. You do not, madam; I perceive they are your mere foils.

Hau. Then are you a friend to truth, sir; it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. [*Within.*] Where are you, my Lady Haughty?

Hau. I come presently, Centaure. — My chamber, sir, my page shall show you; and Trusty, my woman,

shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate anything with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you wear this jewel for my sake, Sir Dauphine. —

Enter CENTAURE

Where's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, madam, a writing. I'll follow you presently. [*Exit* HAU.] I'll but speak a word with Sir Dauphine.

Daup. With me, madam?

Cen. Good Sir Dauphine, do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her, whatever you do besides, Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, she is a perfect courtier, and loves nobody but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest, whether she pay them or no, heaven knows; and she's about fifty too, and pargets! See her in a forenoon. Here comes Mavis, a worse face than she! you would not like this by candle-light.

Re-enter MAVIS

If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What have you there?

Mav. An Italian riddle for Sir Dauphine, — you shall not see it, i' faith, Centaure. — [*Exit* CEN.] Good Sir Dauphine, solve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

[*Exit.*

Cler. [*Coming forward.*] How now, Dauphine! how dost thou quit thyself of these females?

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of them.

Cler. O, you must not tell though.[n]

Daup. Mass, I forgot that: I was never so assaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this [*Shows the jewel.*] — another loves me with caution, and so would possess me; a third brings me a riddle here: and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cler. A riddle! pray let me see it. [*Reads.*

"Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honoured as to appear at any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking physic to-morrow, and continue it four or five days, or longer, for your visitation. MAVIS."

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? what's their plain-dealing, trow?

Daup. We lack Truewit to tell us that.

Cler. We lack him for somewhat else too: his knights reformados are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Daup. You jest.

Cler. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confessed such stories of themselves. I would not give a fly's leg in balance against all the women's reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth: and for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly —

Daup. What, that they have lain with her?

Cler. Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought them to affirm that they had done it to-day.

Daup. Not both of them?

Cler. Yes, faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would have set it down under their hands.

Daup. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

SCENE III

Enter TRUEWIT

True. O, are you here? Come, Dauphine; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and altered. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once again. And then the women, as I have given the bride her instructions, to break in upon him in the l'envoy.[n] O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away! fetch him. [*Exit* DAUPHINE. 11

Enter OTTER, *disguised as a divine, and* CUTBEARD *as a canon lawyer*

Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge them bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will: you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, though you loose yourselves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously while I present you. 23

Re-enter DAUPHINE *with* MOROSE

Mor. Are these the two learned men?
True. Yes, sir; please you salute them.

Mor. Salute them! I had rather do anything than wear out time so unfruitfully, sir. I wonder how these common forms, as *God save you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a habit in our lives: or, *I am glad to see you!* When I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

True. 'Tis true, sir; we'll go to the matter then. — Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, master doctor.

Cut. Please you, good master parson.

Ott. I would hear the canon law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive divinity, sir.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you: My father, in my education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not; embracing the one and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear myself to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your public pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours and impertinences of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor

to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercised this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a windmill: the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.[n]

True. Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? master parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *domine* doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*,[n] a lawful divorce? First you must understand the nature of the word, divorce, *à divertendo* —

Mor. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cut. I answer then, the canon law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case. But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments,[n] as we call them, all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.*

Mor. I understood you, before: good sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

True. O, you must give the learned men leave, sir. — To your impediments, master doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are several species.

Cut. Ay, as *error personæ.*

Ott. If you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If she prove stubborn or headstrong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How! is that, sir, a lawful impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Ott. Ay, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, sir.

Cut. Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is no obstancy.

True. Alas, sir, what a hope are we fallen from by this time!

Cut. The next is *conditio;* if you thought her free born and she prove a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott. Ay, but, master doctor, those servitudes are *sublatæ* now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, master parson —

Ott. You shall give me leave, master doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in that question; it concerns not my case: pass to the third.

Cut. Well, then, the third is *votum;* if either party have made a vow of chastity. But that practice, as master parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to discipline.[n] The fourth is *cognatio;* if the persons be of kin within the degrees.

Ott. Ay: do you know what the degrees are, sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, sir; they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cut. But there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis;* if you were her godfather, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Ott. That comment is absurd and superstitious, master doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all brothers and sisters, and as much akin in that as godfathers and god-daughters?

Mor. O me! to end the controversy, I never was

a godfather, I never was a godfather in my life, sir. Pass to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii;* the known case. The sixth, *cultus disparitas*, difference of religion. Have you ever examined her, what religion she is of?

Mor. No, I would rather she were of none than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, sir.

Mor. By no means, good sir; on to the rest: shall you ever come to an end, think you?

True. Yes, he has done half, sir. On to the rest. — Be patient, and expect, sir.

Cut. The seventh is, *vis;* if it were upon compulsion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine; too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo;* if ever she have taken holy orders.

Ott. That's superstitious too.

Mor. No matter, master parson; would she would go into a nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen;* if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust myself too soon into these fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas;*[n] which is *inchoata quædam affinitas.*

Ott. Ay, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus;* and is but *leve impedimentum.*

Mor. I feel no air of comfort blowing to me in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no less *vera affinitas* than the other, master doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You say right, venerable doctor; and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per coniugium duæ personæ efficiuntur una caro* —

True. Hey-day, now they begin!

Cut. I conceive you, master parson: *Ita per fornicationem æque est verus pater, qui sic generat* —

Ott. Et vere filius qui sic generatur —

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cler. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. Ay, that is *impedimentum gravissimum:* it doth utterly annul and annihilate, that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, sir.

True. Why, there is comfort come at length, sir. Confess yourself but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorced first.

Ott. Ay, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, et insanabilis;* as *paralysis, clephantiasis*, or so —

Daup. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

Ott. You say troth, sir, and as it is in the canon, master doctor —

Cut. I conceive you, sir.

Cler. Before he speaks!

Ott. That a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes* —

True. [*Aside to* OTT.] Your *impotentes*, you whoreson lobster!

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

True. Matrimonium! we shall have most unmatrimonial Latin with you: *matrimonia*, and be hanged.

Daup. You put them out, man.

Cut. But then there will arise a doubt, master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium:* that *frigiditate præditus* — do you conceive me, sir?

Ott. Very well, sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore.*

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely apostatical!

Cut. You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a will, master doctor, you can prove nothing else. Does not the verse of your own canon say:

Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant?

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, master parson?

Mor. O, this was it I feared.

Ott. In æternum, sir.

Cut. That's false in divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis false in humanity to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum?* Can he *præstare fidem datam?* I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere?*

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impossible.

True. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men; they'll think you neglect them else.

Cut. Or if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or so?

Ott. I say, he is *adulter manifestus* then.

Daup. They dispute it very learnedly, i' faith.

Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris;* and this is positive.

Mor. Good sir, let me escape.

True. You will not do me that wrong, sir?

Ott. And, therefore, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir —

Cut. Ay, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you —

Ott. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cut. And mine too.

True. Nay, hear the conclusion, sir.

Ott. Then, *frigiditatis causa* —

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis* —

Mor. O, mine ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

Cut. Ay, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.[n]

Mor. Good echoes, forbear.
Ott. If you confess it. —
Cut. Which I would do, sir —
Mor. I will do anything.
Ott. And clear myself in *foro conscientiæ* —
Cut. Because you want indeed —
Mor. Yet more!
Ott. Exercendi potestate.

SCENE IV

EPICŒNE *rushes in, followed by* HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mistress OTTER, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you help me. This is such a wrong as never was offered to poor bride before: upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's sake, to persuade a separation! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such earwigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife.

Mor. O the variety and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let them be cudgelled out of doors by our grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman.

Mav. We'll have our men blanket them in the hall.

Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

True. Stay, ladies and gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'd have the bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O mankind generation!

Daup. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir Dauphine's sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he list.

True. Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity; she'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that named once, you shall not entreat her to stay; she'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him.[n]

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons —

True. Silence, ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman —

Cler. Hear him, good ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an infirmity which, before I conferred with these learned men, I thought I might have concealed —

True. But now being better informed in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction by asking your public forgiveness.

Mor. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unable in nature, by reason of frigidity, to perform the duties or any the least office of a husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young gentlewoman!

Mrs. Ott. A lady of her longings?

Epi. Tut, a device, a device, this! it smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his own.

True. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may have him searched —

Daw. As the custom is, by a jury of physicians.

La-F. Yes, faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, must I undergo that?

Mrs. Ott. No, let women search him, madam: we can do it ourselves.

Mor. Out on me! worse.

Epi. No, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cler. Why then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

Cut. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the law.

Ott. Ay, it is the same in theology.

Mor. Worse, worse than worst!

True. Nay, sir, be not utterly disheartened; we have yet a small relic of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? — [*Aside.*] Dauphine, whisper the bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty and ashamed.

Ott. Marry, sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which master doctor did forbear to urge), if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espoused for a maid —

Mor. What then, sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

True. If this be true, we are happy again, sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of knights that shall affirm so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Master Clerimont.

La-F. You shall excuse us, Master Clerimont.

Cler. Nay, you must make it good now, knights, there is no remedy; I'll eat no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentlemanlike, sir?

True. [*Aside to* DAW.] Jack Daw, he's worse than Sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. — [*Aside to* LA-FOOLE.] Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont.

La-F. I'll confess it, sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir Amorous, will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am resolved.

True. So should you be too, Jack Daw: what should keep you off? she's but a woman, and in disgrace: he'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would have been angry.

Cler. You will dispatch, knights; it must be done, i' faith.

True. Why, an it must, it shall, sir, they say: they'll ne'er go back. — [*Aside to them.*] Do not tempt his patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, sir.

Mor. What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, sir —

La-F. In good fashion. She was our mistress, or so —

Cler. You must be plain, knights, as you were to me.

Ott. Ay, the question is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. *Carnaliter!* what else, sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain nullity.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone! [*Weeps.*

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights. Master parson, let me thank you otherwise.

[*Gives him money.*

Cen. And have they confessed?

Mav. Now, out upon them, informers!

True. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

Hau. I would except against them as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.[n]

Mrs. Ott. Poor gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I protest.

Cut. But, gentlemen, you have not known her since *matrimonium?*

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-F. No, sir, not to-day.

Cut. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand, if she were *virgo ante nuptias.*

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum coniugium,* notwithstanding the premises; and they do no way *impedire.* And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of master doctor's resolution too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias.*

Mor. O my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? this is worst of all worst worsts that hell could have devised! Marry a whore, and so much noise!

Daup. Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray be gone, companions. — And, gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for having parts with them. — Sir, will it please you, hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.

Daup. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despised kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthened you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match abso-

lutely and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now —

Mor. It cannot be.

Daup. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew! thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Daup. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

Mor. That, and anything beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy ward.

Daup. Nay, sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will Sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

Daup. You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by myself and friends, tendered you a writing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now —

Mor. Thou shalt have it, nephew! I will do it, and more.

Daup. If I quit you not presently, and for ever, of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to for ever.

Mor. Where is the writing? I will seal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate, wretched gentlewoman!

Hau. Will Sir Dauphine do this?

Epi. Good sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my nephew knows you, belike; away, crocodile!

Cen. He does it not sure without good ground.

Daup. Here, sir. [*Gives him the parchments.*

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will sub-

scribe to anything, and seal to what thou wilt for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before [Heaven] I will not take the advantage. [*Returns the writings.*

Daup. Then there is your release, sir. [*Takes off* EPICŒNE'S *peruke and other disguises.*] You have married a boy, a gentleman's son that I have brought up this half year at my great charges, and for this composition which I have now made with you. What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impedimentum*, I hope, *error personæ?*

Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. In primo gradu.

Daup. I thank you, good doctor Cutbeard, and parson Otter. [*Pulls their false beards and gowns off.*] You are beholden to them, sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend, Master Truewit, who enabled them for the business. Now you may go in and rest; be as private as you will, sir. [*Exit* MOROSE.] I'll not trouble you till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come. — Cutbeard, I'll make your lease good. *Thank me not, but with your leg, Cutbeard.* And Tom Otter, your princess shall be reconciled to you. — How now, gentlemen, do you look at me?

Cler. A boy!

Daup. Yes, Mistress Epicœne.

True. Well, Dauphine, you have lurched your friends of the better half of the garland,[n] by concealing this part of the plot; but much good do it thee, thou deserv'st it, lad. And, Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing these two to confession, wear my part of it freely. Nay, Sir Daw and Sir La-Foole, you see the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankful to you, and so should the womankind here, specially for lying on her, though not with her! you meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to-day, in

your own imagined persons, and so lately, this Amazon, the champion of the sex, should beat you now thriftily, for the common slanders which ladies receive from such cuckoos as you are. You are they [n] that, when no merit or fortune can make you hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fame suffer. Away, you common moths of these, and all ladies' honours. Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laughed at: you deserve to live in an air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumour. [*Exeunt* DAW *and* LA-FOOLE.] Madams, you are mute upon this new metamorphosis! But here stands she that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such insectæ hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have discovered any mysteries to this young gentleman: he is almost of years, and will make a good visitant within this twelvemonth. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his secrecy, that can speak so well of his silence. [*Coming forward.*] *Spectators, if you like this comedy, rise cheerfully, and now Morose is gone in, clap your hands. It may be that noise will cure him, at least please him.* [*Exeunt.*

THE ALCHEMIST

THE ALCHEMIST

THE sources of *The Alchemist* have been a much mooted question. For long it was supposed that Jonson had most of his suggestions from Plautus. The basic story, the misuse of a house in the master's absence, and the amusing episode in which Surly is introduced as a Spanish grandee unable to speak English, are traceable respectively to the *Mostellaria* and the *Pœnulus* of that poet. Other threads of the story, like the triumvirate of sharpers, had their origin supposedly in the events of the day. Of all the explanations hitherto offered, perhaps the discovery of a striking parallelism between *The Alchemist* and *Il Candelaio* (The Candle-Maker), a play of Giordano Bruno, the Renaissance philosopher, comes nearest the mark.[1] This play was published at Paris in 1583, and Jonson unquestionably knew of it. In Sir Epicure Mammon Jonson apparently united the sordid Bonifacio and the credulous Bartholomeo. In Subtle he combined the parts of Scaramuré, the magician, and Cencio, the alchemist. Face and Dol Common parallel respectively the arch rascal Sanguino and the procuress Lucia. This play, it is beyond doubt, furnished Jonson with at least a suggestion, if not a direct source, for *The Alchemist*.

The Alchemist first appeared on the stage, 1610, in the hands of the King's players, the company of Shakespeare, and proved an immediate success. It was entered in October of that year in the Register of the Stationers' Company, in 1612 published in quarto, and subsequently revised by Jonson himself for the first folio edition of 1616. These editions, therefore, with the folio of 1640, furnish us with a completely reliable text of Jonson's most successful comedy.

[1] See an article by Professor C. G. Child in *The Nation*, July 28, 1904.

To the Lady Most Deserving Her Name and Blood,

LADY MARY WROTH[n]

MADAM, — In the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatness and fat of the offerings, but in the devotion and zeal of the sacrificers: else what could a handful of gums have done in the sight of a hecatomb? or how might I appear at this altar, except with those affections that no less love the light[n] and witness, than they have the conscience of your virtue? If what I offer bear an acceptable odour, and hold the first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that thing so full of authority or example, but by assiduity and custom grows less and loses. This yet, safe in your judgement (which is a SIDNEY'S) is forbidden to speak more, lest it talk or look like one of the ambitious faces of the time, who the more they paint are the less themselves.

Your Ladyship's true Honourer,

BEN JONSON.

TO THE READER[n]

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that takest up, and but a pretender, beware of what hands thou receivest thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cozened, than in this age, in Poetry, especially in Plays: wherein now the concupiscence of dances and of antics so reigneth, as to run away from nature, and be afraid of her, is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, do I name art? When the professors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms, when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteemed the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the many, through their excellent vice of judgement. For they commend writers as they do fencers or wrestlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may some time happen on some thing that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it: as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good to any man against his will; for I know if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worst would find more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that, to gain the opinion of copy, utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished: or scattered more numerous than composed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SUBTLE, the ALCHEMIST.
FACE, the House-keeper.
DAPPER, a Lawyer's clerk.
DRUGGER, a Tobacco-man.
LOVEWIT, Master of the House.
SIR EPICURE MAMMON, a Knight.
PERTINAX SURLY, a Gamester.
TRIBULATION WHOLESOME, a Pastor of Amsterdam.
ANANIAS, a Deacon there.
KASTRIL, the angry boy.
Officers, Attendants, &c.
Neighbours.

DOL COMMON, colleague with SUBTLE and FACE.
DAME PLIANT, KASTRIL's sister, a Widow.

SCENE — LONDON

ARGUMENT

THE sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,
His house in town, and left one servant there;
Ease him corrupted, and gave means to know
A Cheater and his punk; who now brought low,
Leaving their narrow practice, were become
Cozeners at large; and only wanting some
House to set up, with him they here contract,
Each for a share, and all begin to act.
Much company they draw, and much abuse,
In casting figures, telling fortunes, news,
Selling of flies,[n] flat bawdry with the stone,[n]
Till it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

PROLOGUE

FORTUNE, that favours fools, these two short hours
We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire, in place,
To th' author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No country's mirth is better than our own:
No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now called humours, feed the stage;
And which have still been subject for the rage
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
Howe'er the age[n] he lives in doth endure
The vices that she breeds, above their cure.

But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
And in their working gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,
But will with such fair correctives be pleased:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'd think or wish were done;
They are so natural follies, but so shown,
As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

THE ALCHEMIST

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I[n]

A Room in LOVEWIT'S *House*

Enter FACE, *in a captain's uniform, with his sword drawn, and* SUBTLE *with a vial, quarrelling, and followed by* DOL COMMON

Face. Believe 't, I will.
Sub. Thy worst. I fart at thee.
Dol. Have you your wits? why, gentlemen! for love —
Face. Sirrah, I'll strip you —
Sub. What to do? lick figs[n]
Out at my —
Face. Rogue, rogue! — out of all your sleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?
Sub. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks
With good strong water, an you come.
Dol. Will you have
The neighbours hear you? will you betray all?
Hark! I hear somebody.
Face. Sirrah —
Sub. I shall mar
All that the tailor has made if you approach.

Face. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,
Dare you do this?
Sub. Yes, faith; yes, faith.
Face. Why, who
Am I, my mongrel, who am I?
Sub. I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourself.
Face. Speak lower, rogue.
Sub. Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the good,
Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum[n] that kept
Your master's worship's house here in the Friars,
For the vacations —
Face. Will you be so loud?
Sub. Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.
Face. By your means, doctor dog!
Sub. Within man's memory,
All this I speak of.
Face. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanced by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.
Sub. I do not hear well.
Face. Not of this, I think it.
But I shall put you in mind, sir; — at Pie-corner,[n]
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinched-horn-nose,
And your complexion of the Roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder-corns shot at the artillery-yard.[n]
Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a little.
Face. When you went pinned up in the several rags
You had raked and picked from dunghills, before day;
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes;
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloak,
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks —
Sub. So, sir!

Face. When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corpse with so much linen
Would make you tinder,[n] but to see a fire;
I gave you countenance, credit for your coals,
Your stills, your glasses, your materials;
Built you a furnace, drew you customers,
Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in —
Sub. Your master's house!
Face. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawdry since.
Sub. Yes, in your master's house,
You and the rats here kept possession.
Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep
The buttery-hatch still locked, and save the chippings,
Sell the dole beer[n] to aqua-vitæ men,
The which, together with your Christmas vails
At post-and-pair,[n] your letting out of counters,[n]
Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.
Face. You might talk softlier, rascal.
Sub. No, you scarab,
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.
Face. The place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your clothes. —
Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?
Raised thee from brooms, and dust, and watering-pots,
Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and fixed thee
In the third region, called our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains

Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?
Put thee in words and fashion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary fellowships?
Given thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions,[n]
Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
Made thee a second in mine own great art?
And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel,
Do you fly out in the projection? [n]
Would you be gone now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you? 80
Will you mar all?
Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name —
Dol. Will you undo yourselves with civil war?
Sub. Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,[n]
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,
Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost
To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, sovereign?
Face. Sirrah —
Dol. Nay, general, I thought you were civil.
Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.
Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.
Face. Hang thee, collier, 90
And all thy pots and pans, in pictures, I will,
Since thou hast moved me —
Dol. O, this will o'erthrow all.
Face. Write thee up bawd in Paul's,[n] have all thy tricks
Of cozening with a hollow coal,[n] dust, scrapings,
Searching for things lost, with a sieve and sheers,
Erecting figures in your rows of houses,[n]
And taking in of shadows with a glass,[n]
Told in red letters; [n] and a face cut for thee,
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.[n]

Dol. Are you sound?
Have you your senses, masters?
Face. I will have
A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.
Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal!
Face. Out, you dog-leech!
The vomit of all prisons —
Dol. Will you be
Your own destructions, gentlemen?
Face. Still spewed out
For lying too heavy on the basket.[n]
Sub. Cheater!
Face. Bawd!
Sub. Cow-herd!
Face. Conjurer!
Sub. Cutpurse!
Face. Witch!
Dol. O me!
We are ruined, lost! have you no more regard
To your reputations? where's your judgement? 'slight,
Have yet some care of me, of your republic —
Face. Away, this brach! I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The statute of sorcery,[n] *tricesimo tertio*
Of Harry the Eighth: ay, and perhaps thy neck
Within a noose, for laundring gold and barbing it.[n]
Dol. [*Snatches* FACE'S *sword.*] You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you?
And you, sir, with your menstrue [*Dashes* SUBTLE'S *vial out of his hand.*] — gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt of you both.
Have you together cozened all this while,

And all the world, and shall it now be said,
You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?
You will accuse him! you will "bring him in [*To* FACE.
Within the statute!" Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust
So much as for a feather:[n] and you, too, [*To* SUBTLE.
Will give the cause, forsooth! you will insult,
And claim a primacy in the divisions!
You must be chief! as if you only had
The powder to project with, and the work
Were not begun out of equality?
The venture tripartite? all things in common?
Without priority? 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs,
Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should
And lose not the beginning of a term,[n]
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you.
Face. 'Tis his fault;
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.
Sub. Why, so it does.
Dol. How does it? do not we
Sustain our parts?
Sub. Yes, but they are not equal.
Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
Ours may to-morrow match it.
Sub. Ay, they *may*.
Dol. May, murmuring mastiff! ay, and do. Death on me!
Help me to throttle him. [*Seizes* SUBTLE *by the throat.*
Sub. Dorothy! Mistress Dorothy!
'Ods precious, I'll do anything. What do you mean?
Dol. Because o' your fermentation and cibation?
Sub. Not I, by Heaven—

Dol. Your Sol and Luna — help me.
[*To* FACE.
Sub. Would I were hanged then! I'll conform myself.
Dol. Will you, sir? do so then, and quickly: swear.
Sub. What should I swear?
Dol. To leave your faction, sir,
And labour kindly in the common work.
Sub. Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside.
I only used those speeches as a spur
To him.
Dol. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?
Face. 'Slid, prove to-day who shall shark best.
Sub. Agreed.
Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.
Sub. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.
[*They shake hands.*
Dol. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go make
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,
That scarce have smiled twice since the king came in,[n]
A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,
Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,
Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,
For which you should pay ear-rent?[n] No, agree.
And may Don Provost ride a feasting, long,
In his old velvet jerkin and stained scarfs,
My noble sovereign, and worthy general,
Ere we contribute a new crewel garter
To his most worsted worship.[n]
Sub. Royal Dol!
Spoken like Claridiana,[n] and thyself.
Face. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
And not be styled Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: the longest cut at night,
Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.
[*Bell rings without.*

Sub. Who's that? one rings. To the window, Dol:
[*Exit* DOL.]—pray Heaven,
The master do not trouble us this quarter.
Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week
O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London:
Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now;
I had a letter from him. If he do,
He'll send such word, for airing of the house,
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:
Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Re-enter DOL

Sub. Who is it, Dol?
Dol. A fine young quodling.
Face. O,
My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night,
In Holborn, at the Dagger.[n] He would have
(I told you of him) a familiar,
To rifle with at horses,[n] and win cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who shall do't?
Face. Get you
Your robes on: I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what shall I do?
Face. Not be seen; away! [*Exit* DOL.
Seem you very reserved.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit.*
Face. [*Aloud and retiring.*] God be wi' you, sir,
I pray you let him know that I was here:
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have stayed, but—

SCENE II

DAPPER, FACE, SUBTLE

Dap. [*Within.*] Captain, I am here.
Face. Who's that? — He's come, I think, doctor.

Enter DAPPER

Good faith, sir, I was going away.
Dap. In truth,
I am very sorry, captain.
Face. But I thought
Sure I should meet you.
Dap. Ay, I am very glad.
I had a scurvy writ or two to make
And I had lent my watch [11] last night to one
That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robbed
Of my pastime.

Re-enter SUBTLE *in his velvet cap and gown*

Is this the cunning-man?
Face. This is his worship.
Dap. Is he a doctor?
Face. Yes.
Dap. And have you broke with him, captain?
Face. Ay.
Dap. And how?
Face. Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say.
Dap. Not so, good captain. [12]
Face. Would I were fairly rid of it, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

Face. I cannot think you will, sir. But the law
Is such a thing — and then he says, Read's matter[n]
Falling so lately.
Dap. Read! he was an ass,
And dealt, sir, with a fool.
Face. It was a clerk, sir.
Dap. A clerk!
Face. Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law
Better, I think—
Dap. I should, sir, and the danger:
You know, I showed the statute to you.
Face. You did so.
Dap. And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh,
Would it might never write good court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a chiaus?
Face. What's that?
Dap. The Turk was here.[n]
As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?
Face. I'll tell the doctor so.
Dap. Do, good sweet captain.
Face. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus.
Sub. Captain, I have returned you all my answer.
I would do much, sir, for your love— But this
I neither may, nor can.
Face. Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
One that will thank you richly; and he is no chiaus:
Let that, sir, move you.
Sub. Pray you, forbear —
Face. He has
Four angels here.
Sub. You do me wrong, good sir.
Face. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these spirits?
Sub. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril.

'Fore Heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,
That so would draw me to apparent danger.
Face. I draw you! a horse draw you, and a halter,
You, and your flies together —
Dap. Nay, good captain.
Face. That knows no difference of men.
Sub. Good words, sir.
Face. Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs'-meat. 'Slight,
I bring you
No cheating Clim-o'-the-Cloughs, or Claribels,[n]
That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush;[n]
And spit out secrets like hot custard—
Dap. Captain!
Face. Nor any melancholic underscribe,
Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle,
That is the heir to forty marks a year,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;
That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,
Is a fine clerk, and has his ciphering perfect,
Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament,[n]
If need be, in his pocket; and can court
His mistress out of Ovid.
Dap. Nay, dear captain—
Face. Did you not tell me so?
Dap. Yes; but I'd have you
Use master doctor with some more respect.
Face. Hang him, proud stag,[n] with his broad velvet head! —
But for your sake, I'd choke ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puck-fist!
Come, let's be gone. [*Going.*
Sub. Pray you let me speak with you.
Dap. His worship calls you, captain.
Face. I am sorry
I e'er embarked myself in such a business.
Dap. Nay, good sir; he did call you.

Face. Will he take, then?
Sub. First, hear me —
Face. Not a syllable, 'less you take.
Sub. Pray you, sir —
Face. Upon no terms but an *assumpsit.*
Sub. Your humour must be law.
[*He takes the four angels.*
Face. Why now, sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.
So may this gentleman too.
Sub. Why, sir —
[*Offering to whisper* FACE.
Face. No whispering.
Sub. 'Fore Heaven, you do not apprehend the loss
You do yourself in this.
Face. Wherein? for what?
Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the money in the town.
Face. How?
Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
As they do crackers in a puppet-play.
If I do give him a familiar,
Give you him all you play for; never set him:
For he will have it.
Face. You are mistaken, doctor.
Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
A rifling fly; none of your great familiars.
Dap. Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.
Sub. I told you so.
Face. [*Taking* DAP. *aside.*] 'Slight, that is a new business!
I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
When you had left the office, for a nag
Of forty or fifty shillings.
Dap. Ay, 'tis true, sir;

But I do think now I shall leave the law,
And therefore —
Face. Why, this changes quite the case.
Do you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you please, sir;
All's one to him, I see.
Face. What! for that money?
I cannot with my conscience; nor should you
Make the request, methinks.
Dap. No, sir, I mean
To add consideration.
Face. Why then, sir,
I'll try. [*Goes to* SUBTLE.] Say that it were for all games, doctor?
Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
At any ordinary, but on the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.
Face. Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set him.
Face. Speak you this from art?
Sub. Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
He is of the only best complexion,
The Queen of Fairy loves.
Face. What! is he?
Sub. Peace.
He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him —
Face. What?
Sub. Do not you tell him.
Face. Will he win at cards too?
Sub. The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,[n]
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six of your gallants to a cloak,[n] indeed.
Face. A strange success, that some man shall be born to!
Sub. He hears you, man —

Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
Face. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.
Sub. Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.
Face. Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an hour;
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.
Dap. Believe it, and I will, sir.
Face. And you shall, sir.
[*Takes him aside.*
You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.
Face. Nothing!
Dap. A little, sir.
Face. Well, a rare star
Reigned at your birth.
Dap. At mine, sir! No.
Face. The doctor
Swears that you are —
Sub. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.
Face. Allied to the Queen of Fairy.
Dap. Who? that I am?
Believe it, no such matter —
Face. Yes, and that
You were born with a caul[n] on your head.
Dap. Who says so?
Face. Come,
You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.
Dap. I' fac, I do not; you are mistaken.
Face. How!
Swear by your fac, and in a thing so known
Unto the doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
In the other matter; can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't by this rate?
Dap. By Jove, sir,

I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.
I' fac's no oath.[n]
Sub. No, no, he did but jest.
Face. Go to. Go thank the doctor: he's your friend,
To take it so.
Dap. I thank his worship.
Face. So!
Another angel.
Dap. Must I?
Face. Must you! 'slight, 140
What else is thanks? will you be trivial? — Doctor,
[DAPPER *gives him the money.*
When must he come for his familiar?
Dap. Shall I not have it with me?
Sub. O, good sir!
There must be a world of ceremonies pass;
You must be bathed and fumigated first:
Besides, the Queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be noon.
Face. Not, if she danced, to-night.
Sub. And she must bless it.
Face. Did you never see
Her royal grace yet?
Dap. Whom?
Face. Your aunt of Fairy?
Sub. Not since she kissed him in the cradle, captain;
I can resolve you that.
Face. Well, see her grace, 151
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,
And very rich; and if she takes a fancy,
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has:
It is the doctor's fear.

Dap. How will't be done, then?
Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace.
Dap. "Captain, I'll see her grace."
Face. Enough.
[*Knocking within.*
Sub. Who's there?
Anon. — [*Aside to* FACE.] Conduct him forth by the back way. —
Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself;
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers' ends and wash your eyes,
To sharpen your five senses, and cry *hum*
Thrice, and then *buz*[n] as often; and then come. [*Exit.*
Face. Can you remember this?
Dap. I warrant you.
Face. Well then, away. It is but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,
And put on a clean shirt: you do not know
What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.
[*Exeunt* FACE *and* DAPPER.

SCENE III

SUBTLE *within*

Sub. Come in. Good wives, I pray you forbear me now;
Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon —

SUBTLE *re-enters, followed by* DRUGGER

What is your name, say you, Abel Drugger?
Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. A seller of tobacco?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. Umph!
Free of the grocers?[n]
Drug. Ay, an't please you.
Sub. Well —
Your business, Abel?
Drug. This, an't please your worship;
I am a young beginning, and am building
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
At corner of a street: — Here is the plot on't —
And I would know by art, sir, or your worship,
Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,
And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir:
And I was wished to your worship[n] by a gentleman,
One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.
Sub. I do,
If I do see them —

Re-enter FACE

Face. What! my honest Abel?
Thou art well met here.
Drug. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your worship:
I pray you speak for me to master doctor.
Face. He shall do anything. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;
He lets me have good tobacco,[n] and he does not
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapped up in greasy leather, or pissed clouts:
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, opened,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.

He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper: [n]
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.[n]
Sub. He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.
Face. Already, sir, have you found it? Lo thee, Abel!
Sub. And in right way toward riches —
Face. Sir!
Sub. This summer
He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring called to the scarlet; [n] spend what he can.
Face. What, and so little beard?
Sub. Sir, you must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and find for 't;
His fortune looks for him another way.
Face. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amused at that.
Sub. By a rule, captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by;
A certain star in the forehead, which you see not.
Your chestnut or your olive-coloured face
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth,[n]
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.
Face. Which finger's that?
Sub. His little finger. Look.
You were born upon a Wednesday?
Drug. Yes, indeed, sir.
Sub. The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;
The forefinger to Jove; the midst to Saturn;
The ring to Sol; the least to Mercury,
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,
His house of life being Libra; which foreshowed
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

Face. Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?
Sub. There is a ship now coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs — This is the west, and this the south?
[*Pointing to the plan.*
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. And those are your two sides?
Drug. Ay, sir.
Sub. Make me your door then, south; your broad side, west:
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat; [n]
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits
That do fright flies from boxes.
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest,
They'll seem to follow. [n]
Face. That's a secret, Nab!
Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice [n]
And a court-fucus, to call city-dames:
You shall deal much with minerals.
Drug. Sir, I have
At home, already —
Sub. Ay, I know you have arsenic,
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali,
Cinoper: I know all. — This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say [n] — I will not say directly,
But very fair — at the philosopher's stone.
Face. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?
Drug. [*Aside to* FACE.] Good captain,
What must I give?
Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.

Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what thou canst),
Thou'rt like to come to.
Drug. I would gi' him a crown.
Face. A crown! and toward such a fortune? Heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?
Drug. Yes, I have a portague, I have kept this half-year.
Face. Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was such an offer —
Shalt keep't no longer, I'll give't him for thee. Doctor,
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.
Drug. I would entreat
Another favour of his worship.
Face. What is't, Nab?
Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanac,
And cross out my ill-days,[n] that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them.
Face. That he shall, Nab:
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.
Sub. And a direction for his shelves.
Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleased, Nab?
Drug. 'Thank, sir, both your worships.
Face. Away. [*Exit* DRUGGER.
Why, now, you smoky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that something's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive waters,
Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on:
And yet you think, I am at no expense
In searching out these veins, then following them,
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence

Costs me more money than my share oft comes to,
In these rare works.
Sub. You are pleasant, sir. How now!

SCENE IV

FACE *and* SUBTLE; *enter* DOL

Sub. What says my dainty Dolkin?
Dol. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.
Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with them.
Dol. Not afore night, I have told them in a voice,
Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon —
Sub. Where?
Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one that's with him.
Sub. Face, go you and shift.
[*Exit* FACE.
Dol, you must presently make ready too.
Dol. Why, what's the matter?
Sub. O, I did look for him
With the sun's rising: marvel he could sleep.
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The magisterium, our great work, the stone;
And yield it, made, into his hands: of which
He has, this month, talked as he were possessed.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away.
Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,
Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,
And offering citizen's wives pomander-bracelets,
As his preservative, made of the elixir;

Searching the spittle, to make old bawds young;
And the highways, for beggars, to make rich:
I see no end of his labours. He will make
Nature ashamed of her long sleep: when art,
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more then she,
In her best love to mankind, ever could:
If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I[n]

An Outer Room in LOVEWIT'S *House*

Enter Sir EPICURE MAMMON *and* SURLY

Mam. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *Novo Orbe;* here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! he was sailing to't,
Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
This is the day wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH;
THIS DAY YOU SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI.
You shall no more deal with the hollow die,[n]
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery-punk for the young heir, that must
Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more,
If he deny, have him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak,[n]
To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets:
Or go a feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punks and punkettees, my Surly.

And unto thee I speak it first, BE RICH.
Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!
Face. [*Within.*] Sir. He'll come to you by and by.
Mam. That's his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firk nature up, in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change
All that is metal in my house to gold:
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury[n]
For all the copper.
Sur. What, and turn that, too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies![n] you admire now?
Sur. No, faith.
Mam. But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine,
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury,[n] or Venus, or the moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum:*
You will believe me.
Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.
But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I
Giving them no occasion, sure I'll have
A whore shall piss them out next day.
Mam. Ha! why?
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore, a child.

Sur. No doubt; he's that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants; as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it;
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.
Sur. The decayed vestals of Pict-hatch [n] would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.
Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturized [n] 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;
And, of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fight the plague [n]
Out of the kingdom in three months.
Sur. And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises [n] then,
Without their poets.
Mam. Sir, I'll do't. Meantime,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall [n] serve the whole city with preservative
Weekly; each house his [n] dose, and at the rate —
Sur. As he that built the Water-work [n] does with water?
Mam. You are incredulous.
Sur. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gulled. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? records?
I'll show you a book where Moses and his sister,
And Solomon [n] have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam —

Sur. How!
Mam. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch? [n]
Mam. He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What paper?
Mam. On cedar board.
Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cobwebs.[n] I have a piece of Jason's fleece,[n] too,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the dragon:
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
And they are gathered into Jason's helm,
The alembic,[n] and then sowed in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they're fixed,
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone. — How now!

SCENE II

MAMMON *and* SURLY

Enter FACE, *as a Servant*

Mam. Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?
Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;

You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.[n]
Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich.
This day thou shalt have ingots; and to-morrow
Give lords th' affront.[n] — Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolt's-head?
Face. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discovered to her master.
Mam. Excellent witty Lungs! — my only care is
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
This town will not half serve me.
Face. No, sir! buy
The covering off o' churches.
Mam. That's true.
Face. Yes.
Let 'hem stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap them new with shingles.
Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs. —
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.
Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard, for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech,[n] weighed those I put in, just
To keep your heat still even; these bleared eyes
Have waked to read your several colours, sir,
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumèd swan.[n]
Mam. And lastly,
Thou hast descried the flower, the *sanguis agni?*
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. Where's master?
Face. At his prayers, sir, he;

Good man, he's doing his devotions
For the success.
Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours; thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio.
Face. Good, sir.
Mam. But do you hear?
I'll geld you, Lungs.
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me; and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night. —
Thou art sure thou saw'st it blood?
Face. Both blood and spirit, sir.
Mam. I will have all my beds blown up, not stuffed:
Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room [n]
Filled with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses [n]
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my *succubæ*. My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapoured 'bout the room,
To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits
To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses. —
Is it arrived at ruby? — Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,
Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.
Face. And I shall carry it?
Mam. No. I'll have no bawds
But fathers and mothers: they will do it best, [n]
Best of all others. And my flatterers

Shall be the pure and gravest of divines.[n]
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
The few that would give out themselves to be
Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely
Ladies, who are known most innocent, for them;
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps,[n] dormice, and camel's heels,
Boiled in the spirit of sol, and dissolved pearl,
Apicius' diet,[n] 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbel served, instead of salads;
Oiled mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Dressed with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold,*
Go forth, and be a knight.[n]

Face. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit.*

Mam. Do. — My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins, perfumed
With gums of paradise, and Eastern air —

Sur. And do you think to have the stone with this?
Mam. No, I do think t' have all this with the stone.
Sur. Why, I have heard he must be *homo frugi*,[n]
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.
Mam. That makes it, sir; he is so: but I buy it;
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it; and, sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a profane word afore him; 'tis poison. —

Scene III

Mammon, Surly, Face. *Enter* Subtle

Mam. Good morrow, father.
Sub. Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?
Mam. An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.
Sub. Son, I doubt
You are covetous, that thus you meet your time
In the just point; prevent your day at morning.
This argues something worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.
Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungoverned haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now even at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath placed them.
Which (Heaven I call to witness, with yourself
To whom I have poured my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have looked no way, but into public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity

Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.
Mam. I know, sir;
You shall not need to fear me; I but come
To have you confute this gentleman.
Sur. Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone; would not be gulled.
Sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The WORK IS DONE, bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a medicine of the triple soul,
The glorified spirit.[n] Thanks be to Heaven,
And make us worthy of it! — Ulen Spiegel![n]
Face. [*Within.*] Anon, sir.
Sub. Look well to the register.
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.[n]
Face. [*Within.*] Yes, sir.
Sub. Did you look
O' the bolt's-head yet?
Face. [*Within.*] Which? on D, sir?
Sub. Ay;
What's the complexion?
Face. [*Within.*] Whitish.
Sub. Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E be filtered,
And put into the gripe's egg. Lute him well;
And leave him closed in balneo.
Face. [*Within.*] I will, sir.
Sur. What a brave language here is! next to canting.

Sub. I have another work you never saw, son,
That three days since passed the philosopher's wheel,[n]
In the lent heat of Athanor; and's become
Sulphur of Nature.[n]
Mam. But 'tis for me?
Sub. What need you?
You have enough in that is perfect.
Mam. O, but —
Sub. Why, this is covetise!
Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,[n]
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then a church.

Re-enter FACE

Sub. How now!
Face. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the filter?
Sub. Marry, yes;
And bring me the complexion of glass B. [*Exit* FACE.
Mam. Have you another?
Sub. Yes, son; were I assured
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it: but I hope the best.
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,
And give him imbibition.
Mam. Of white oil?
Sub. No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too,
I thank my maker, in S. Mary's bath,[n]
And shows *lac virginis*.[n] Blessed be Heaven!
I sent you of his fæces there calcined;
Out of that calx, I have won the salt of mercury.
Mam. By pouring on your rectified water?
Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

Re-enter FACE

How now! what colour says it?
Face. The ground black,[n] sir.
Mam. That's your crow's head.
Sur. Your cock's-comb's, is it not?
Sub. No, 'tis not perfect. Would it were the crow!
That work wants something.
Sur. [*Aside.*] O, I looked for this,
The hay's a pitching.[n]
Sub. Are you sure you loosed them
In their own menstrue?
Face. Yes, sir, and then married them.
And put them in a bolt's-head nipped to digestion,
According as you bade me, when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation
In the same heat.
Sub. The process then was right.
Face. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,
And what was saved was put into the pelican,
And signed with Hermes' seal.[n]
Sub. I think 'twas so.
We should have a new amalgama.
Sur. [*Aside.*] O, this ferret[n]
Is rank as any polecat.
Sub. But I care not;
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H has his white shirt on?
Face. Yes, sir,
He's ripe for inceration, he stands warm,
In his ash-fire. I would not you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,
For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good.
Mam. He says right.
Sur. [*Aside.*] Ah, are you bolted?
Face. Nay, I know't, sir,

I have seen the ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materials?
Mam. Is't no more?
Face. No more, sir,
Of gold, t' amalgame with some six of mercury.
Mam. Away, here's money. What will serve?
Face. Ask him, sir.
Mam. How much?
Sub. Give him nine pound; you may give him ten.
Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozened, do.
Mam. There 'tis. [*Gives* FACE *the money.*
Sub. This needs not; but that you will have it so.
To see conclusions of all: for two
Of our inferior works are at fixation,
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.
Have you set the oil of luna in kemia?
Face. Yes, sir.
Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?
Face. Ay. [*Exit.*
Sur. We shall have a salad!
Mam. When do you make projection?
Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him *in balneo vaporoso*;[n]
And giving him solution; then congeal him;
And then dissolve him; then again congeal him;
For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.
As if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred;
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect metal, into pure
Silver or gold, in all examinations,
As good as any of the natural mine.
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

Mam. Not those of iron?
Sub. Yes, you may bring them too;
We'll change all metals.
Sur. I believe you in that.
Mam. Then I may send my spits?
Sub. Yes, and your racks.
Sur. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks?
Shall he not?
Sub. If he please.
Sur. — To be an ass.
Sub. How, sir!
Mam. This gentleman you must bear withal:
I told you he had no faith.
Sur. And little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself.
Sub. Why, what have you observed, sir, in our art,
Seems so impossible?
Sur. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt![n]
Sub. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatched so?
Sur. If I should?
Sub. Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.
Sur. That cannot be.
The egg's ordained by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia.*
Sub. The same we say of lead and other metals,
Which would be gold if they had time.
Mam. And that
Our art doth further.
Sub. Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect in the instant: something went before.
There must be remote matter.

Sur. Ay, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we say —
Mam. Ay, now it heats: stand, father,
Pound him to dust.
Sub. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On the one part, a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But common to all metals and all stones;
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone:
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engendered;
Sulphur of the fat and earthy part; the one,
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
The other, of the female, in all metals.
Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them by our fire, and gold in them;
And can produce the species of each metal
More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.
Beside, who doth not see in daily practice
Art can beget bees,[n] hornets, beetles, wasps,
Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed?

And these are living creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than metals.
Mam. Well said, father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.
Sur. Pray you, sir, stay.
Rather than I'll be brayed, sir, I'll believe
That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man
With charming.
Sub. Sir?
Sur. What else are all your terms,
Whereon no one of your writers 'grees with other?
Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
Your stone, your med'cine, and your chrysosperme,
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,[n]
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther;
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,
And then your red man, and your white woman,[n]
With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials
Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's blood,
Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and clay,
Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Would burst a man to name?
Sub. And all these named,
Intending but one thing; which art our writers
Used to obscure their art.
Mam. Sir, so I told him —
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar.
Sub. Was not all the knowledge
Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols?
Speak not the scriptures oft in parables?

Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrapped in perplexed allegories?
Mam. I urged that,
And cleared to him, that Sisyphus [n] was damned
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because
He would have made OURS common. [DOL *appears at the door.*] — Who is this?
Sub. 'Sprecious! — What do you mean? go in, good lady,
Let me entreat you. [DOL *retires.*] — Where's this varlet?

Re-enter FACE

Face. Sir.
Sub. You very knave! do you use me thus?
Face. Wherein, sir?
Sub. Go in and see, you traitor. Go! [*Exit* FACE.
Mam. Who is it, sir?
Sub. Nothing, sir; nothing.
Mam. What's the matter, good sir?
I have not seen you thus distempered: who is't?
Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries;
But ours the most ignorant. —

Re-enter FACE

What now?
Face. 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak with you.
Sub. Would she, sir! Follow me. [*Exit.*
Mam. [*Stopping him.*] Stay, Lungs.
Face. I dare not, sir.
Mam. Stay, man; what is she?
Face. A lord's sister, sir.
Mam. How! pray thee, stay.
Face. She's mad, sir, and sent hither —
He'll be mad too. —

Mam. I warrant thee.[n] — Why sent hither?
Face. Sir, to be cured.
Sub. [*Within.*] Why, rascal!
Face. Lo you. — Here, sir! [*Exit.*
Mam. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.
Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy house! I will be burnt else.
Mam. O, by this light, no: do not wrong him. He's
Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice.
No, he's a rare physician, do him right,
An excellent Paracelsian,[n] and has done
Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all
With spirits, he; he will not hear a word
Of Galen; or his tedious recipes. —

Re-enter FACE

How now, Lungs!
Face. Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant
To have told your worship all. This must not hear.
Mam. No, he will not be "gulled;" let him alone.
Face. You are very right, sir; she is a most rare scholar,
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.[n]
If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,
She falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.
Mam. How might one do t' have conference with her, Lungs?
Face. O, divers have run mad upon the conference:
I do not know, sir. I am sent in haste
To fetch a vial.
Sur. Be not gulled, Sir Mammon.
Mam. Wherein? pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are.
And trust confederate knaves and bawds and whores.

Mam. You are too foul, believe it. — Come here, Ulen,
One word.
Face. I dare not, in good faith. [*Going.*
Mam. Stay, knave.
Face. He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir.
Mam. Drink that. [*Gives him money.*] What is
she when she's out of her fit?
Face. O, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry!
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quicksilver,
Over the helm; and circulate like oil,
A very vegetal: discourse of state,
Of mathematics, bawdry, anything —
Mam. Is she no way accessible? no means,
No trick to give a man a taste of her — wit —
Or so?
Sub. [*Within.*] Ulen!
Face. I'll come to you again, sir. [*Exit.*
Mam. Surly, I did not think one of your breeding
Would traduce personages of worth.
Sur. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use; yet still loath to be gulled:
I do not like your philosophical bawds.
Their stone is lechery enough to pay for,
Without this bait.
Mam. 'Heart, you abuse yourself.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this disaster. Her brother
Has told me all.
Sur. And yet you never saw her
Till now!
Mam. O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it,
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.
Sur. What call you her brother?
Mam. My lord —
He will not have his name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous memory!

Mam. On my faith —
Sur. Tut, if you have it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.
Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble friend;
And I respect his house.
Sur. Heart! can it be
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means
To gull himself? And this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
Give me your honest trick yet at primero,
Or gleek; and take your *lutum sapientis*,
Your *menstruum simplex!* I'll have gold before you,
And with less danger of the quicksilver,
Or the hot sulphur.[n]

Re-enter FACE

Face. Here's one from Captain Face, sir,
[*To* SURLY.
Desires you meet him in the Temple-church,
Some half-hour hence, and upon earnest business.
Sir, [*Whispers* MAMMON.] if you please to quit us now;
and come
Again within two hours, you shall have
My master busy examining o' the works;
And I will steal you in, unto the party,
That you may see her converse. — Sir, shall I say
You'll meet the captain's worship?
Sur. Sir, I will — [*Walks aside.*
But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.[n]
Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house;
I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me:
The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why, he's the most authentic dealer

In these commodities, the superintendent
To all the quainter traffickers in town!
He is the visitor, and does appoint
Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;
Which gown, and in what smock; what fall; what tire.
Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth:
Which if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,
You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.
Face. Sir, he does pray you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, sir.
Sir Epicure, I shall leave you. [*Exit.*
Mam. I follow you straight.
Face. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gentleman has a parlous head.[n]
Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be constant to thy promise?
Face. As my life, sir.
Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and praise me,
And say I am a noble fellow?
Face. O, what else, sir.
And that you'll make her royal with the stone,
An empress; and yourself King of Bantam.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Face. Will I, sir.
Mam. Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.
Face. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection.
Mam. Thou hast witched me, rogue: take, go.
[*Gives him money.*
Face. Your jack, and all, sir.
Mam. Thou art a villain — I will send my jack,
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.
Away, thou dost not care for me.

Face. Not I, sir!
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel,
Set thee on a bench, and have thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.
Face. Away, sir.
Mam. A count, nay, a count palatine —
Face. Good sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV

FACE; *re-enter* SUBTLE *and* DOL

Sub. Has he bit? has he bit?
Face. And swallowed, too, my Subtle.
I have given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.
Sub. And shall we twitch him?
Face. Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.
Sub. Dol, my Lord What'ts'hum's sister, you must now
Bear yourself *statelich.*
Dol. O, let me alone.
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;
Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,
And be as rude as her woman.
Face. Well said, sanguine![n]
Sub. But will he send his andirons?
Face. His jack too;
And 's iron shoeing-horn: I have spoke to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.
Sub. O, Monsieur Caution, that *will not be gulled.*
Face. Ay, if I can strike a fine hook into him, now! —

The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it. [*Knocking without.*
Sub. What, more gudgeons!
Dol, scout, scout! [DOL *goes to the window.*] Stay,
Face, you must go to the door:
'Pray God it be my Anabaptist — Who is't, Dol?
Dol. I know him not: he looks like a gold-end-man.
Sub. Ods so! 'tis he, he said he would send. What
call you him?
The sanctified elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons. Let him in.
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. [*Exit* FACE *with the gown.*] Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. [*Exit* DOL.]
Now,
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language. —
This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me
About the stone too; for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints; that hope
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion now, to make him admire me.

SCENE V

SUBTLE; *enter* ANANIAS

Sub. [*Aloud.*] Where is my drudge?

Re-enter FACE

Face. Sir!
Sub. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma.
Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let them macerate together.
Face. Yes, sir.
And save the ground?

Sub. No : *terra damnata*[n]
Must not have entrance in the work. — Who are you?
Ana. A faithful brother, if it please you.
Sub. What's that?
A Lullianist? a Ripley?[n] *Filius artis?*[n]
Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?
Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?[n]
Or what is homogene, or heterogene?
Ana. I understand no heathen language, truly.
Sub. Heathen! you Knipper-doling?[n] is *Ars sacra,*
Or chrysopœia, or spagyrica,
Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge,
A heathen language?
Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.
Sub. How! heathen Greek?
Ana. All's heathen but the Hebrew.[n]
Sub. Sirrah my varlet, stand you forth and speak to him,
Like a philosopher: answer, in the language.
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.
Face. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.
Sub. This is heathen Greek to you, now! —
And when comes vivification?
Face. After mortification.
Sub. What's cohobation?
Face. 'Tis the pouring on
Your *aqua regis,* and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.[n]
Sub. What's the proper passion of metals?[n]
Face. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri?*[n]
Face. Antimonium.

Sub. This is heathen Greek to you! — And what's your mercury?
Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.
Sub. How know you him?
Face. By his viscosity,
His oleosity, and his suscitability.
Sub. How do you sublime him?
Face. With the calce of egg-shells,
White marble, talc.
Sub. Your magisterium now,
What's that?
Face. Shifting, sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,
Hot into dry.
Sub. This is heathen Greek to you still!
Your *lapis philosophicus?* [n]
Face. 'Tis a stone,
And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolved.
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it flieth.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit* FACE.
This is heathen Greek to you! What are you, sir?
Ana. Please you, a servant of the exiled brethren,
That deal with widows' and with orphans' goods,
And make a just account unto the saints:
A deacon.
Sub. O, you are sent from Master Wholesome,
Your teacher?
Ana. From Tribulation Wholesome,
Our very zealous pastor.
Sub. Good! I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.
Ana. Of what kind, sir?
Sub. Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-ware.
Metals, that we must use our medicine on:

Wherein the brethren may have a pennyworth
For ready money.
Ana. Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?
Sub. Why do you ask?
Ana. Because
We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,
Their utmost value.
Sub. 'Slid, you'd cozen else,
And if their parents were not of the faithful! —
I will not trust you, now I think on it,
Till I have talked with your pastor. Have you brought money
To buy more coals?
Ana. No, surely.
Sub. No! how so?
Ana. The brethren bid me say unto you, sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more
Till they may see projection.
Sub. How!
Ana. You have had,
For the instruments, as bricks, and loam, and glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,
That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,
And a small paper of pin-dust.
Sub. What's your name?
Ana. My name is Ananias.
Sub. Out, the varlet
That cozened the apostles! Hence, away!
Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound,
Than wicked Ananias? send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And give me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire; and down th' alembics, and the furnace,

Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch!
Both *sericon* and *bufo* [n] shall be lost,
Tell them. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
Or the antichristian hierarchy shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueity,
Terreity, and sulphureity
Shall run together again, and all be annulled,
Thou wicked Ananias! [*Exit* ANANIAS.] This will fetch 'em,
And make them haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward, to an appetite.

SCENE VI

SUBTLE; *re-enter* FACE *in his uniform, followed by* DRUGGER

Face. He is busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.
Sub. How now! what mates, what Baiards have we here? [n]
Face. I told you he would be furious. — Sir, here's Nab
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on:
— We must appease him. Give it me, — and prays you,
You would devise — what is it, Nab?
Drug. A sign, sir.
Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctor.
Sub. I was devising now.
Face. 'Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he gave you any more —
What say you to his constellation, doctor?
The Balance?
Sub. No, that way is stale and common.
A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull,
Or the bull's head: in Aries, the ram,
A poor device! No, I will have his name

Formed in some mystic character; whose radii,
Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:
And thus —
Face. Nab!
Sub. He shall have *a bel*, that's *Abel;*
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,[n]
In a *rug* gown, there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *drug:*
And right anenst him a dog snarling *er;*[n]
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his sign.
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic![n]
Face. Abel, thou art made.
Drug. Sir, I do thank his worship.
Face. Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.
Drug. Yes, sir;
I have another thing I would impart —
Face. Out with it, Nab.
Drug. Sir, there is lodged, hard by me,
A rich young widow —
Face. Good! a bona roba?
Drug. But nineteen at the most.
Face. Very good, Abel.
Drug. Marry, she's not in the fashion yet; she wears
A hood, but it stands a cop.
Face. No matter, Abel.
Drug. And I do now and then give her a fucus —
Face. What! dost thou deal, Nab?
Sub. I did tell you, captain.
Drug. And physic too, sometime, sir; for which she trusts me
With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the fashion.
Face. Good (his match too!) — On, Nab.
Drug. And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

Face. Ods lid, Nab, send her to the doctor, hither.
Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship already;
But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her marriage.
Face. Hurt it! 'tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Followed and sought. Nab, thou shalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talked of; and your widows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their honour is their multitude of suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What!
Thou dost not know.
Drug. No, sir, she'll never marry
Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.
Face. What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many of the city dubbed?
One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know,
Will have it done, Nab: what's her brother, a knight?
Drug. No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in his land, sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does govern
His sister here; and is a man himself
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel,[n] and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die in the country.
Face. How, to quarrel?
Drug. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage them by line.
Face. 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels: he will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring them both,
Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to:
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.

Sub. O, good captain!
Face. He shall;
He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not,
No offers; bring the damask, and the parties.
Drug. I'll try my power, sir.
Face. And thy will too, Nab.
Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this! what is't an ounce?
Face. He'll send you a pound, doctor.
Sub. O no.
Face. He will do't.
It is the goodest soul! — Abel, about it.
Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.
[*Exit* ABEL.
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,
Why he came now: he dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for them.
Sub. And shall, sir. This works.
Face. A wife, a wife for one of us, my dear Subtle!
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have
The more in goods, the other has in tail.
Sub. Rather the less: for she may be so light
She may want grains.[n]
Face. Ay, or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her for the whole.
Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.
Face. Content: but Dol must have no breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.
Face. Pray God I have not stayed too long.
Sub. I fear it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I[n]

The Lane before Lovewit's *House*

Enter Tribulation Wholesome *and* Ananias

Tri. These chastisements are common to the saints,
And such rebukes we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.
Ana. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man; he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.
Tri. I think him a profane person indeed.
Ana. He bears
The visible mark of the beast in his forehead.
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.
Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto all means,
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.
Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.
Tri. Not always necessary:
The children of perdition are ofttimes
Made instruments even of the greatest works:
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men?
More antichristian than your bell-founders?

What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
When as the work is done, the stone is made,
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenced saints,
Which ne'er will be but by the philosopher's stone.
And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
Assured me; *aurum potabile* being
The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;
And must be daily used in the disease.
Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me;
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first. [*Knocks.*] Peace be within! [*The door is opened, and they enter.*

SCENE II

A Room in LOVEWIT'S *House*

Enter SUBTLE, *followed by* TRIBULATION *and* ANANIAS

Sub. O, are you come? 'twas time. Your three-score minutes

Were at last thread, you see; and down had gone
Furnus acediæ,[n] *turris circulatorius*:[n]
Lembec, bolt's-head, retort, and pelican
Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias!
Art thou returned? nay, then it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.
Sub. Why, this doth qualify!
Tri. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the orphans' goods, let them be valued.
Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numbered; here, by me, the saints
Throw down their purse before you.
Sub. This qualifies most!
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discoursed so unto you of our stone,
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Showed you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)
That even the med'cinal use shall make you a faction,
And party in the realm? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the gout,
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
You help him straight: there you have made a friend.
Another has the palsy or the dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a friend.
A lady that is past the feat of body,
Though not of mind, and hath her face decayed
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,

With the oil of talc: [n] there you have made a friend;
And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make them smooth and sound,
With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still
You increase your friends.
Tri. Ay, it is very pregnant.
Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter
To plate at Christmas —
Ana. Christ-tide, I pray you.
Sub. Yet, Ananias!
Ana. I have done.
Sub. Or changing
His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot
But raise your friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an army in the field, to buy
The King of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal,
That shall oppone you?
Tri. Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.
Sub. You may be anything, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises; or suck up
Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. [n] I not deny,
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune to call the flock together:
For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women
And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell.
Ana. Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.
Sub. No warning with you! then farewell my patience.
'Slight, it shall down; I will not be thus tortured.
Tri. I pray you, sir.
Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.

Tri. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man
He stands corrected: neither did his zeal,
But as your self, allow a tune somewhere.
Which now, being tow'rd the stone, we shall not need.
Sub. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
To give you legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the common cause:
Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day,
And say they were forfeited by providence.
Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next day's fast the better;
The whilst the brethren and the sisters humbled,
Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones;
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,[n]
Or whether matrons of the holy assembly
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets,
Or have that idol, starch, about their linen.[n]
Ana. It is indeed an idol.
Tri. Mind him not, sir.
I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble,
To peace within him! Pray you, sir, go on.
Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,
And shorten so your ears [n] against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the alderman
Whose daily custard you devour: nor lie
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family or wood of you,[n]
Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple.
Tri. Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,

As very notable means, and whereby also
Themselves grow soon, and profitably famous.
Sub. O, but the stone, all's idle to it! nothing! [n]
The art of angels, nature's miracle,
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds
From east to west: and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.
Ana. I hate traditions;
I do not trust them —
Tri. Peace!
Ana. They are popish all.
I will not peace: I will not —
Tri. Ananias!
Ana. Please the profane, to grieve the godly; I may not.
Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.
Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir:
But truly else a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
Sub. Has he a competent sum there in the bag
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity and conscience' sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan;
Though I desire the brethren too good gainers:
There they are within. When you have viewed and bought 'em,
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there's no more
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll give't you in by weight.
Tri. But how long time,
Sir, must the saints expect yet?
Sub. Let me see,
How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,
He will be silver potate; then three days

Before he citronize. Some fifteen days,
The magisterium will be perfected.
Ana. About the second day of the third week,
In the ninth month?
Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.
Tri. What will the orphans' goods arise to, think you?
Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as filled three cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of them —
But I must have more coals laid in.
Tri. How?
Sub. Another load,
And then we have finished. We must now increase
Our fire to *ignis ardens*,[n] we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints
Do need a present sum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now instantly,
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars
As any are in Holland.
Tri. Can you so?
Sub. Ay, and shall bide the third examination.
Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.
Sub. But you must carry it secret.
Tri. Ay; but stay,
This act of coining, is it lawful?
Ana. Lawful!
We know no magistrate:[n] or, if we did,
This is foreign coin.
Sub. It is no coining, sir.
It is but casting.
Tri. Ha! you distinguish well:
Casting of money may be lawful.
Ana. 'Tis, sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it so.

Sub. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias:
This case of conscience he is studied in.
Tri. I'll make a question of it to the brethren.
Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where shall it be done? [*Knocking without.*
Sub. For that we'll talk anon.
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
I'll come to you straight. [*Exeunt* TRIB. *and* ANA.]
Who is it? — Face! appear.

SCENE III

SUBTLE; *enter* FACE *in his uniform*

Sub. How now! good prize?
Face. Good pox! yond' costive cheater
Never came on.
Sub. How then?
Face. I have walked the round
Till now, and no such thing.
Sub. And have you quit him?
Face. Quit him! an hell would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade,
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.
Sub. O, but to have gulled him,
Had been a mastery.
Face. Let him go, black boy![11]
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.
A noble count, a don of Spain, my dear
Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd,
Who is come hither private for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, six great slops,
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks,

Furnished with pistolets, and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
(That is the colour,) and to make his battery
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,[n]
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,
For she must milk his epididymis.
Where is the doxy?
Sub. I'll send her to thee:
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,[n]
And come again myself.
Face. Are they within then?
Sub. Numbering the sum.
Face. How much?
Sub. A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*
Face. Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon!
Three of my clerk! a portague of my grocer!
This of the brethren! beside reversions,
And states to come in the widow, and my count!
My share to-day will not be bought for forty —

Enter DOL

Dol. What?
Face. Pounds, dainty Dorothy! art thou so near?
Dol. Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?
Face. As with the few that had entrenched themselves
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol,
And laughed within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily by their small parties. This dear hour,
A doughty don is taken with my Dol;
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,
My Dousabel; he shall be brought here fettered

With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;
Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame
As the poor blackbirds were in the great frost,
Or bees are with a basin; and so hive him
In the swan-skin coverlid and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift.[n]
Dol. What is he, general?
Face. An adalantado,
A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?
Dol. No.
Face. Nor my Drugger?
Dol. Neither.
Face. A pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festive days. —

Re-enter SUBTLE

How now! have you done?
Sub. Done. They are gone: the sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
Another chapman who would buy 'em outright.
Face. 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he have the widow,
To furnish household.
Sub. Excellent, well thought on:
Pray God he come.
Face. I pray he keep away
Till our new business be o'erpast.
Sub. But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret don?
Face. A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly; I have my flies abroad. Your bath

Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time: and, do you hear? good action.
Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close;
And tickle him with thy mother tongue. His great
Verdugoship has not a jot of language;
So much the easier to be cozened, my Dolly.
He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,
And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide,
No creature else. [*Knocking without.*] Who's that?
Sub. It is not he? [*Exit* DOL.
Face. O no, not yet this hour.

Re-enter DOL

Sub. Who is't?
Dol. Dapper,
Your clerk.
Face. God's will then, Queen of Fairy,
On with your tire; [*Exit* DOL.] and, doctor, with your robes.
Let's dispatch him for God's sake.
Sub. 'Twill be long.
Face. I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,
It shall be brief enough. [*Goes to the window.*] 'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the widow?
Face. No,
Not that I see. Away! [*Exit* SUB.

Enter DAPPER

O, sir, you are welcome.

SCENE IV

FACE, DAPPER

Face. The doctor is within a moving for you;
I have had the most ado to win him to it! —
He swears you'll be the darling of the dice:
He never heard her highness dote till now.
Your aunt has given you the most gracious words
That can be thought on.
Dap. Shall I see her grace?
Face. See her, and kiss her too. —

Enter ABEL, *followed by* KASTRIL

What, honest Nab!
Hast brought the damask?
Drug. No, sir; here's tobacco.
Face. 'Tis well done, Nab: thou'lt bring the damask too?
Drug. Yes: here's the gentleman, captain, Master Kastril,
I have brought to see the doctor.
Face. Where's the widow?
Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.
Face. O, is it so? good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?
Kas. Ay, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor?
My mad tobacco-boy here tells me of one
That can do things: has he any skill?
Face. Wherein, sir?
Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms.
Face. It seems, sir, you are but young
About the town, that can make that question.

Kas. Sir, not so young but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys,[n] and seen them take tobacco; [n]
And in his shop; and I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise in the country.
Face. Sir, for the duello,[n]
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair; and show you
An instrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree
Of safety it lies in, or mortality.
And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a half circle; or may else be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute:
And this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by.
Kas. How! to take it?
Face. Yes, in oblique he'll show you, or in circle;
But never in diameter.[n] The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating academies.
Kas. But does he teach
Living by the wits too?
Face. Anything whatever.
You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it.
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,
Just of your standing, 'fore I met with him;
It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method:
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.
Kas. No, I'll not come there: you shall pardon me.
Face. For why, sir?
Kas. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Face. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?
Kas. Ay, 'twill spend a man.

Face. Spend you! it will repair you when you are spent.
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your fortunes?
Kas. What, three thousand a year!
Face. Ay, forty thousand.
Kas. Are there such?
Face. Ay, sir,
And gallants yet. Here's a gentleman
Is born to nothing — [*Points to* DAPPER.] forty marks a year
Which I count nothing: — he is to be initiated,
And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you
By unresistible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
Upmost, at the groom porters, all the Christmas:
And for the whole year through at every place
Where there is play, present him with the chair;
The best attendance, the best drink, sometimes
Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing;
The purest linen and the sharpest knife,
The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere
The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.
You shall have your ordinaries bid for him,
As playhouses for a poet; and the master
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
Which must be buttered shrimps: and those that drink
To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
The goodly president mouth of all the board.
Kas. Do you not gull one?
Face. Ods my life! do you think it?
You shall have a cast commander, (can but get
In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,)
Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himself,

His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
And be admired for't.
Kas. Will the doctor teach this?
Face. He will do more, sir: when your land is gone,
As men of spirit hate to keep earth long
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He'll show a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
Whose bonds are current for commodity; [n]
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and others,
That without help of any second broker,
Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels:
In the third square, the very street and sign
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be delivered, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, wood, or cheeses.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand obliged.
Kas. I' faith! is he such a fellow?
Face. Why, Nab here knows him.
And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.
Kas. God's will, my suster shall see him.
Face. I'll tell you, sir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing:—
By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy,
And that same melancholy breeds worms; but pass it:—
He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in's life.
Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.
Face. And then he was so sick —
Drug. Could he tell you that too?

Face. How should I know it?
Drug. In troth, we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach —
Face. And he has no head
To bear any wine; for what with the noise of the fiddlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants —
Drug. My head did so ache —
Face. And he was fain to be brought home,
The doctor told me: and then a good old woman —
Drug. Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane, — did cure me,
With sodden ale, and pellitory of the wall
Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.
Face. Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cessed at eighteenpence,
For the water-work.[n]
Drug. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.
Face. Thy hair went off?
Drug. Yes, sir; 'twas done for spite.
Face. Nay, so says the doctor.
Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster;
I'll see this learnèd boy before I go;
And so shall she.
Face. Sir, he is busy now:
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner:
And he by that time will be free.
Kas. I go. [*Exit.*
Face. Drugger, she's thine: the damask! [*Exit* ABEL.] — [*Aside.*] Subtle and I
Must wrestle for her. — Come on, Master Dapper,
You see how I turn clients here away,
To give your cause dispatch; have you performed
The ceremonies were enjoined you?

Dap. Yes, of the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.
Face. 'Tis well: that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire,
But that she will not show it, t' have a sight on you.
Have you provided for her grace's servants?
Dap. Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.
Face. Good!
Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.
Face. Very good!
Dap. And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat,
Just twenty nobles.[n]
Face. O, you are too just.
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.
Dap. I have some Philip and Maries.
Face. Ay, those same
Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the doctor.

SCENE V

FACE, DAPPER; *enter* SUBTLE, *disguised like a Priest of Fairy, with a stripe of cloth*

Sub. [*In a feigned voice.*] Is yet her grace's cousin come?
Face. He is come.
Sub. And is he fasting?
Face. Yes.
Sub. And hath cried *hum?*
Face. Thrice, you must answer.
Dap. Thrice.
Sub. And as oft *buz?*
Face. If you have, say.
Dap. I have.
Sub. Then, to her cuz,
Hoping that he hath vinegared his senses,

As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to fortune near be her petticoat,
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
And therefore, even of that a piece she has sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,
With as much love as then her grace did tear it,
About his eyes, [*They blind him with the rag.*] to show he is fortunate.
And, trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

Face. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her grace's word — throw away your purse —
As she would ask it: — handkerchiefs and all —
[*He throws away, as they bid him.*
She cannot bid that thing but he'll obey. —
If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send
Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her highness: if they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

Dap. Truly, there's all.

Face. All what?

Dap. My money; truly.

Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about you. — [*Aside to* SUBTLE.] Bid Dol play music. — Look, the elves are come [DOL *plays on the cittern within.*
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.
[*They pinch him.*

Dap. O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

Face. *Ti, ti.*
They knew't, they say.

Sub. *Ti, ti, ti, ti.* He has more yet.
Face. *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* — [*Aside to* SUB.] In the other pocket?
Sub. *Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.*
They must pinch him or he will never confess, they say. [*They pinch him again.*
Dap. O, O!
Face. Nay, pray you hold: he is her grace's nephew,
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? good faith, you shall care. —
Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Show
You are innocent.
Dap. By this good light, I have nothing.
Sub. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta.* He does equivocate she says:
Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the *light* when he is blinded.
Dap. By this good *dark*, I have nothing but a half-crown
Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me;
And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me.
Face. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns.
[*Takes it off.*
You may wear your leaden heart still. —

Enter DOL, *hastily*

How now!
Sub. What news, Dol?
Dol. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.
Face. Ods lid, we never thought of him till now!
Where is he?
Dol. Here hard by: he is at the door.
Sub. And you are not ready now! Dol, get his suit.
[*Exit* DOL.
He must not be sent back.

Face. O, by no means.
What shall we do with this same puffin here,
Now he's on the spit?
Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device.

Re-enter DOL *with* FACE'S *clothes*

— *Ti, titi, tititi.* Would her grace speak with me?
I come. — Help, Dol! [*Knocking without.*
Face. [*Speaks through the keyhole.*] Who's there? Sir Epicure,
My master's in the way. Please you to walk
Three or four turns, but till his back be turned,
And I am for you. — Quickly, Dol!
Sub. Her grace
Commends her kindly to you, Master Dapper.
Dap. I long to see her grace.
Sub. She now is set
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she says,
It would be better for you.
Face. Sir, he shall
Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her highness,
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we have done —
Sub. He must not see, nor speak
To anybody, till then.
Face. For that we'll put, sir,
A stay in's mouth.
Sub. Of what?
Face. Of gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleased her grace

Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little. —
Gape, sir, and let him fit you.
[*They thrust a gag of gingerbread in his mouth.*
Sub. Where shall we now
Bestow him?
Dol. In the privy.
Sub. Come along, sir,
I must now show you Fortune's privy lodgings.
Face. Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?
Sub. All: 80
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.
Face. [*Speaking through the keyhole.*] Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.
[*Exeunt with* DAPPER.

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

A Room in LOVEWIT'S *House*

Enter FACE *and* MAMMON

Face. O, sir, you are come in the only finest time —
Mam. Where's master?
Face. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all changed shortly.
Mam. Into gold?
Face. To gold and silver, sir.
Mam. Silver I care not for.
Face. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.
Mam. Where's the lady?
Face. At hand here. I have told her such brave things of you,
Touching your bounty and your noble spirit —
Mam. Hast thou?
Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity in your conference,
For fear of putting her in a rage. —
Mam. I warrant thee.
Face. Six men will not hold her down: and then,
If the old man should hear or see you —
Mam. Fear not.
Face. The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it,
How scrupulous he is,[n] and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic or mathematics,

Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you,
She will endure, and never startle; but
No word of controversy.
Mam. I am schooled, good Ulen.
Face. And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility.
Mam. Let me alone:
No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.
Face. [*Aside.*] Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness,[n] to have
Dol Common for a great lady. [*Exit.*
Mam. Now, Epicure,
Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold;
Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
Unto his Danäe; show the god a miser,
Compared with Mammon. What! the stone will do't.
She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold;
Nay, we will *concumbere* gold: I will be puissant,
And mighty in my talk to her. —

Re-enter FACE, *with* DOL *richly dressed*

Here she comes.
Face. To him, Dol, suckle him. — This is the noble knight
I told your ladyship —
Mam. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.
Dol. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.[n]
Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.
Dol. My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, sir.
Face. [*Aside.*] Well said, my Guinea bird.
Mam. Right noble madam —
Face. [*Aside.*] O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.
Mam. 'Tis your prerogative.

Dol. Rather your courtesy.
Mam. Were there nought else t' enlarge your virtues to me,
These answers speak your breeding and your blood.
Dol. Blood we boast none, sir, a poor baron's daughter.
Mam. Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lien but there still, and panted,
He had done enough to make himself, his issue,
And his posterity noble.
Dol. Sir, although
We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,
The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep
The seeds and the materials.
Mam. I do see
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug money used to make your compound.
There is a strange nobility in your eye,
This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble
One of the Austriac princes.[n]
Face. [*Aside.*] Very like!
Her father was an Irish costermonger.
Mam. The house of Valois just had such a nose,
And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.
Dol. Troth, and I have been likened
To all these princes.
Face. I'll be sworn, I heard it.
Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.
Face. [*Aside.*] I'll in, and laugh. [*Exit.*
Mam. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity beyond
An earthly beauty!
Dol. O, you play the courtier.
Mam. Good lady, give me leave —

Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.
Mam. To burn in this sweet flame;
The phœnix never knew a nobler death.
Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy
What you would build: this art, sir, in your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.
Mam. By my soul —
Dol. Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.
Mam. Nature
Never bestowed upon mortality
A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature;
She played the step-dame in all faces else:
Sweet madam, let me be particular —
Dol. Particular, sir! I pray you know your distance.
Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady; but to ask
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
You are lodged here, in the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.[n]
Mam. O, I cry your pardon.
He's a divine instructor! can extract
The souls of all things by his art; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature
What her own forces are. A man, the emperor
Has courted above Kelly;[n] sent his medals
And chains, to invite him.
Dol. Ay, and for his physic, sir —
Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!
I know all this, and more.
Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.
Mam. It is a noble humour; but this form

Was not intended to so dark a use.
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould,
A cloister had done well; but such a feature
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,
To live recluse! is a mere solecism,
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it:
You should spend half my land first, were I he.
Does not this diamond better on my finger
Than in the quarry?
Dol. Yes.
Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light.
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In chains of adamant?
Mam. Yes, the strongest bands.
And take a secret too — here, by your side,
Doth stand this hour the happiest man in Europe.
Dol. You are contented, sir?
Mam. Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes and the fear of states.
Dol. Say you so, Sir Epicure?
Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles.
Dol. You mean no treason, sir?
Mam. No, I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone,
And thou the lady.
Dol. How, sir! have you that?
Mam. I am the master of the mastery.[n]
This day the good old wretch here o' the house
Has made it for us: now he's at projection.
Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear it:
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,

But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.
Dol. You are pleased, sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.
Mam. I am pleased the glory of her sex should know,
This nook here of the Friars [n] is no climate
For her to live obscurely in, to learn
Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth,
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold, and amber;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it asked
What miracle she is? set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glass,
And work them into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light
Strikes out the stars! that, when thy name is mentioned,
Queens may look pale; and we but showing our love,
Nero's Poppæa may be lost in story!
Thus will we have it.
Dol. I could well consent, sir.
But in a monarchy, how will this be?
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.
Mam. If he knew it.
Dol. Yourself do boast it, sir.
Mam. To thee, my life.
Dol. O, but beware, sir! you may come to end
The remnant of your days in a loathed prison,
By speaking of it.
Mam. 'Tis no idle fear:
We'll therefore go withal, my girl, and live
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
Soused in high-country wines, sup pheasants' eggs

And have our cockles boiled in silver shells;
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they lived,
In a rare butter made of dolphins' milk,
Whose cream does look like opals; and with these
Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and lust! And thou shalt have thy wardrobe
Richer than nature's, still to change thyself,
And vary oftener, for thy pride, than she,
Or art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

Re-enter FACE

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?
Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.
[*Gives him money.*
Face. But do you hear?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.
Mam. We think not on 'em.
[*Exeunt* MAM. *and* DOL.
Face. O, it is well, sir. — Subtle!

SCENE II

FACE; *enter* SUBTLE

Face. Dost thou not laugh?
Sub. Yes; are they gone?
Face. All's clear.
Sub. The widow is come.
Face. And your quarrelling disciple?
Sub. Ay.
Face. I must to my captainship again then.

Sub. Stay, bring them in first.
Face. So I meant. What is she? A bonnibel?
Sub. I know not.
Face. We'll draw lots: You'll stand to that?
Sub. What else?
Face. O, for a suit,[n] To fall now like a curtain, flap!
Sub. To the door, man.
Face. You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready. [*Exit.*
Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.
Face. [*Within.*] Who would you speak with?
Kas. [*Within.*] Where's the captain?
Face. [*Within.*] Gone, sir, About some business.
Kas. [*Within.*] Gone!
Face. [*Within.*] He'll return straight. But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

Enter KASTRIL, *followed by* Dame PLIANT

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terræ fili*, That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches: Welcome; I know thy lusts, and thy desires, And I will serve and satisfy them. Begin, Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line; Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.
Kas. You lie.
Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie? For what, my sudden boy?
Kas. Nay, that look you to, I am aforehand.
Sub. O, this is no true grammar, And as ill logic! You must render causes, child,

Your first and second intentions, know your canons
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,
Your predicaments, substance, and accident,
Series extern and intern, with their causes,
Efficient, material, formal, final,
And have your elements perfect.
Kas. [*Aside.*] What is this!
The angry tongue he talks in?
Sub. That false precept,
Of being aforehand, has deceived a number,
And made them enter quarrels oftentimes
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their wills.
Kas. How must I do then, sir?
Sub. I cry this lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted. [*Kisses her.*] I do call you lady,
Because you are to be one ere 't be long,
My soft and buxom widow.
Kas. Is she, i' faith?
Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.
Kas. How know you?
Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often to make a judgement. [*Kisses her again.*] 'Slight, she melts
Like a myrobolane: here is yet a line,
In *rivo frontis*,[n] tells me he is no knight.
Dame P. What is he then, sir?
Sub. Let me see your hand.
O, your *linea fortunæ* makes it plain;
And *stella* here *in monte Veneris:*
But, most of all, *junctura annularis.*
He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady,
But shall have some great honour shortly.
Dame P. Brother,
He's a rare man, believe me!

Re-enter FACE, *in his uniform*

Kas. Hold your peace.
Here comes the t' other rare man. — 'Save you, captain.
Face. Good Master Kastril! Is this your sister?
Kas. Ay, sir.
Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her.
Face. I shall be proud to know you, lady. [*Kisses her.*
Dame P. Brother,
He calls me lady, too.
Kas. Ay, peace: I heard it. [*Takes her aside.*
Face. The count is come.
Sub. Where is he?
Face. At the door.
Sub. Why, you must entertain him.
Face. What will you do
With these the while?
Sub. Why, have them up, and show them
Some fustian book, or the dark glass.
Face. 'Fore God,
She is a delicate dabchick! I must have her. [*Exit.*
Sub. Must you? ay, if your fortune will, you must. —
Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently:
I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations,
Where I will show you both the grammar and logic,
And rhetoric of quarrelling: my whole method
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you
Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moonlight.
And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eyesight,
Against you see your fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.
[*Exit, followed by* KAS. *and* Dame P.

SCENE III

Re-enter FACE

Face. Where are you, doctor?
Sub. [*Within.*] I'll come to you presently.
Face. I will have this same widow, now I have seen her,
On any composition.

Re-enter SUBTLE

Sub. What do you say?
Face. Have you disposed of them?
Sub. I have sent them up.
Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.
Sub. Is that the matter?
Face. Nay, but hear me.
Sub. Go to.
If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all:
Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.
Face. Nay, thou art so violent now. Do but conceive,
Thou art old, and canst not serve —
Sub. Who cannot? I?
'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a —
Face. Nay,
But understand: I'll give you composition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee; what! sell my fortune?
'Tis better than my birthright. Do not murmur:
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol
Knows it directly.
Face. Well, sir, I am silent.
Will you go help to fetch in Don in state? [*Exit.*
Sub. I follow you, sir: we must keep Face in awe,
Or he will overlook us like a tyrant.

Re-enter FACE, *introducing* SURLY *disguised as a Spaniard*

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John![n]

Sur. Señores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.[n]

Sub. Would you had stooped a little, and kissed our *anos!*

Face. Peace, Subtle.

Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, man,
He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter,
Served in by a short cloak upon two trestles.

Face. Or what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?[n]

Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.

Face. Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him
In d'Alva's time; Count Egmont's bastard.

Sub. Don,
Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

Sur. Gratia.

Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.
Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.[n]

Sur. Por dios, señores, muy linda casa![n]

Sub. What says he?

Face. Praises the house, I think;
I know no more but's action.

Sub. Yes, the *casa*,
My precious Diego, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall
Be cozened, Diego.

Face. Cozened, do you see,
My worthy Donzel, cozened.

Sur. *Entiendo.*[n]

Sub. Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don.
Have you brought pistolets, or portagues,
My solemn Don? Dost thou feel any?

Face. [*Feels his pockets.*] Full.

Sub. You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they say.
Face. Milked, in troth, sweet Don.
Sub. See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.
Sur. Con licencia, se puede ver a esta señora? [n]
Sub. What talks he now?
Face. Of the *señora*.
Sub. O, Don,
This is the lioness, which you shall see
Also, my Don.
Face. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?
Sub. For what?
Face. Why, Dol's employed, you know.
Sub. That's true.
'Fore Heaven I know not: he must stay, that's all.
Face. Stay! that he must not by no means.
Sub. No! why?
Face. Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he will suspect it:
And then he will not pay, not half so well.
This is a travelled punk-master, and does know
All the delays; a notable hot rascal,
And looks already rampant.
Sub. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.
Face. Mammon! in no case.
Sub. What shall we do then?
Face. Think: you must be sudden.
Sur. Entiendo, que la señora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan
A verla, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida. [n]
Face. Mi vida! 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o' the widow.
What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha!
And tell her 'tis her fortune? all our venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which of us chance to have her: and beside,

There is no maidenhead to be feared or lost.
What dost thou think on't, Subtle?
Sub. Who, I? why —
Face. The credit of our house too is engaged.
Sub. You made me an offer for my share erewhile.
What wilt thou give me, i' faith?
Face. O, by that light
I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her,
And wear her out for me.
Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.
Face. It is the common cause; therefore bethink you.
Dol else must know it, as you said.
Sub. I care not.
Sur. Señores, porque se tarda tanto? [n]
Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
Face. That's now no reason, sir.
Sur. Puede ser de hacer burla de mi amor? [n]
Face. You hear the Don too? by this air I call,
And loose the hinges. Dol!
Sub. A plague of hell —
Face. Will you then do?
Sub. You are a terrible rogue!
I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow?
Face. Yes, and I'll take her too with all her faults,
Now I do think on't better.
Sub. With all my heart, sir;
Am I discharged o' the lot?
Face. As you please.
Sub. Hands. [*They take hands.*
Face. Remember now, that upon any change,
You never claim her.
Sub. Much good joy and health to you, sir.
Marry a whore! fate, let me wed a witch first.
Sur. Por estas honradas barbas — [n]
Sub. He swears by his beard.
Dispatch, and call the brother too. [*Exit* FACE.

Sur. *Tengo duda, señores,*
Que no me hagan alguna traición.[n]
Sub. How, issue on? yes, *præsto, señor.* Please you
Enthratha the *chambratha*, worthy Don:
Where if you please the fates, in your *bathada*,
You shall be soaked, and stroked, and tubbed, and rubbed,
And scrubbed, and fubbed, dear Don, before you go.
You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon Don,
Be curried, clawed, and flawed, and tawed, indeed.
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
To be revenged on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it is the grace.
[*Exeunt* SUB. *and* SURLY.

SCENE IV

Another Room in the same

Enter FACE, KASTRIL, *and* Dame PLIANT

Face. Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
Kas. To be a countess, say you?
Face. A Spanish countess, sir.
Dame P. Why, is that better than an English countess?
Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?
Kas. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.
Face. Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man,
To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,
Your Spanish jennet is the best horse; your Spanish

Stoup is the best garb;[n] your Spanish beard
Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance;
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak —
Here comes the doctor.

Enter SUBTLE *with a paper*

Sub. My most honoured lady,
For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to undergo
An honourable fortune very shortly.
What will you say now, if some —
Face. I have told her all, sir;
And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be
A countess; do not delay them, sir: a Spanish countess.
Sub. Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep
No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kas. She shall do that, sir;
I'll look to it, 'tis my charge.
Sub. Well then: nought rests
But that she fit her love now to her fortune.
Dame P. Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.
Sub. No!
Dame P. Never since eighty-eight, could I abide them,[n]
And that was some three years afore I was born, in truth.
Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable;
Choose which you will.
Face. By this good rush, persuade her,

She will cry strawberries[n] else within this twelve month.

Sub. Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.

Face. Indeed, sir!

Kas. Ods lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

Dame P. Why, I'll do as you will have me, brother.

Kas. Do,
Or by this hand I'll maul you.

Face. Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.

Sub. No, my enragèd child;
She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! to be courted —

Face. And kissed, and ruffled!

Sub. Ay, behind the hangings.

Face. And then come forth in pomp!

Sub. And know her state!

Face. Of keeping all the idolaters of the chamber
Barer to her, than at their prayers!

Sub. Is served
Upon the knee!

Face. And has her pages, ushers,
Footmen, and coaches —

Sub. Her six mares —

Face. Nay, eight!

Sub. To hurry her through London, to the Exchange,
Bethlem, the china-houses[n] —

Face. Yes, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires,
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that ride with her!

Kas. Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster
If you refuse.

Dame P. I will not refuse, brother.

Enter SURLY

Sur. Qué es esto, señores, que no venga?
Esta tardanza me mata! [n]
Face. It is the count come:
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.
Sub. En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima! [n]
Sur. Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada
Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida! [n]
Face. Is't not a gallant language that they speak?
Kas. An admirable language! Is't not French?
Face. No, Spanish, sir.
Kas. It goes like law-French,
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.[n]
Face. List, sir.
Sur. El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el
Resplandor que trae esta dama! Válgame dios! [n]
Face. He admires your sister.
Kas. Must not she make curt'sy?
Sub. Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.
Face. 'Tis true he tells you, sir:
His art knows all.
Sur. Por qué no se acude? [n]
Kas. He speaks to her, I think.
Face. That he does, sir.
Sur. Por el amor de dios, qué es esto que se tarda? [n]
Kas. Nay, see: she will not understand him! Gull.
Noddy.
Dame P. What say you, brother?
Kas. Ass, my suster,
Go kuss him, as the cunning-man would have you;
I'll thrust a pin in your buttocks else.
Face. O no, sir.
Sur. Señora mía, mi persona muy indigna está
A llegar á tanta hermosura. [n]

Face. Does he not use her bravely?
Kas. Bravely, i' faith!
Face. Nay, he will use her better.
Kas. Do you think so?
Sur. *Señora, si será servida, entrémonos.*[n]
[*Exit with* Dame PLIANT.
Kas. Where does he carry her?
Face. Into the garden, sir;
Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.
Sub. [*Aside to* FACE *who goes out.*] Give Dol the word.[n] — Come, my fierce child, advance,
We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.
Kas. Agreed.
I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.
Sub. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother
To a great count.
Kas. Ay, I knew that at first.
This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.
Sub. 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!
Kas. Why,
Her name is so, by her other husband.
Sub. How!
Kas. The Widow Pliant. Knew you not that?
Sub. No, faith, sir;
Yet, by erection of her figure,[n] I guessed it.
Come, let's go practise.
Kas. Yes, but do you think, doctor,
I e'er shall quarrel well?
Sub. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Another Room in the same

Enter DOL *in her fit of raving, followed by* MAMMON

Dol. For after Alexander's death —
Mam. Good lady —

Dol. That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,
The two that stood, Seleuc and Ptolomee —
Mam. Madam —
Dol. Make up the two legs, and the fourth beast,
That was Gog-north and Egypt-south: which after
Was called Gog-iron-leg and South-iron-leg.
Mam. Lady —
Dol. And then Gog-hornèd. So was Egypt, too:
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg —
Mam. Sweet madam —
Dol. And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these
Be stars in story, which none see, or look at —
Mam. What shall I do?
Dol. For, as he says, except
We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks —
Mam. Dear lady —
Dol. To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great Britain —

Enter FACE *hastily, in his servant's dress*

Face. What's the matter, sir?
Dol. To speak the tongue of Eber and Javan —
Mam. O,
She's in her fit.
Dol. We shall know nothing —
Face. Death, sir,
We are undone!
Dol. Where then a learned linguist
Shall see the ancient used communion
Of vowels and consonants —
Face. My master will hear!
Dol. A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high —
Mam. Sweet honourable lady!
Dol. To comprise
All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters.

Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.
[*They all speak together.*

Dol. And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,
And profane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim,
Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben-Ezra do interpret Rome.

Face. How did you put her into't?

Mam. Alas, I talked
Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,
With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and she
Falls on the other four straight.

Face. Out of Broughton![n] I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.

Mam. Is't best?

Face. She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her,
We are but fæces, ashes.

Sub. [*Within.*] What's to do there?

Face. O, we are lost! Now she hears him, she is quiet.

Enter SUBTLE; *they run different ways*

Mam. Where shall I hide me!

Sub. How! what sight is here?
Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!
Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
O, I have lived too long!

Mam. Nay, good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.

Sub. Not! and flee me,
When I come in?

Mam. That was my error.

Sub. Error!
Guilt, guilt, my son: give it the right name. No marvel,
If I found check in your great work within,

When such affairs as these were managing!
Mam. Why, have you so?
Sub. It has stood still this half hour:
And all the rest of our less works gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?
Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge:
I saw her by chance.
Sub. Will you commit more sin,
To excuse a varlet?
Mam. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepared, would so tempt Heaven,
And lose your fortunes.
Mam. Why, sir?
Sub. This will retard
The work a month at least.
Mam. Why, if it do,
What remedy? But think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.
Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove. [*A loud explosion within.*] —
How now! ah me!
God and all saints be good to us. —

Re-enter FACE

What's that?
Face. O, sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown *in fumo*, every glass is burst:
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers!
[SUBTLE *falls down as in a swoon.*
Help, good sir! alas,

Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,
Do the fair offices of a man! you stand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
[*Knocking within.*
Who's there? my lord her brother is come.
Mam. Ha, Lungs!
Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
For he's as furious as his sister's mad.
Mam. Alas!
Face. My brain is quite undone with the fume, sir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.
Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? will nothing be preserved
Of all our cost?
Face. Faith, very little, sir;
A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.
Mam. O, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punished.
Face. And so am I, sir.
Mam. Cast from all hopes —
Face. Nay, certainties, sir.
Mam. By mine own base affections.
Sub. [*Seeming to come to himself.*] O, the cursed fruits of vice and lust!
Mam. Good father,
It was my sin. Forgive it.
Sub. Hangs my roof
Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!
Face. Nay, look, sir,
You grieve him now with staying in his sight:
Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a tragedy.
Mam. I'll go.
Face. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance you may have it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem —
Mam. Yes.

Face. For the restoring such as — have their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Face. I'll send one to you to receive it.
Mam. Do.
Is no projection left?
Face. All flown, or stinks, sir.
Mam. Will nought be saved that's good for med'cine, think'st thou?
Face. I cannot tell, sir. There will be perhaps
Something about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch — [*Aside.*] though not your itch of mind, sir. —
It shall be saved for you, and sent home. Good sir,
This way, for fear the lord should meet you.
[*Exit* MAMMON.
Sub. [*Raising his head.*] Face!
Face. Ay.
Sub. Is he gone?
Face. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hoped for were in's blood.
Let us be light though.
Sub. [*Leaping up.*] Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.
Face. Now to our Don.
Sub. Yes, your young widow by this time
Is made a countess, Face; she has been in travail
Of a young heir for you.
Face. Good, sir.
Sub. Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards.
Face. Very well, sir.
Will you go fetch Don Diego off the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleased, sir:
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now!

Face. Why, you can do't as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your virtue.
Sub. For your sake, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

Another Room in the same

Enter SURLY *and* Dame PLIANT

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you are fallen;
'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near
Your honour was t' have catched a certain clap,
Through your credulity, had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstances would have made a man;
For you're a handsome woman; would you were wise too!
I am a gentleman come here disguised,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;
And where I might have wronged your honour, and have not,
I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich; and I'm a bachelor,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine have preserved you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserved you or no.
Dame P. I will, sir.
Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me alone
To treat with them.

Enter SUBTLE

Sub. How doth my noble Diego,
And my dear madam countess? hath the count
Been courteous, lady? liberal and open?

Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,[n]
After your coitum, and scurvy: truly,
I do not like the dullness of your eye;
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,[n]
And says you are a lumpish whoremaster.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.
[*Attempts to pick them.*
Sur. [*Throws open his cloak.*] Will you, Don bawd and pick-purse? [*Strikes him down.*] How now! reel you?
Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,
I'll give you equal weight.
Sub. Help! murder!
Sur. No, sir.
There's no such thing intended: a good cart
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.
I am the Spanish Don *that should be cozened,*
Do you see, cozened! Where's your Captain Face,
That parcel-broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal?

Enter FACE *in his uniform*

Face. How, Surly!
Sur. O, make your approach, good captain.
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons
Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
'Twas here you learned t'anoint your boot with brimstone,
Then rub men's gold on't for a kind of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had changed the colour,
That you might have't for nothing. And this doctor,
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head,
And, on a turn, convey in the stead another
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst in the heat,
And fly out all *in fumio!* Then weeps Mammon;

Then swoons his worship. [FACE *slips out.*] Or, he is the Faustus,
That casteth figures and can conjure, cures
Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides,
And holds intelligence with all the bawds
And midwives of three shires: while you send in —
Captain! — what! is he gone? — damsels with child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid
With the green sickness. [*Seizes* SUBTLE *as he is retiring.*] — Nay, sir, you must tarry,
Though he be scaped; and answer by the ears, sir.

SCENE VII

SURLY, SUBTLE; *re-enter* FACE *with* KASTRIL

Face. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well, as they say, and be a true-born child:
The doctor and your sister both are abused.
Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a slave,
Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. — Are you
The man, sir, I would know?
Sur. I should be loath, sir,
To confess so much.
Kas. Then you lie in your throat.
Sur. How!
Face. [*To* KASTRIL.] A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater,
Employed here by another conjurer
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him
If he knew how.
Sur. Sir, you are abused.
Kas. You lie:
And 'tis no matter.
Face. Well said, sir! He is
The impudent'st rascal —
Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?

Face. By no means: bid him be gone.
Kas. Be gone, sir, quickly.
Sur. This is strange! — Lady, do you inform your brother.
Face. There is not such a foist in all the town,
The doctor had him presently; and finds yet
The Spanish count will come here. — [*Aside.*] Bear up, Subtle.
Sub. Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.
Face. And yet this rogue would come in a disguise,
By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!
Kas. Ay,
I know — Away, [*To his sister.*] you talk like a foolish mauther.
Sur. Sir, all is truth she says.
Face. Do not believe him, sir.
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.
Sur. You are valiant out of company!
Kas. Yes, how then, sir?

Enter DRUGGER *with a piece of damask*

Face. Nay, here's an honest fellow too that knows him,
And all his tricks. — [*Aside to* DRUG.] Make good what I say, Abel,
This cheater would have cozened thee o' the widow. —
He owes this honest Drugger here seven pound,
He has had on him in twopenny'orths of tobacco.
Drug. Yes, sir. And he has damned himself three terms to pay me.
Face. And what does he owe for lotium?
Drug. Thirty shillings, sir;
And for six syringes.
Sur. Hydra of villainy!
Face. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

Kas. I will.
— Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp.
Sur. Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valour in you; I must laugh at this.
Kas. It is my humour; you are a pimp and a trig,
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote.
Drug. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

Enter ANANIAS

Ana. Peace to the household!
Kas. I'll keep peace for no man.
Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.
Kas. Is he the constable?
Sub. Peace, Ananias.
Face. No, sir.
Kas. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very tim.
Sur. You'll hear me, sir?
Kas. I will not.
Ana. What is the motive?
Sub. Zeal in the young gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops.
Ana. They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.
Sur. New rascals!
Kas. Will you be gone, sir?
Ana. Avoid, Sathan!
Thou art not of the light! That ruff of pride
About thy neck betrays thee; and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,[n]
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts:
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in that lewd hat.
Sur. I must give way.
Kas. Be gone, sir.

Sur. But I'll take
A course with you —
Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend!
Sur. Captain and doctor —
Ana. Child of perdition!
Kas. Hence, sir! —
[*Exit* SURLY.
Did I not quarrel bravely?
Face. Yes, indeed, sir.
Kas. Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.
Face. O, you must follow sir, and threaten him tame:
He'll turn again else:
Kas. I'll re-turn him then.
[*Exit.* SUBTLE *takes* ANANIAS *aside.*
Face. Drugger, this rogue prevented us, for thee:
We had determined that thou should'st have come
In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so; and he,
A brokerly slave! goes, puts it on himself.
Hast brought the damask?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Face. Thou must borrow
A Spanish suit; hast thou no credit with the players?
Drug. Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?
Face. I know not, Nab. — [*Aside.*] thou shalt, if I can help it. —
Hieronimo's old cloak,[n] ruff, and hat will serve;
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.
[*Exit* DRUGGER.
Ana. Sir, I know
The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple. — But the holy synod
Have been in prayer and meditation for it;
And 'tis revealed no less to them than me,
That casting of money is most lawful.
Sub. True.

But here I cannot do it: if the house
Should chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be locked up in the Tower for ever,
To make gold there for the state,[n] never come out;
And then are you defeated.
Ana. I will tell
This to the elders and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the separation
May join in humble prayer again.
Sub. And fasting.
Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
Rest with these walls! [*Exit.*
Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.
Face. What did he come for?
Sub. About casting dollars,
Presently, out of hand. And so I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spy,
Against the faithful —
Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help't thee out?
Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i' faith.
Face. Who would have looked it should have been that rascal
Surly? He has dyed his beard and all. Well, sir,
Here's damask come to make you a suit.
Sub. Where's Drugger?
Face. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;
I'll be the count now.
Sub. But where's the widow?
Face. Within, with my lord's sister; Madam Dol
Is entertaining her.
Sub. By your favour, Face,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.
Face. You will not offer it?
Sub. Why?

Face. Stand to your word,
Or — here comes Dol, she knows —
Sub. You are tyrannous still.

Enter DOL *hastily*

Face. — Strict for my right. — How now, Dol!
Hast told her,
The Spanish count will come?
Dol. Yes; but another is come,
You little looked for!
Face. Who is that?
Dol. Your master;
The master of the house.
Sub. How, Dol!
Face. She lies,
This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblins, Dorothy.
Dol. Look out and see. [FACE *goes to the window.*
Sub. Art thou in earnest?
Dol. 'Slight,
Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
Face. 'Tis he, by this good day.
Dol. 'Twill prove ill day
For some on us.
Face. We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Lost, I'm afraid.
Sub. You said he would not come,
While there died one a week within the liberties.
Face. No: 'twas within the walls.
Sub. Was't so! cry you mercy.
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?
Face. Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again, and meet him,
Of Jeremy, the butler. In the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase,[n]
That we can carry in the two trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then

At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff
Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar;
We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
Prithee go heat a little water quickly;
Subtle must shave me: all my captain's beard
Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
You'll do it?

Sub. Yes, I'll shave you as well as I can.

Face. And not cut my throat, but trim me?

Sub. You shall see, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I[n]

Before LOVEWIT'S *door*

Enter LOVEWIT, *with several of the* Neighbours

Love. Has there been such resort, say you?
1 *Nei.* Daily, sir.
2 *Nei.* And nightly, too.
3 *Nei.* Ay, some as brave as lords.
4 *Nei.* Ladies and gentlewomen.
5 *Nei.* Citizens' wives.
1 *Nei.* And knights.
6 *Nei.* In coaches.
2 *Nei.* Yes, and oyster-women.
1 *Nei.* Beside other gallants.
3 *Nei.* Sailors' wives.
4 *Nei.* Tobacco-men.
5 *Nei.* Another Pimlico![n]
Love. What should my knave advance,
To draw this company? he hung out no banners
Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
Or a huge lobster with six claws?
6 *Nei.* No, sir.
3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, sir.
Love. He has no gift
Of teaching in the nose[n] that e'er I knew of.
You saw no bills set up that promised cure
Of agues, or the toothache?

2 *Nei.* No such thing, sir!
Love. Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or puppets?[n]
5 *Nei.* Neither, sir.
Love. What device should he bring forth now?
I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment:
'Pray God he have not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding!
I left him nothing else. If he have eat them,
A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got
Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging;[n]
The friar and the nun; or the new motion
Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare;
The boy of six year old with the great thing;
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run a tilt
Upon a table, or some dog to dance.
When saw you him?
1 *Nei.* Who, sir, Jeremy?
2 *Nei.* Jeremy butler?
We saw him not this month.
Love. How!
4 *Nei.* Not these five weeks, sir.
6 *Nei.* These six weeks at the least.
Love. You amaze me, neighbours!
5 *Nei.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
He's slipped away.
6 *Nei.* Pray God he be not made away.
Love. Ha! it's no time to question, then.
[*Knocks at the door.*
6 *Nei.* About
Some three weeks since I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up a mending my wife's stockings.
Love. 'Tis strange that none will answer! Did'st thou hear
A cry, sayst thou?
6 *Nei.* Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

2 *Nei.* I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock
Next morning.
Love. These be miracles, or you make them so!
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry?
3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, sir.
Love. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee,
What trade art thou on?
3 *Nei.* A smith, an't please your worship.
Love. A smith! then lend me thy help to get this door open.
3 *Nei.* That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools — [*Exit.*
1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again afore you break it.

SCENE II

LOVEWIT *and* Neighbours

Love. [*Knocks again.*] I will.

Enter FACE *in his butler's livery*

Face. What mean you, sir?
1, 2, 4, *Nei.* O, here's Jeremy!
Face. Good sir, come from the door.
Love. Why, what's the matter?
Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet.[n]
Love. In the name of wonder,
What means the fellow!
Face. The house, sir, has been visited.
Love. What, with the plague? stand thou then farther.
Face. No, sir,
I had it not.
Love. Who had it then? I left
None else but thee in the house.
Face. Yes, sir, my fellow,

The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her
A week before I spied it; but I got her
Conveyed away in the night: and so I shut
The house up for a month —
Love. How!
Face. Purposing then, sir,
To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,
And have made it sweet, that you should ne'er have known it;
Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.
Love. Breathe less, and farther off! Why this is stranger:
The neighbours tell me all here that the doors
Have still been open —
Face. How, sir!
Love. Gallants, men and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.[n]
Face. Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so.
Love. To-day they speak
Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood
Went in, they tell me; and another was seen
In a velvet gown at the window: divers more
Pass in and out.
Face. They did pass through the doors then,
Or walls, I assure their eyesights, and their spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days:
And for before, I kept the fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep in the afternoon,
I should believe my neighbours had seen double
Through the black-pot, and made these apparitions!
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks

And upwards, the door has not been opened.
Love. Strange!
1 *Nei.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach.
2 *Nei.* And I too,
I'd have been sworn.
Love. Do you but think it now?
And but one coach?
4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, sir; Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.
Face. Did you see me at all?
1 *Nei.* No; that we are sure on.
2 *Nei.* I'll be sworn o' that.
Love. Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

Re-enter third Neighbour, *with his tools*

3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come!
1 *Nei.* O yes; you may leave your tools;
We were deceived, he says.
2 *Nei.* He has had the keys;
And the door has been shut these three weeks.
3 *Nei.* Like enough.
Love. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.
Face. [*Aside.*] Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted! they'll tell all.
How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

Scene III

Lovewit, Face, *and* Neighbours; *enter* Surly *and* Mammon

Sur. No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel!
You knew the lord and his sister.

Mam. Nay, good Surly. —
Sur. The happy word, BE RICH —
Mam. Play not the tyrant. —
Sur. Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now? and your brass pots,
That should have been golden flagons, and great wedges?
Mam. Let me but breathe. What, they have shut their doors,
Methinks!
Sur. Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.
Mam. Rogues, [*He and* SURLY *knock.*
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!
Face. What mean you, sir? 10
Mam. To enter if we can.
Face. Another man's house?
Here is the owner, sir; turn you to him,
And speak your business.
Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?
Love. Yes, sir.
Mam. And are those knaves within your cheaters!
Love. What knaves, what cheaters?
Mam. Subtle and his Lungs.
Face. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs,
Nor lights have been seen here these three weeks, sir,
Within these doors, upon my word.
Sur. Your word,
Groom arrogant!
Face. Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper,
And know the keys have not been out of my hands. 20
Sur. This is a new Face.
Face. You do mistake the house, sir:
What sign was't at? [n]
Sur. You rascal! this is one
Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.

Love. Pray you stay, gentlemen.
Sur. No, sir, we'll come with warrant.
Mam. Ay, and then
We shall have your doors open.
[*Exeunt* MAM. *and* SUR.
Love. What means this?
Face. I cannot tell, sir.
1 *Nei.* These are two of the gallants
That we do think we saw.
Face. Two of the fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has crazed 'em all. — [*Aside.*] O me,

Enter KASTRIL

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betrayed us all.
Kas. [*Knocking.*] What rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the door, anon!
Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore
To keep your castle —
Face. Who would you speak with, sir?
Kas. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain,
And puss my suster.
Love. This is something, sure.
Face. Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.
Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,
By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.
Love. Here comes another.

Enter ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION

Face. Ananias, too!
And his pastor!
Tri. [*Beating at the door.*] The doors are shut against us.

Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire!
Your stench it is broke forth; abomination
Is in the house.
Kas. Ay, my suster's there.
Ana. The place,
It is become a cage of unclean birds.
Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.
Tri. You shall do well.
Ana. We'll join to weed them out.
Kas. You will not come then, punk devise,[n] my suster!
Ana. Call her not sister; she's a harlot verily.
Kas. I'll raise the street.
Love. Good gentlemen, a word.
Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!
[*Exeunt* ANA., TRI., *and* KAS.
Love. The world's turned Bethlem.
Face. These are all broke loose,
Out of St. Katherine's,[n] where they use to keep
The better sort of mad-folks.
1 *Nei.* All these persons
We saw go in and out there.
2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, sir.
3 *Nei.* These were the parties.
Face. Peace, you drunkards! Sir,
I wonder at it: please you to give me leave
To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be changed.
Love. It amazes me!
Face. [*Goes to the door.*] Good faith, sir, I believe
There's no such thing: 'tis all *deceptio visus.* —
[*Aside.*] Would I could get him away.
Dap. [*Within.*] Master captain! master doctor!
Love. Who's that?
Face. [*Aside.*] Our clerk within, that I forgot! — I know not, sir.
Dap. [*Within.*] For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?

Face. Ha!
Illusions, some spirit o' the air! — [*Aside.*] His gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat.
Dap. [*Within.*] I am almost stifled —
Face. [*Aside.*] Would you were altogether.
Love. 'Tis in the house. Ha! list.
Face. Believe it, sir, in the air.
Love. Peace, you.
Dap. [*Within.*] Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.
Sub. [*Within.*] You fool, Peace, you'll mar all.
Face. [*Speaks through the keyhole, while* LOVEWIT *advances to the door unobserved.*] Or you will else, you rogue.
Love. O, is it so? then you converse with spirits! — Come, sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy.
The truth, the shortest way.
Face. Dismiss this rabble, sir. — [*Aside.*] What shall I do? I am catched.
Love. Good neighbours, I thank you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt* Neighbours.] — Come, sir,
You know that I am an indulgent master;
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine,
To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?
Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit — But here's no place to talk on't in the street.
Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
And only pardon me the abuse of your house:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompense, that you shall give me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak:

I have her within. You need not fear the house:
It was not visited.
Love. But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected.
Face. It is true, sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
Love. Well: let's see your widow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A Room in the same

Enter SUBTLE, *leading in* DAPPER, *with his eyes bound as before*

Sub. How! have you eaten your gag?
Dap. Yes, faith, it crumbled
Away in my mouth.
Sub. You have spoiled all then.
Dap. No!
I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.
Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth
You were to blame.
Dap. The fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to stay my stomach. Pray you
So satisfy her grace.

Enter FACE *in his uniform*

Here comes the captain.
Face. How now! is his mouth down?
Sub. Ay, he has spoken!
Face. A pox, I heard him, and you too. He's undone then. —
I have been fain to say, the house is haunted
With spirits, to keep churl back.
Sub. And hast thou done it?

Face. Sure, for this night.
Sub. Why, then triumph, and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.
Face. Did you not hear the coil
About the door?
Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.
Face. Show him his aunt, and let him be dispatched:
I'll send her to you. [*Exit* FACE.
Sub. Well, sir, your aunt her grace
Will give you audience presently, on my suit,
And the captain's word that you did not eat your gag
In any contempt of her highness. [*Unbinds his eyes.*
Dap. Not I, in troth, sir.

Enter DOL *like the Queen of Fairy*

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle:
She has a stately presence. [DAPPER *kneels and shuffles towards her.*] Good! Yet nearer,
And bid, God save you!
Dap. Madam!
Sub. And your aunt.
Dap. And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you;
But that sweet face of yours hath turned the tide,
And made it flow with joy, that ebbed of love.
Arise, and touch our velvet gown.
Sub. The skirts,
And kiss 'em. So!
Dol. Let me now stroke that head.
Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou spend;
Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend.

Sub. [*Aside.*] Ay, much! indeed. — Why do you not thank her grace?
Dap. I cannot speak for joy.
Sub. See, the kind wretch!
Your grace's kinsman right.
Dol. Give me the bird.
Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin;
Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night
On your right wrist —
Sub. Open a vein with a pin,
And let it suck but once a week; [n] till then,
You must not look on't.
Dol. No: and, kinsman,
Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.
Sub. Her grace would have you eat no more Wool-sack [n] pies,
Nor Dagger frume'ty.
Dol. Nor break his fast
In Heaven and Hell.
Sub. She's with you everywhere!
Nor play with costermongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip,
God make you rich; [n] (when as your aunt has done it;) but keep
The gallant'st company, and the best games —
Dap. Yes, sir.
Sub. Gleek and primero: [n] and what you get, be true to us.
Dap. By this hand, I will.
Sub. You may bring's a thousand pound
Before to-morrow night, (if but three thousand,
Be stirring) an you will.
Dap. I swear I will then.
Sub. Your fly will learn you all games.
Face. [*Within.*] Have you done there?
Sub. Your grace will command him no more duties?
Dol. No:
But come, and see me often. I may chance

To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,
And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,
If he game well and comely with good gamesters.
Sub. There's a kind aunt: kiss her departing part. —
But you must sell your forty mark a year now.
Dap. Ay, sir, I mean.
Sub. Or, give 't away; pox on't!
Dap. I'll give 't mine aunt: I'll go and fetch the writings. [*Exit.*
Sub. 'Tis well, away.

Re-enter FACE

Face. Where's Subtle?
Sub. Here: what news?
Face. Drugger is at the door, go take his suit,
And bid him fetch a parson presently:
Say he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend
A hundred pound by the service! [*Exit* SUBTLE.] Now, Queen Dol,
Have you packed up all?
Dol. Yes.
Face. And how do you like
The Lady Pliant?
Dol. A good dull innocent.

Re-enter SUBTLE

Sub. Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.
Face. Give me them.
Sub. And the ruff too?
Face. Yes; I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*
Sub. Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.
Dol. 'Tis direct
Against our articles.
Sub. Well, we will fit him, wench.

Hast thou gulled her of her jewels or her bracelets?
Dol. No; but I will do 't.
Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipped, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff; [n] we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word,
And take our leaves of this o'erweening rascal,
This peremptory Face.
Dol. Content, I'm weary of him.
Sub. Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiving,
Dol,
Against the instrument that was drawn between us.
Dol. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.
Sub. Yes, tell her
She must by any means address some present
To the cunning-man, make him amend for wronging
His art with her suspicion; send a ring,
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else
Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou?
Dol. Yes.
Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,
My bird o' the night! we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,[n]
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine.
[*They kiss.*

Re-enter FACE

Face. What now! a billing?
Sub. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.
Face. Drugger has brought his parson; take him in, Subtle,
And send Nab back again to wash his face.
Sub. I will: and shave himself? [*Exit.*
Face. If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!
Face. A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by.

Re-enter SUBTLE

Is he gone?
Sub. The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir.
Face. I'll go bestow him. [*Exit.*
Dol. He'll now marry her instantly.
Sub. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,
Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

Re-enter FACE

Face. Come, my venturers,
You have packed up all? where be the trunks? bring forth.
Sub. Here.
Face. Let us see them. Where's the money?
Sub. Here,
In this.
Face. Mammon's ten pound; eight score before:
The brethren's money this. Drugger's and Dapper's.
What paper's that?
Dol. The jewel of the waiting maid's,
That stole it from her lady, to know certain —
Face. If she should have precedence of her mistress?
Dol. Yes.
Face. What box is that?
Sub. The fish-wives' rings, I think,
And the ale-wives' single money. Is't not, Dol?
Dol. Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's wife
Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward.[n]

Face. We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver beakers
And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats
And girdles and hangers?
Sub. Here, in the trunk,
And the bolts of lawn.
Face. Is Drugger's damask there,
And the tobacco?
Sub. Yes.
Face. Give me the keys.
Dol. Why you the keys?
Sub. No matter, Dol; because
We shall not open them before he comes.
Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed;
Nor have them forth, do you see? not forth, Dol.
Dol. No!
Face. No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my master
Knows all, has pardoned me, and he will keep them;
Doctor, 'tis true — you look [n] — for all your figures:
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he and she be satisfied; for here
Determines the indenture tripartite
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do
Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side,
Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.
Here will be officers presently, bethink you
Of some course suddenly to scape the dock; [n]
For thither you will come else. [*Loud knocking.*] Hark you, thunder.
Sub. You are a precious fiend!
Offi. [*Without.*] Open the door.
Face. Dol, I am sorry for thee i' faith; but hearst thou?
It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt have my letter to Mistress Amo —
Dol. Hang you!
Face. Or Madam Cæsarean.

Dol. Pox upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee!
Face. Subtle,
Let's know where you set up next; I will send you
A customer now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new course have you?
Sub. Rogue, I'll hang myself;
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee in the flock-bed and the buttery.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

An outer Room in the same

Enter LOVEWIT *in the Spanish dress, with the* Parson. *Loud knocking at the door*

Love. What do you mean, my masters?
Mam. [*Without.*] Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.
Offi. [*Without.*] Or we will break it open.
Love. What warrant have you?
Offi. [*Without.*] Warrant enough, sir, doubt not,
If you'll not open it.
Love. Is there an officer there?
Offi. [*Without.*] Yes, two or three for failing.[n]
Love. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

Enter FACE, *as butler*

Face. Sir, have you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect?
Love. Yes, my brain.
Face. Off with your ruff and cloak then: be yourself,
sir.

Sur. [*Without.*] Down with the door.
Kas. [*Without.*] 'Slight, ding it open.
Love. [*Opening the door.*] Hold.
Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, *and* Officers *rush in*

Mam. Where is this collier?
Sur. And my Captain Face?
Mam. These day-owls.
Sur. That are birding in men's purses.
Mam. Madam Suppository.
Kas. Doxy, my suster.
Ana. Locusts
Of the foul pit.
Tri. Profane as Bel and the Dragon.
Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.
Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence?
1 *Offi.* Keep the peace.
Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? whom do you seek?
Mam. The chemical cozener.
Sur. And the captain pander.
Kas. The nun my suster.
Mam. Madam Rabbi.
Ana. Scorpions,
And caterpillars.
Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.
2 *Offi.* One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By virtue of my staff.
Ana. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.[n]
Love. Good zeal, lie still
A little while.

Tri. Peace, Deacon Ananias.

Love. The house is mine here, and the doors are open;
If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name.
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true,
It somewhat mazed me; till my man here, fearing
My more displeasure, told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike presuming on my known aversion
From any air o' the town while there was sickness),
To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not.

Mam. Are they gone?

Love. You may go in and search, sir. [MAM., ANA., *and* TRIB. *go in.*] Here, I find
The empty walls worse than I left them, smoked,
A few cracked pots, and glasses, and a furnace;
The ceiling filled with poesies of the candle,
And madam with a dildo writ o' the walls:
Only one gentlewoman I met here,
That is within, that said she was a widow —

Kas. Ay, that's my suster; I'll go thump her. Where is she? [*Goes in.*

Love. And should have married a Spanish count, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

Sur. How! have I lost her then?

Love. Were you the Don, sir?
Good faith, now she does blame you extremely, and says
You swore, and told her you had taken the pains
To dye your beard, and umber o'er your face,
Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love:
And then did nothing. What an oversight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this!

Well fare an old harquebusier yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling!

Re-enter MAMMON

Mam. The whole nest are fled!
Love. What sort of birds were they?
Mam. A kind of choughs,
Or thievish daws, sir, that have picked my purse
Of eight score and ten pounds within these five weeks,
Beside my first materials; and my goods,
That lie in the cellar, which I am glad they have left,
I may have home yet.
Love. Think you so, sir?
Mam. Ay.
Love. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.
Mam. Not mine own stuff!
Love. Sir, I can take no knowledge
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate that you were gulled of them,
Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather lose them.
Love. That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth: upon these terms, they are yours.
What should they have been, sir, turned into gold, all?
Mam. No.
I cannot tell — It may be they should — What then?
Love. What a great loss in hope have you sustained!
Mam. Not I, the commonwealth has.
Face. Ay, he would have built
The city new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have run with cream from Hogsden;
That every Sunday in Moorfields the younkers,
And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.

Mam. I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
The end of the world within these two months. Surly,
What! in a dream?
Sur. Must I needs cheat myself,
With that same foolish vice of honesty!
Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues:
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
Face. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word
Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were strangers
To me, I thought them honest as myself, sir.
[*Exeunt* MAM. *and* SUR.

Re-enter ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION

Tri. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go
And get some carts —
Love. For what, my zealous friends?
Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous,
Out of this den of thieves.
Love. What is that portion?
Ana. The goods sometimes the orphans', that the brethren
Bought with their silver pence.
Love. What, those in the cellar,
The knight Sir Mammon claims?
Ana. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren,
Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? were not the shillings numbered
That made the pounds; were not the pounds told out
Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten?
Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you;

But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.
Ana. Sir!
Tri. Be patient, Ananias.
Ana. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against a host
That threaten Gad in exile.
Love. I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.
Ana. I will pray there,
Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage!
[*Exeunt* ANA. *and* TRIB.

Enter DRUGGER

Love. Another too?
Drug. Not I, sir, I am no brother.
Love. [*Beats him.*] Away, you Harry Nicholas![n] do you talk? [*Exit* DRUG.
Face. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, go,
[*To the* Parson.
And satisfy him; tell him all is done:
He stayed too long a washing of his face.
The doctor, he shall hear of him at Westchester;
And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or
Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.
[*Exit* Parson.
If you can get off the angry child now, sir —

Enter KASTRIL, *dragging in his sister*

Kas. Come on, you ewe, you have matched most sweetly, have you not?
Did not I say, I would never have you tupped
But by a dubbed boy, to make you a lady-tom?

'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse you now.
Death, mun' you marry with a pox!
Love. You lie, boy!
As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.
Kas. Anon!
Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you, sirrah;
Why do you not buckle to your tools?
Kas. Od's light,
This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!
Love. What, do you change your copy now? proceed,
Here stands my dove: stoop at her if you dare.
Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i' faith,
An I should be hanged for't! Suster, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.
Love. O, do you so, sir?
Kas. Yes, and thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage,
Than her own state.
Love. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.
Face. Yes; but go in and take it, sir.
Love. We will —
I will be ruled by thee in anything, Jeremy.
Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art a jovy boy!
Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.
Love. Whiff in with you sister, brother boy. [*Exeunt* KAS. *and* Dame P.] That master
That had received such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,
And help his fortune, though with some small strain
Of his own candour. [*Advancing.*] "Therefore, gentlemen,

And kind spectators, if I have outstripped
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife and a good brain may do;
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thyself, knave."

Face. "So I will, sir. [*Advancing to the front of the stage.*] Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myself
On you, that are my country: and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests." [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

Figures in black type refer to pages; those in light face to lines.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

30. To . . . Master Camden, Clarencieux. This dedication was first published in the folio edition of 1616. Camden was one of Jonson's masters at Westminster School. In 1597 he was appointed to the office of Clarencieux King-of-arms. Jonson seems to have had a most affectionate regard for Camden. Cf. *Epigram XIV:*

> " Camden, most reverend head to whom I owe
> All that I am in arts, and all I know."

31. Prologue. The prologue, too, first appeared in the folio volume of 1616. It is full of thrusts at the crude dramatic methods of Jonson's contemporaries to secure realism on the stage. See ll. 15–19. — 11. **Fight over York, and Lancaster's long jars,** and **chorus wafts you o'er the seas** (l. 15). These, it has been supposed, are shafts aimed at Shakespeare's *Henry VI* plays and *Henry V*. In view of the fact that Shakespeare played a part in *Every Man in his Humour*, the supposition seems gratuitous.

32. Dramatis Personæ. Shakespeare's name appears in the list of actors printed after the *dramatis personæ* prefixed to *Every Man in his Humour* in the folio of Jonson's works, 1616. The circumstance that his name heads the list of actors, " Kno'well, an old Gentleman," the list of characters, does not prove that Shakespeare acted that part. — **a Paul's Man.** A lounger about St. Paul's Cathedral.

34: 32. **book . . . of hawking and hunting.** There were innumerable treatises on the subject to be had at any stall. Among the better known was Humphrey Lownd's *The Gentleman's Academie*, 1595.

35: 47. **Hogsden**, or Hoxton. A manor belonging to the Cathedral of St. Paul, whose property it still is. It lay to the

north of the Shoreditch end of the Old Street Road and west of Kingsland Road. In Hogsden Field Ben Jonson killed in a duel Gabriel Spencer, the player. — 48. **archers of Finsbury.** Finsbury Manor, North of Moorfields, was in 1498 converted into an archery practice ground. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, III. i. 257: "As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury." — 49. **Islington ponds.** An extensive suburban parish, extending north from Clerkenwell to Highgate and Hornsey, and west from Shoreditch to St. Pancras.

37: 56. **Old Jewry.** A section in the heart of the old city, formerly the Jew's quarter. Here equivalent to the American slang "tenderloin."

38: 84. **Turkey company.** The Levant or Turkey Company was incorporated by Queen Elizabeth in 1579. — 92. **Guildhall verdict.** An exorbitant verdict: Guildhall was, as it remains, the seat of the government of the city of London. — 93. **the Windmill.** Situated at the corner of Old Jewry towards Lothbury, it had served at various times as a Jewish synagogue, a friars' home, the private residence of several mayors, and finally as a tavern. — 94. **the Bordello . . . The Spittle, or Pict-hatch** (l. 95). Bordello was a brothel; the Spittle, a hospital for the insane; Pict-hatch was a notorious resort of prostitutes and pickpockets situated in Turnmill or Tremill-street near Clerkenwell Green. Cf. *Merry Wives*, II. ii. 19.

39: 106. **the Hesperian dragon.** *I.e.* Ladon, the serpent that guarded the apples of the Hesperides and was slain by Hercules.

41: 26. **Scanderbag rogue.** Scanderbeg is the name which the Turks (in allusion to Alexander the Great) gave to the brave Castriot, Chief of Albania, with whom they had continued wars. (Gifford.)

42: 62. **John Trundle.** A well-known printer of the day. He lived, according to Gifford, at the sign of the "Nobody" in Barbican.

43: 110. **a tankard-bearer at a conduit.** Before the New River was brought to London, the city received its water supply from conduits. From these it was conveyed by a regular class of men called tankard-bearers, or in some cases by servants and apprentices, to the citizens' houses. (Gifford.) — 115. **again' a good time.** *I.e.* the time of festival arriving, when one would

naturally polish up the pewter. — 121. **Drake's old ship at Deptford.** After Drake's circumnavigation of the globe in 1577–1579, his ship, *The Golden Hind*, was laid up at Deptford, where it remained for many years an object of great curiosity.

44: 13. **herring, the king of fish.** Cf. Nash's *Lenten Stuffe*. A quarrel arose between the "land fowls and the fishes," and the latter gathered "to elect a King that might lead them into battle." Of the competitors "none woone the day but the herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages, etc., saluted with Vive le roy! God save the King! — and from that time to this he hath gone abroad with an army, and never stirs without it."

45: 52. **ne'er cast better.** A play on the word *cast* (to throw dice) and *to be cast*, to be drunk.

46: 56. **swallowed a tavern-token.** *I.e.* got drunk. A token was a piece of brass or copper stamped with a tradesman's name, which was used in a scarcity of small money like the modern beer-check. It's value was about a farthing. — 64. **Brazen-head.** An allusion to the speaking head of brass constructed by Friar [Roger] Bacon. Cf. Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*. — 71. **flout him invincibly.** Make sport of him outrageously. — 72. **He useth every day to a merchant's house.** He is accustomed to come to, etc.

47: 92. **the next action.** *I.e.* the next term time. — 93. **up-tails all.** Glasses upside down, *i.e.* drained.

48: 48. "**Go by, Hieronymo.**" A phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* that passed into current slang. — 58. "**O eyes, no eyes. . . .**" See Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, III. In the lines below (**49**: 67) "*To thee, the purest object to my sense*, etc." Jonson ridicules the love-poetry of his contemporary, Samuel Daniel, for whom the character of Master Matthew was meant.

50: 115. **dependence, warranted by the great Caranza.** *Dependence* meant the ground or cause of quarrel. Joseph Caranza, a Spaniard, was the author of a book on duelling, translated as *The Philosophy of Arms*, 1569.

51: 139. **disorder your point.** *I.e.* you do not hold your sword steadily, wherefore the point wavers.

52: 174. **the Corydon his brother.** Meaning Down-right, who was half-brother to Well-bred. (Whalley.)

53: 10. **the Exchange.** Built in 1608, it became a resort of fashion with its rows of millinery and seamstress shops. —

15. **the Hospital.** *I.e.* at Christ's Hospital, whither the foundlings taken up in the city were sent for maintenance and education. (Gifford.)

55: 66. **a cracked three-farthings.** The three-farthing pieces struck in 1561 were of silver, and being thin were readily cracked. — 74. **claps his dish.** An allusion to the custom of lepers and other diseased poor presenting for alms a wooden dish with a moveable cover, whose clapping gave notice of their condition.

57: 27. **Garagantua breech.** Gargantua, a giant of Rabelais.

59: 38. **good muss.** *I.e.* mouse, a common term of endearment.

61: 9. **dry-foot.** A term from the chase meaning to follow the game by scent of the foot. Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, IV. ii. 39: "A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well." — 13. **blue waiters.** Waiting men were clothed in blue coats. There is an equivoque on the word *waiter*, a servant, and one who awaits a new master. — 14. **wear motley.** Be a fool.

63: 94. **Higginbottom.** An allusion to a contemporary bravo now lost.

65: 51. **Neither have I,** etc. Cf. Juvenal, *Satura XIV.*

66: 89. **it shall not be given, etc.** In the course of time he should receive some recompense or other for his gift. It should not be given without any hope of return. (Whalley.)

68: 143. **cassock, or a musket-rest.** A *cassock* is a soldier's loose outer coat. The *musket-rest* was usually of some tough wood with iron pikes in the lower end to be fixed in the ground, and half hoops of iron above to rest the musket on. When in disuse it was hung from the arm by means of straps or strings, and trailed. — 144. **Mile-end.** In the parish of Stepney, east of Whitechapel, was the training-ground for the city bands.

69: 13. "**faces about.**" *I.e.* right about face.

70: 26. **Apollo and the mad Thespian girls.** From the vicinity of Thespiæ to Mount Helicon the Muses were called Thespiades. Apollo, as god of song and music, led the choir of the Muses.

72: 117. **Strigonium.** Gran, a town in Hungary on the right bank of the Danube twenty-five miles northwest of Budapest. It was taken by the Turks in 1597.

73: 159. **Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana.** The names of blades famous in romance. Morglay was the sword of Bevis of Southampton, Durindana of Orlando, and Excalibur of the renowned King Arthur. (Whalley.) — 162. **a Toledo . . . A Fleming** (l. 168). Swords so called from their places of manufacture. A Toledo blade was as famous as the swords made in the Low Countries were cheap and common. Cf. II. iv. 86.

74: 174. **provant rapier.** *Provant* means provisions, arms, ammunition. Here, a rapier supplied to the soldiers from the magazines of the army. (Gifford.) — 184. **coney-catching rascal.** "A conie-catcher, a name given to deceivers, by a metaphor taken from those that rob warrens, and conie grounds, using all means, sleights, and cunning to deceive them, as pitching of haies before their holes, fetching them in by tumblers, etc." (Minsh. Dict. 1617.)

76: 54. **Coleman Street.** It ran from Lothbury to Fore Street, Cripplegate.

77: 22. **of too good caract.** *I.e.* of too fine a quality.

78: 36. **these little caps.** Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. iii. 64–70:

> "*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
> A velvet dish; — fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy;
> Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,
> A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
> Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
> *Kath.* . . . gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

— 38. **three-piled.** *I.e.* of the richest, strongest quality. — 44. **Exchange-time.** The quarto, Gifford notes, has here "ten o'clock." — 59. **no man o' the earth to Thomas.** *I.e.* comparable with him.

80: 108. **not taken lawfully.** Compare *3 Henry VI*, I. ii. 22–24:

> "*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took
> Before a true and lawful magistrate,
> That hath authority over him that swears."

82: 38. **Sir Bevis his horse.** Arundel by name and as celebrated as his master.

83: 57. **King Cophetua.** Who took a beggar maiden to wife. The ballad was popular in Jonson's day. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*,

II. i. 14. — 63. **some fishmonger's son do not make of 'hem.** For the support and encouragement of the fishing towns in the time of Queen Elizabeth, Wednesdays and Fridays were constantly observed as fast days, or days of abstinence from flesh. (Whalley.)

84: 9. **joined patten with.** Kept step with. — 12. **gentlemen of the round.** Soldiers of inferior rank, many of whom when disbanded took to begging as a means of livelihood. The duty of these gentlemen was to visit the sentinels, watches, and advanced guards; and from their office of going their rounds, they derive their name. — 17. **shove-groat shilling.** Old shillings of Edward VI used in the game of shovel-board or shove-groat. Cf. *Merry Wives*, I. i. 159.

85: 59. **for taking the wall of his horse.** *I.e.* to show his horse a discourtesy by making him walk next to the kennel or gutter. — 71. **Trinidado.** The finest tobacco was supposed to come from the island of Trinidad.

86: 86. **St. John's wort.** This wort (*hypericum perforatum*) was much used for gargles and lotions. It was supposed to be especially efficacious if gathered on St. John the Baptist's day. — 87. **Nicotian.** A brand of tobacco introduced into France in 1560 by Nicot, the French lexicographer.

87: 115. **ratsbane, or rosaker.** Preparations of bichloride of mercury.

88: 151. **artillery-garden.** The parade ground for the Honourable Artillery Company of the City of London. It lay between the west side of Finsbury Square and Bunhill Row. With the decay of the Company it was reserved for the practice grounds of the Tower.

90: 34. **fitter for Bridewell.** The city house of correction on the Thames, west of Blackfriars. — 44. **eggs on the spit.** An old expression meaning "to be busy." Cf. "to have irons in the fire."

91: 11. **Green Lattice.** The windows of alehouses, in Jonson's day, were furnished with lattices of various colours. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, II. ii. 85:

"*Page.* A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice."

— 11. **scot and lot.** A parish assessment laid on subjects according to their ability. — 32. **twelve-month and a day.** The period of time required in the construction of the common law,

to determine on the cause of the death of a man bruised or wounded by another. (Gifford.)

93: 78. **fear the knave.** *I.e.* terrify or frighten him.

96: 46. **Hero and Leander.** Sestiads I and II of this narrative poem were written by Marlowe and printed in 1593. It was completed by Chapman and first published in 1598. Matthew has not quoted the lines correctly, by which Jonson probably meant Daniel changed slightly the lines he stole from others.

97: 93. **vied and revied.** *To vie* was to hazard, to put down a certain sum upon cards; *to revie* was to cover it with a larger sum, by which the challenged became the challenger and was to be revied in his turn, with a proportionate increase in stakes. This play continued until one player either gave up or obtained, for a stipulated sum, a discovery of his antagonists' cards, when the best hand swept the table. (Gifford.)

98: 99. **begged else shortly for a concealment.** Alluding to the practice in Queen Elizabeth's time of begging lands, which had formerly belonged to the religious orders. (Gifford.)

101: 17. **that foist, that fencing Burgullion.** *Foist* was a cant term for a cut-purse; *Burgullion* or *Burgonian* means a bully, a braggadocio. (Gifford.)

104: 33. **they seemed men.** The voices he heard without proved to be men when he entered.

105: 55. **Yes! — invisible? Much wench, or much son!** "You will have him invisible," *i.e.* not at all. *Much*, Gifford says, is an ironical exclamation for little or none.

106: 15. **O, it must be done like lightning, hay!** *I.e.* a hit! from the Italian *hai*, you have it. (Gifford.)

107: 44. **a more instance.** *I.e.* a greater instance. Cf. *King John*, II. i. 34:

> "To make a more requital of your love."

— 48. **Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch.** Familiar low quarters and precincts of London. Turnbull street was between Clerkenwell Green and Cow Cross; Whitechapel was a parish lying east of Aldgate, inhabited largely by the poorer commercial classes; Shoreditch, a manor and populous parish at the northeast end of London.

108: 92. **twenty score, that's two hundred.** Four hundred? Bobadill, Gifford remarks, is too much of a borrower to be an accurate reckoner.

110: 139. **" control the point."** To bear or beat it down.

117: 43. **Not a cross.** *I.e.* without a penny. The old penny, says Gifford, formerly had a double cross with a crest stamped on it. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. iv. 11–14: " I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse."

121: 6. **of a mace.** The mace is still an important symbol of high office. It is borne in and out before the speaker in the House of Commons, and lies on the table before him, during session, as a symbol of authority. Here there is possibly a comparison between a bailiff's club and a sceptre.

122: 46. **make the justice.** *I.e.* prepare or acquaint him.

126: 29. **Set by this picture.** Let this semblance of valour (Bobadill) stand aside.

127: 19. **speak in passion so.** *I.e.* so pathetically, in so melancholy a tone.

132: 23. **Unto the boundless ocean**, etc. A parody of the first stanza of Daniel's *Sonnet to Delia*. In almost all the scenes, ten in number, in which Matthew (Daniel) appears, he is held up to ridicule.

133: 56. **Here's a third.** *I.e.* Formal in Brain-worm's armour.

VOLPONE

139. The Argument is an imitation, according to Whalley, of the type of acrostical argument which the later grammarians prefixed to the plays of Plautus. — **Each tempts the other again.** Attempts to deceive the other.

139: 10. **All he writes is railing.** Jonson, a little while before the writing of this prologue, had been engaged in the " war of the theatres."

140: 14. **To this . . . feature.** The meaning becomes evident when we remember the Latin significance of the words *creature* (creation) and *feature*. Jonson's statement that this play was " two months since " not in existence is sufficient contradiction of the report that the author spent a year in writing a drama. — 15. **to mend it.** To improve it. — 21. **Nor quaking custards . . . affrighted.** The reference is to certain burlesque representations of the Lord Mayor's feasts, at which huge custards were exhibited and various tricks per-

formed of the type hinted at in the text. — 23. **Nor hales he . . . ends reciting.** "Ends" are fragmentary phrases taken from other plays. Pistol in *Henry V* is an excellent example of a gull who recites "old ends." — 26. **make Bethlem a faction.** Add to the uproarious dissension already existing in Bethlem (Bedlam), the famous hospital for the insane. — 31. **The laws of time, place, persons.** *I.e.* the unities. Jonson's theory of the drama was essentially classical, although he admitted the need of its adaptation to English conditions.

141: 2 — **142**: 27. **Open the shrine . . . wise.** This speech is closely related to passages in Euripides and in Horace. Many such parallels exist in *Volpone*. Those who are interested will do well to consult Gifford's edition of Jonson.

142: 20. **They should have given her . . . Cupids.** The poets should have done this in order to make Venus comparable to riches, for the power of riches to create love is so much greater than hers. — 29. **Riches are . . . in nature.** Riches depend upon fortune, often personified by Elizabethan writers; wisdom depends upon the fates or birth (nature). — 43. **A melting heir . . . pills of butter.** "Soft prodigals" and "melting heirs" are those who have a great deal of money to spend, or who have come suddenly into a fortune. The love of the Dutch for greasy dishes was proverbial in Elizabethan English.

143: 68. **they are envious term.** Supply "who" after *envious*. In Elizabethan English the relative pronoun is often omitted. — 71. **cocker up my genius.** Pamper my natural inclinations. — 82. **engross me whole.** Take all I have. — 88. **still bearing them in hand.** Ever deceiving them by flattering their hopes.

144: 93. **university show.** Such shows and masks as the universities gave for the entertainment of the king. The satirical dialogue given here is very closely modelled upon Lucian's dialogue between Micyllus and the cock, many of the transformations of the soul of Pythagoras being identical in both. — 97. **Pythagoras.** A famous Greek philosopher, born about 581 B.C., one of the earliest exponents of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. — 100. **Mercurius his son.** *His* was frequently used in place of the Anglo-Saxon form of the genitive. — 103. **Euphorbus.** One of the bravest of the Trojan warriors. "Goldy-locked" is the Homeric epithet applied to Euphorbus. — 104. **the cuckold of Sparta.** Menelaus. —

105. **Hermotimus.** A philosopher of the Ionian school, whose soul was said to have the power of leaving his body and visiting distant places. — 105. **charta.** The list of transmigrations which Nano holds in his hand, it being much too long to remember. — 110. **Aspasia.** The famous mistress of Pericles. — 112. **itself.** The soul which is going through these various changes. — 115. **the cobbler's cock.** The cock of Lucian's dialogue.

145: 117. **Or his one . . . BY QUATER!** "The great oath or tetractys," says Upton, "is mentioned in the *Golden Verses*, by one of the scholars of Pythagoras." — 118. **His musics . . . golden thigh.** Tradition makes Pythagoras the discoverer of the arithmetical values of the musical scale and of the well-known geometrical proposition concerning the square erected on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle (trigon). The "golden thigh" is one of the characteristics which Lucian attributes to Pythagoras. — 122. **Like one of the reformed.** *I.e.* a Puritan. Jonson constantly ridicules the Puritans. He had embraced Roman Catholicism when a young man and in prison, but by the time of the writing of *Volpone* had come back to the faith of the Church of England. — 124. **thine own forbid meats.** The mystic religious creed of the Pythagoreans forbade the eating of various articles. These are jestingly referred to by Jonson. — 125. **when first a Carthusian I entered.** "When I entered the soul of a Carthusian monk," an order founded about 1086. — 126. **dogmatical silence.** Candidates for admission into the Pythagorean mysteries were tested for their power to maintain silence. — 131. **the eating of beans.** One of the articles of diet said to have been forbidden by Pythagoras. — 135. **illuminate brother . . . one another.** A sneer at the Puritans. An "illuminate," is one who makes pretensions to powers of supernatural prophecy. — 137. **nativity-pie.** Christmas-pie. The Puritans had a horror of the word *mass* in any combination. — 143. **to keep up thy station.** To live in permanently.

146: 147. **fool.** The licensed jester. Women sometimes held this position. — 166. **he speaks truth . . . slaughter.** He speaks truth without being punished for it.

147: 185–187. **a fox . . . Mocking a gaping crow.** Volpone mocking Voltore. — 192. **fetch you.** Induce you to make him your heir.

149: 229. **bought of St. Mark.** The market-place of Venice.

150: 254. **To write me in your family.** Make me a member of your family by writing my name in your household book; take me into your favour.

151: 278. **take provoking gold . . . put it up.** Take bribes from either client and pocket them.

152: 304. **Than this can feign to be.** *This* refers to Volpone.

154: 366. **By your own scale, sir.** By your own standard.

155: 372. **'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.** *Aurum potabile* was a liquid form of gold which was said to be a cure for various diseases. Corbaccio says: Volpone can get benefit from touching the gold, though it will do him no good medicinally. — 380. **At no hand.** By no means.

156: 396. **O, but colour?** *I.e.*, O, it is, I see, only a ruse.

157: 423. **Rook go . . . raven!** May you be swindled (rooked), you old raven! — 424. **You do lie, sir!** Corbaccio is deaf, and probably is not paying attention to what Mosca says. This accounts for Mosca's next remark: "Your knowledge is no better than your ears." — 427. **my brother.** The son of Corbaccio. — 433. **this hope.** The hope of Voltore, Corbaccio, and Corvino to get the fortune of Volpone. — 439. **give them words.** Deceive them.

158: 445. **as.** *As* is here, as often, equal to *that*.

161: 549. **The Turk.** The Sultan of Turkey, famed for his sensuality.

162: 552. **this is better than rob churches.** In the Middle Ages the churches were not only rich in plate and sacred vestments, but were often the repositories of wealth for protection's sake in time of danger. — 556. **This is the style . . . directed me.** The title by which Lady Would-be wishes to be announced.

164: 8. **My dearest plots.** My most valued schemes. — 12. **this height of Venice.** Venice, at this period, was a centre of fashion. — 17. **You have not been . . . lord ambassador.** The celebrated Sir Henry Wotton was at this time ambassador in Rome.

165: 18. **vents our climate.** Leaks out of England, an affected manner of speech. — 23. **of a raven . . . of the king's.** Sir Peregrine's way of saying that there is a plot on foot against the government. Very likely there is a reference to an actual event. — 34. **your lion's whelping in the Tower.** An actual

occurrence, noted by Stow. — 35. **Another whelp?** This refers to an actual incident also. In this case the whelps were, at the King's request, taken away from the lioness and brought up with special care.

166: 47. **Woolwich.** As far upstream as Woolwich, also mentioned by Stow, with the delay of the Stode (or Hamburg) fleet. Stode was a village on the Elbe some twenty miles from Hamburg. — 55. **Mass.** *I.e.* Master, or Messer, Stone, an actual personage. — 58. **write.** Write about in a play.

167: 70. **in cabbages.** Formerly imported from Holland. — 95. **of their own coat.** Of their kind.

168: 113. **vulgar grammar.** Grammar of the vulgar, *i.e.* popular, vernacular tongue, as contrasted with Greek and Latin, the learned tongues. — 114. **cried Italian to me.** Taught me to speak Italian. — 121. **In this high kind.** Upon these important matters. — 125. **dear tongues.** Familiar tongues.

169: 144. **Scoto of Mantua.** The name of a famous Italian juggler who was travelling in England at this time. It has been suggested that Jonson intended in these speeches of Scoto's to satirize Andrew Borde, a physician of reputation in the time of Henry VIII, but this seems unlikely.

170: 158. **Procuratia.** The residence of the procurators of the city. It forms one side of the square on which St. Mark's cathedral faces. — 168. **Alessandro Buttone.** A rival mountebank. — 170. **attached.** Hindered. The word commonly meant "to arrest" and would suggest legal arrest to the Elizabethan audience. — 173. **ground ciarlitani.** Charlatans who spoke to the crowd without the advantage of a bench such as the mountebanks used, hence Scoto's attitude. — 174. **feats of activity.** Tumbling. — 176. **Tabarine.** A comic actor of the seventeenth century. — 179. **they were the Christians' galleys.** They pretend to have endured captivity in the Turk's galleys, when really they have been consigned for some crime to the same punishment in ships of their own Christian state.

171: 188. **who have half stopped . . . with earthy oppilations.** *Organs* usually means instruments, but here it is equivalent to functions. The passage is explained by a quotation from Lady Would-be, Act III, Scene ii:

> "Some certain fæces
> That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,
> Assassinate our knowledge."

— 203. **Terra-firma.** A term by which Venetians indicated the main land of Italy.

172: 217. **For when a humid flux . . . falls from your head.** The vapours rising from the stomach — "an indigest and crude stomach" — were supposed to fall back into the body, causing various disorders. — 243. **Zan Fritada.** Volpone's name, under his present disguise, for Nano.

173: 247. **But alchemy . . . or Broughton's books.** Except in alchemy, I never heard the like; or, etc. Broughton was a famous Hebrew scholar, but disputatious, scurrilous and incomprehensible at times. Jonson ridicules him again in *The Alchemist*. — 257. **Raymund Lully.** A celebrated alchemist of the fourteenth century, said to have discovered the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. — 259. **with his long sword.** This has been taken to refer to some representation of Paracelsus, well known in Jonson's day, in which that "wiseman" was represented with a long sword in which he carried a familiar spirit. — 268. **signiory of the Sanita.** The Board of Health.

174: 285. **the last decoction.** The last process, or boiling down, in the manufacture of a drug or cure-all. — 299. **the Balloo.** A game in which a ball is propelled by a flat piece of wood fastened to the arm. — 303. **And that withal.** And that with it, *i.e.* the getting of as high a price as he can for his nostrum.

175: 312. **my gossip.** My godsib, or relative in God, my godfather, possibly crony, here. — 335. **for the nones.** For the occasion. The expression is a form of "for the once."

176: 362. **if I should speak to the worth.** If the length of my speech were to indicate the value of this secret.

177: 381. **virginal jacks.** The loose pegs against which the keys of the virginal struck. — 390. **Pantalone di Besogniosi.** Fool of the beggars.

178: 9. **My liver melts.** The liver was thought to be the seat of love.

179: 28. **horn him.** Make him a cuckold. — 34. **your epilogue.** The beating that Corvino gave you when he broke up your address to Celia at the window. — 4. **dole of faces.** The various faces which Volpone made while he was acting the part of Scoto.

180: 23. **Make one.** Really be one.

181: 50. **this bawdy light.** The window out of which Celia

had thrown her handkerchief to Volpone. — 56. **His circle's safety . . . was laid.** Sorcerers were accustomed to draw a circle on the ground or the floor with chalk or with their wands; within it the spirits that they raised by their incantations dared not to come. — 70. **make thee an anatomy.** The surgical term for a body which was to be dissected. The word commonly meant a skeleton.

182: 92. **sod earwigs.** Boiled earwigs. — 93. **fasting spittle.** See Lemnius in his translation of Pliny, London, 1658: "Divers experiments show what power and quality there is in man's fasting spittle, when he hath neither eat nor drunk before the use of it."

184: 130. **a creature made unto it.** Prepared for it by being advised beforehand. — 144. **my blood and my affections.** Those who are of his blood and whom he loves. — 147. **I hear him coming.** *I.e.*, yielding. Mosca comes to this conclusion from the sounds which Corvino makes.

187: 17. **to bait that sense.** *I.e.* the love of gossip. — 21. **Make their revenue out of legs and faces.** By bowing and smirking. — 22. **and lick away a moth.** Perform some trivial low service to a person of high rank.

191: 27–29. **I fear A second hell . . . appetite to the other.** The first hell is the Lady Would-be herself; the second hell is the fact that his loathing her will spoil his appetite for Celia, whom he expects Mosca to bring to him soon.

192: 51. **bird-eyed.** Perhaps here near-sighted, unable to see any more than a bird that her ladyship is not perfectly attired.

193: 79. **Methought . . . Polite, and delicate.** Since Lady Would-be's consuming passion is to hear herself talk, it is hardly possible to say to what this refers.

194: 94. **a right scarlet cloth.** The curative powers of scarlet cloth, at least in the form of red flannel, are still popularly believed.

195: 119. **such as are happy in.** Such as know, those who know. — 125. **trusted them with much.** This refers to our English writers and is a delicate way of saying that the writers of English sonnets have borrowed freely from Petrarch. — 135. **as, in politic bodies.** This passage humorously reveals the fact that Lady Would-be has caught her husband's passion for statecraft.

196: 164. **The Cock-pit comes not near it.** The Cock-pit was one of the early London theatres noted for disorderly and noisy audiences. — 169. **Has she presented?** Has she made her present?

198: 193. **primero.** A game at cards in which he wins who holds the prime or chief sequence of cards. — 194. **not go less.** Not to make a smaller wager on the game. — 1. (Scene IV.) **Death on me!** This is the first time in the play that Mosca's plans have miscarried in the slightest particular. This point marks the beginning of the dénouement of the plot.

201: 61. **Only of price.** Unique of price, of the very highest price.

202: 81. **Like a raw rochet.** The rochet is a reddish-coloured fish, having a large spiny head.

203: 98. **Ods precious.** A shortened form of "God's precious." — 101. **crocodile.** The crocodile was supposed to shed tears over those whom it devoured. The word was applied to any deceptive act. — 118. **a cause of life.** The marriage tie.

204: 135. **hornèd flood.** The ocean, so called because thrown up in horned waves. — 140. **in as jovial plight.** In as happy a mood. — 143. **entertainment of the great Valois.** An allusion to the magnificent spectacles exhibited before Henry III in 1574 in Venice.

205: 173. **Than the brave . . . caroused.** Cleopatra is reported to have dissolved pearls in the wine that she drank. — 176. **Lollia Paulina.** A Roman heiress who, according to Pliny the elder, possessed very magnificent jewels.

206: 196. **The milk of unicorns.** These delicacies were borrowed from classical descriptions of the luxury of the late Roman empire, amplified by the imagination of Jonson.

208: 279. **Mine ears are boring.** Being bored with the hot iron used to brand criminals.

209: 292. **tendered.** Tenderly watched.

210: 300. **You are his, only?** Voltore is echoing what he has heard Mosca say to Corbaccio a little while before. — 313. **disclaiming in him.** Disclaiming him.

212: 10. **I meant, as they are themes.** I meant to consider them merely as subjects for discussion. — 12. **for your garb.** For your manners.

213: 26. **Nic. Machiavel.** The famous writer on diplomacy, author of *Del Principe*. The name of Macchiavelli was always

associated with crafty policy in Jonson's day. — 26. **Monsieur Bodin.** A noted lawyer and writer on politics of the sixteenth century. — 40. **Contarene.** Author of a book on the government of Venice, translated into English in 1599. — 45. **He should not think again.** He would be relieved of all thought of his finances.

214: 64. **defalk.** Allow for the deduction. — 75. **To the Great Council . . . to the Ten.** The departments of the Venetian government.

215: 89. **Put case.** Let us suppose.

217: 141. **'bout ragion del stato.** About reasons or arguments of state. — 149. **Ay, he plays both with me.** Both fast and loose.

219: 190. **a solecism in our sex.** A sin against womanhood. — 198. **your Whitefriars nation.** The home at this time of fraudulent debtors, gamblers, prostitutes, and similar outcasts. — 207. **carnival concupiscence.** Carnal concupiscence. *Concupiscence* seems to be used here for the courtesan whom Lady Would-be supposes disguised as Peregrine.

220: 220. **your nose inclines . . . to the queen-apple.** Your nose is as red as that side of the queen-apple which faces the sun.

221: 1. **the carriage of the business.** Conduct of the business. — 12. **croaker's.** Corbaccio's.

222: 14. **Sell him for mummia.** Mummia or mummy was a substance like pitch sold for medicine. Some was made from mummies. See Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn-burial:* "Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." — 20. **Much!** *I.e.* not much! — 22. **Mercury . . . Or the French Hercules.** The French Hercules was the special patron of eloquence. Mercury, in the capacity of herald of the gods, was supposed to give the "thundering tongue."

226: 137. **Have they made you to this?** Brought you to this degree of treachery by previous instruction.

227: 152. **thorough the horn.** As plainly as you see an ABC card through the transparent horn that covers it. The eternal quibble in the sinister meaning of the word *horn* is patent.

229: 213. **strappado.** In this type of torture the victim was drawn up and then let back quickly.

231: 260. **Rest you with both your eyes, sir.** Keep both your eyes open.

233: 4. **cave.** Beware of it as long as I live. — 7. **palsy.** Volpone was so cramped with lying still pretending to be bedridden that he feared actual palsy.

235: 65. **By that . . . in the latter end.** From what I heard of the conclusion of his speech. — 67. **aggravate.** To add weight to. Here the word means "emphasize." — 69. **I looked still . . . shift a shirt.** I was looking constantly to the moment when the advocate would so heat himself by his argument that he would be compelled to change his shirt. A satirical exaggeration of the vociferation of Italian legal eloquence.

236: 76. **Shall we have a jig now?** "Another bit of fun at the expense of others" seems to be the sense in this connection.

237: 107. **old roundback.** Corbaccio. — 108. **Will crump . . . with the touch.** Will bend up double when he knows what has happened. — 116. **such another med'cine.** Such a medicine. — 119. **the strange poetical girdle.** The girdle of Aphrodite, which was thought to have this power. — 119–121. **Jove . . . To pass Acrisius' guards.** Acrisius was the father of Danae, the mother of Perseus, by whose hand the oracle said Acrisius should die. In consequence Acrisius guarded his daughter most strictly, but Zeus gained access to her by transforming himself into golden rain.

240: 188. **And have it only in title.** The name of cuckold.

241: 194. **Harlot.** A vagabond, a wicked, reckless fellow. The word did not have a very bad meaning. See Chaucer: "A gentil harlot and a kind." — 197. **With the three legs.** Corbaccio is very decrepit, walking with a cane.

242: 231. **Bid him eat lettuce well.** On account of its soporific powers.

243: 5. **the Book of Voyages.** Undoubtedly a reference to Hakluyt, for, though there were many other books of voyages, this was the one famous collection of the day.

244: 23. **tidings.** The state term was *intelligence*.

247: 78. **in Fleet Street . . . Or Smithfield.** The places named are famous for such shows, especially Fleet Street.

248: 5. **My made one.** Mosca refers here to his aim to become a real clarissimo.

251: 2. **gunstones.** Stones were used in the place of bullets. — 6. **I never brooked.** Never could endure. — 12. **moral emblems on your name.** Emblems involving the figure of the

raven or verses of a moral character about him. — 17. **jolt-head.** Fool's head. *Jolt-head* is usually a synonym for fool. Here it is used in more of a derivative sense, a jolt-head being one which has been dulled by being knocked against something. — 17. **two chequines.** The two gilt buttons on the cap of the commandador.

252: 27. **Excellent basilisk!** Sir Thomas Browne says of the basilisk: "It killeth at a distance — it poisoneth by the eye, and by priority of distance." — 32. **biggin.** The close-fitting hood worn by lawyers. It much resembled the night-cap for which *biggin* was the regular word. — 34. **his first good clothes.** Referring to Mosca. — 37. **Justinian.** Here, a lawyer, as one conversant with the code of the Emperor Justinian. — 38. **And ride an advocate.** Volpone is speaking from the point of view of his disguise.

254: 24. **Dead since.** Since their last appearance in court.

257: 10. **if there be possession, and Obsession.** In possession, the spirit was supposed to enter the body; in obsession it tormented it from without. (Gifford.)

258: 25. **He vomits crooked pins!** This circumstance and those which follow were common superstitions in regard to bewitched persons. The witches were thought to compel their victims to swallow these articles.

EPICŒNE

267. The Dedication is from the folio of 1616.

267. Sir Francis Stuart. Of him Anthony à Wood says: "He was a learned gentleman, was one of Sir Walter Raleigh's club at the Mermaid tavern in Friday-Street, London, and much venerated by Ben Jonson, who dedicated to him his comedy, called *The Silent Woman;* he was a person also well seen in marine affairs, was a captain of a ship and bore the office for some time of a vice or rear-admiral." *Fasti*, i. 203. (Whalley.)

269: 3. **money, wine, and bays.** King James, in 1616, granted Jonson an annual pension of 100 marks. In 1630 King Charles changed the marks to pounds, and added a tierce of canary. — 23. **city-wires.** Ladies of fashion, from the circumstances probably that such women wore ruffs thus supported. — 24. **Whitefriars.** A district in which stood the theatre of that name; it lay just out of the city walls to the west. Be-

cause of the privileges of sanctuary which it possessed, it became the headquarters of gamblers, prostitutes, and rascals of every description.

272: 23. **lady's rushes.** At this time rushes were often strewn over floors in place of carpets. — 30. **the plague this minute.** "In 1607 was a pestilential distemper at London; and the time so sickly in general, that sailors did not escape at great distance from land: as may be seen in some diaries in Purchas's *Pilgrims*." *City Remembrancer*, Vol. I, p. 266. — 38. **Puppy, or Peppercorn, White-foot, Franklin . . . White-mane.** These are names of famous racing horses of the day. There is a reference to Peppercorn in *1 Henry IV*, III. iii. 8–10: "*Fal.* An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse."

273: 53. **term.** London was always crowded during the terms of court, of which there were four each year, — Hilary (Jan. 11–31), Easter (April 15–May 8), Trinity (May 22–June 12), and Michaelmas term (Nov. 2–25).

274: 96. **Still to be neat, still to be dressed.** This song, Gifford thinks, is an imitation of verses in the *Pancharis* of Jean Bonnefons. Bonnefons was born about the middle of the sixteenth century at Clerimont in Auvergne, where he wrote Latin poetry in the style of Catullus. — 111. **nor is there one kind of it**, and below (l. 119) **that must be private.** Cf. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, III. 140–216, *et seq.*

275: 128. **How long did the canvas hang afore Aldgate?** A screen was hung before Aldgate, the east gate of the old London wall, while it was rebuilding and while the two statues, Love and Charity, which graced its entrance, were being erected. Aldgate, according to Stow, was torn down in 1606 and finished in 1609. The canvas hung before it, therefore, about two years. — 138. **and put it on the wrong way.** Cf. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, V. 243.

276: 166. **Shrove Tuesday's riot.** Shrove Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices, and often became a day of riot and licence.

277: 10. **Acts and Monuments.** This method of alluding to *The History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church*, more commonly known as Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, was a popular joke of the time. — 15. **Tower-wharf.** Ordnance was kept at the Tower from early times. Cf. *1 Henry VI*, I. i. 167:

"*Glou.* I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition."

278: 39. **knack . . . his fingers.** To snap or crack the fingers appears, from the numerous references to it, to have been a common practice with barbers. Cf. Lyly, *Mydas*, iii. 2: "Thou knowest, boy, I have taught thee the knacking of the hands."

280: 25. **invited to dinner.** The usual hour for dinner was noon or shortly before; for supper, about six. Cf. *The Case is Altered*, II. iii. 21. — 39. **china-houses.** Chinaware from the East was in Jonson's day somewhat of a novelty, and an object of curiosity to both sexes. The ware was exhibited as a rule in private houses, which often became places of assignation.

282: 17. **the terrible boys.** "A set of young bucks who delighted to commit outrages and get into quarrels." Wilson, *Life of James I.* Cf. Jonson's term, "roaring boys." — 42. **our coat yellow**, etc. A humorous allusion to the particoloured dress of the domestic fool, still retained on the stage. (Gifford.) — 46. **antiquity is not respected now.** A thrust at the new aristocracy that filled the court of James I. A slur on these Scottish knights in *Eastward Ho* resulted in the imprisonment of its authors, Jonson, Marston, and Chapman.

283: 63. **the island voyage, or at Cadiz.** The "island voyage" refers to the trip Sir Francis Drake made to Hispaniola in 1585. He sailed with a fleet of twenty-one ships to the West Indies, and capturèd Santiago, St. Augustine, Cartagena, and St. Domingo. Lord Admiral Howard sailed with a fleet of 150 vessels against Cadiz, and the Earl of Essex commanded the land forces in 1596. The Spanish ships were defeated and the English took the city. — 67. **eye o' the land.** *I.e.* London.

285: 3. **Fishes? Pythagoreans all!** The followers of Pythagoras kept secret their beliefs and observances. Jonson elsewhere alludes to this in *The Poetaster*, iv. 1:

"*Tib.* So would not I; for both these would have turned Pythagoreans then.
Gal. What, mute?
Tib. Ay, as fishes, i' faith: — come, ladies, shall we go?"

286: 5. **Has Harpocrates been here with his club?** Harpocrates (Horus) was an Egyptian deity, the son of Osiris and Isis. As the god of silence he is represented with a finger on

his lip. The allusion to the club is not quite plain, unless Harpocrates was confused with Heracles. — 21. **Thames being so near**, etc. For the suggestion of much of the satire in this scene, see Juvenal's *Satura VI.*

287: 70. **yellow doublets and great roses.** The gallants of James I carried fashions to an extreme. Yellow doublets were very fashionable, while roses, made of ribands, gathered into a knot and worn on the instep, were often of enormous size. (Gifford.)

288: 82. **If precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren.** By *precise* is meant a Precisian, a Puritan. The Hampton Court Conference in 1604, through which the Puritans hoped to come into their own, abruptly ended with the exit of the King, indignantly declaring: "If this be all that they have to say, I shall make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of the land." About three hundred brethren, who refused to acknowledge the prayer-book, thus lost their benefices.

289: 118–120. **what was done at Salisbury . . . Bath . . . in progress.** At Salisbury the great horse-races were held. Bath, the old Roman resort with its famous hot springs, was a leading watering-place in Jonson's day. In his royal progress the king visited the wealthy towns and the nobility of the land at their castles and manor-houses. Elaborate entertainment was provided in the shape of hunting parties, feasting, music, mimic battles, plays, and pageants. — 122. **Jonson with the t'other youth.** Whom Jonson meant by "t'other youth" is an unsettled point. Upton suggests Dekker, Malone Shakespeare, and Gifford Marston.

292: 69. **Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon**, etc. For the lives of these classical authors, see Smith's *Classical Dictionary.*

293: 93. **Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha.** François Vatable was a professor of Hebrew in Paris. Petrus Pomponatius (Pomponazzi) was a professor of philosophy at Padua, and a famous disputant. Diego Simancas (also called Didacus) was a teacher of canon and civil law at Salamanca, and afterwards a royal councillor and a bishop. (Henry.)

296: 66. **so inclining to dumb.** *I.e.* to be dumb.

302: 113. **twelve-penny ordinary.** Dekker divides the ordinaries of the day into three classes. "An ordinary of the largest reckoning, whither most of your worthy gallants do resort"; a twelve-penny ordinary to which "the justice of peace

or young knight" went; and the three-penny ordinary "to which your London usurer, your stale bachelor, and your thrifty attorney do resort." *The Gull's Horn-book*, Chap. V. — 116. **Cole-harbour.** Cole or Cold-harbour, says Gifford, was a very ancient building in the parish of All Hallows the less, near the Thames. About 1600 the Earl of Shrewsbury tore it down, and on its site built a number of small tenements. At this time it was a resort for gamesters and debtors. — 119. **the Cranes, or the Bear.** The Three Cranes was situated in upper Thames Street at the top of Three Cranes Lane. The Bear, also a famous old tavern, was on the Surrey side below old London Bridge. — 125. **to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs.** Usurers customarily lent money partly in the form of goods, which the borrower was compelled to convert to cash by selling often at a loss. — 130. **or (*How* do you call him).** Possibly a personal allusion to one Howe. — 133. **Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia.** Constantinople, Gifford thinks, refers to some circumstances respecting the Turkey Company, established in the preceding reign. In Ireland James established order by granting lands to English settlers in the province of Ulster. Virginia was first settled by the founding of Jamestown in 1607. Since the first band of settlers was largely made up of vagabonds, criminals, and broken-down spendthrifts, two parties were subsequently sent over in 1608 and 1609.

303: 17. **silenced ministers.** Cf. note above, **288**: 82.

304: 60. **Sphinx.** Here introduced as a dealer in riddles merely. — 62. **the Bear-garden.** An amphitheatre on the Bankside in Southwark for the exhibition of bear-baiting and bull-fights. It was demolished by Henslowe in 1613, and replaced by The Hope Theatre.

306: 7. **Shrove Tuesday.** *I.e.* a day of riot and licence. Cf. **276**: 166. — 17. **Paris-garden.** On the Bankside in Southwark was an old amphitheatre that dated back to the reign of Richard II. It came into the possession of Francis Langley, was torn down, and was replaced by The Swan Theatre.

307: 25. **Under correction.** Subject to your contradiction; a qualifying phrase like *under your favour*. — 50. **Ned Whiting or George Stone.** Two famous bears, that went by the names of their owners. Cf. Shakespeare, *Merry Wives*, I. i. 306–308: "*Slen.* That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain."

308: 58. **behave yourself distinctly.** Mrs. Otter commits a malapropism; she means "with distinction." — 59. **I'll take away your exhibition.** *I.e.* your allowance for pocket money; the "half-crown a day" mentioned above. (Gifford.) — 15. **No Anabaptist ever railed,** etc. This sect was notorious for the use of violent language.

309: 44. **What is he for a vicar?** What vicar is he? Cf. Abbot, § 148. — 48. **barber of prayers.** *I.e.* one who cuts them short.

310: 65. **Artemidorus.** The dream interpreter, who was born at Ephesus early in the second century A.D. He wrote a work in four books on the interpretation of dreams.

314: 134. **Pasiphaë.** She was the wife of Minos II of Crete and was reputed to have been enamoured of a bull. — 135. **Callisto.** A maiden of Arcadia who excited the jealousy of Juno and was changed by the goddess into a bear. One day her son Arcas, hunting, espied her. As he was about to transfix her with his spear, Jupiter snatched both away and placed them in the heavens as the Great and Little Bear.

315: 4. **thank fortune, double to nature.** Thank fortune twice to nature's once. — 12. **cloth-workers.** Many weavers of the time were Protestant refugees from Flanders, and were noted for their habit of singing at their work and for their fine voices. Cf. Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 60: "*Sir Toby.* . . . Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?" Also *1 Henry IV*, II. iv. 145: "*Fal.* . . . I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything."

316: 41. **some innocent out of the hospital.** *I.e.* some natural fool. — 42. **plaise mouth.** A mouth drawn all on one side (Whalley), like that of a plaice or flounder.

317: 58. **a Penthesilea, a Semiramis.** Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, went to the aid of Troy after the death of Hector, slew many of the Greeks, and met death herself at the hands of Achilles. Semiramis, daughter of the fish-goddess Derceto, and her husband, Ninus, were the founders of the Assyrian empire of Nineveh. She built the city of Babylon, subdued Egypt, and conquered much of Asia. — 20. **left-handed cries.** Inauspicious or unlucky cries. — 27. **the infantry that follow the court.** Perhaps the idle train that attended the progresses, and found accommodation as they

could. (Gifford.) — 29. **Lippis et tonsoribus notum.** To be known to everybody, to all the world.

319: 65. **his cittern.** A cittern or guitar was commonly kept in barber shops for customers to play on while waiting for their turn to be shaved. — 89. **no bawd carted . . . to employ a bason of his.** To make the punishment of these and similar characters more notorious, beadles, and sometimes volunteers among the rabble, attended the progress of the cart, beating basons and brass kettles. (Gifford.) — 94. **ear-wax . . . draw his own teeth.** The barber of the time often did duty for the hairdresser, surgeon, and dentist.

322: 59. **set up a side.** Take part in the game.

323: 87. **from the biggin to the night-cap.** *I.e.* from infancy to age.

326: 21. **go away in the jest.** Die laughing.

327: 25. **like him on the saddler's horse in Fleet Street.** Probably an allusion to an image used as a saddler's sign. — 37. **Women ought to repair . . . with dressings.** For the source of this conversation, see Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, III. 101 ff.

328: 68. **droning a tobacco-pipe.** A drone is the largest tube of a bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound like that of the drone bee. Cf. Shakespeare, *1 Henry IV*, I. ii. 85: "*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe." The smoker here mentioned produced the same noise on a smaller scale. — 78. **Ostend.** This town was taken by the Spanish general Spinola in 1604 after a siege of over three years. Cf. *1 Honest Whore*, iv. 1: "Indeed, that's harder to come by than ever was Ostend." — 89. **It is to them an acceptable violence.** Cf. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, I. 675. — 95. **But all women are not,** etc. Cf. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, I. 770.

329: 106. **be frequent in the mention of quarrels,** etc. Though you are brave and hence averse to speaking of your valour; yet, to please your mistress, make it the subject of your talk.

330: 158. **Madam Medea, or Dr. Forman.** Medea was the greatest magician of the Greek myth. Dr. Forman was a notorious London quack, who claimed power to deal with spirits. He was implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, but death saved him from the fate of his accomplices.

331: 18. **St. George and St. Andrew.** Such an invocation would hardly have been appropriate had James I not joined England and Scotland.

333: 101. **German clock.** Most clocks were then of German make. They were cumbrously complex, and readily got out of order. Cf. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. i. 192:

> "A woman, that is like a German clock,
> Still a-repairing, ever out of frame."

334: 126. **Mistress Mary Ambree.** A celebrated virago who, according to ballads and plays, fought at the siege of Ghent in 1584. — 129. **an ill May-day.** Alluding particularly to the insurrection of the apprentices in London, against foreigners and aliens, upon May-day, 1517, which was afterwards called *Evil May Day.* (Whalley.) — 130. **galley-foist is afloat to Westminster.** The *galley-foist* was the state barge used when the lord-mayor was sworn into his office at Westminster. (Whalley.)

335: 148. **Ratcliff.** A manor and hamlet in the parish of Stepney.

336: 24. **Bed'lem.** The hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, which visitors were allowed to go through on payment of a fee. — 25. **china-houses.** See note above, **280**: 39. — 36. **a torch for lighting many torches.** Cf. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, III. 93.

337: 16. **fall of a stag, the Tower-wharf.** Among the noises Morose would gladly endure to be rid of her was the hurrahing, blowing horns, and sounding trumpets at the fall of the stag. At Tower-wharf ordnance was stored; see note on **277**: 15. — 18. **I would sit out a play,** etc. This passage was once ridiculously supposed by commentators, on the strength of a few scattered stage directions, to be a thrust at Shakespeare.

339: 89. **Doni's Philosophy.** A collection of Oriental apologues called *Calilah* or *Dumnah* were rendered from Doni's Italian translation into English by Sir Thomas North in 1605 under the title of *Doni's Moral Philosophy.* (Gifford.)

340: 112. **Sick Man's Salve.** A sensational tract by Thomas Becon, a calvinistical divine, written in or before 1561. Becon was born in 1511 and died 1570 (*circa*). — 113. **Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit [purchased with a million of Repentance].** This pamphlet Greene wrote on his deathbed in 1592. Affixed to it is an address to "those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance that spend their wits in making plays," in which is found the famous first allusion to Shakespeare as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers . . . in his owne conceit the onely Shakescene in a country." See Grosart, *Greene*, XII. 144.

344: 32. **the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.** The celebrated rival factions in Italy and Germany during the Middle Ages. — 34. **chorus behind the arras.** This phrase was once absurdly supposed to be a scornful reference to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *q.v.* III. iv.

346: 105. **a fellow set out to take possession.** When estates were litigated or transposed to a hungry favourite, the new owner set forth with his attendants and friends well armed. (Gifford.) — 121. **St. Pulchre's parish.** St. Sepulchre, in the ward of Farringdon Without, was an unwholesome locality by reason of the fruiterers and poor people that lived there. Pie-corner was in this parish a few yards north of the church. — 122. **victual himself . . . in his breeches.**

Cf. "With a huge pair of round-trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all his knights could eat."
Butler, *Hudibras.*

348: 171. **to atone you.** To make you friends, to set you at one again. (Whalley.) — 179. **went away in snuff.** *I.e.* in anger. — 183. **but he walks the round up and down.** *I.e.* is on watch, — a military phrase. — 199. **outwait a sergeant.** The persistence of constables and bailiffs in waiting for debtors was proverbial.

349: 208. **Sir Ajax his invention.** An allusion to a treatise on sanitation entitled *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, written by Sir John Harrington and published in 1596.

350: 266. **There is a carpet**, etc. *I.e.* a table-cover. Cf. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i. 47–53:

"*Gru.* . . . Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept? . . . Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?"

352: 337. **at the blunt.** *I.e.* with the flat side of the sword.

353: 362. **Damon and Pythias upon't.** An allusion to the well-known myth. Damon out of love for Pythias surrendered himself to imprisonment while the latter went away to arrange his domestic affairs. When the day of the death penalty arrived, Pythias returned and liberated his friend. Dionysius, king of Syracuse, was so pleased with such friendship that he pardoned the criminal, and begged admission as a third into their bond of brotherhood.

353: 4. **her commendation uttered them.** *I.e.* made them pass current.

354: 29. **set in a brake.** A brake is a framework to hold something steady. It is applied to a piece of harness used as a bridle to restrain fractious horses; also to a wooden framework adjusted about the feet of horses about to be shod. — 42. **a very good lock.** The "braveries" of the day often had a favourite lock of hair, which they either wore shaggy or bound with a knot of ribands.

356: 78. **Pylades and Orestes.** A famous pair of friends. Pylades assisted Orestes in murdering his mother Clytaemnestra, and married his sister Electra.

357: 7. **your house had been begged . . . else.** For a riot, etc., for which it would have fallen, as a deodand, to the crown. (Gifford.)

360: 23. **of Nomentack . . . the Prince of Moldavia.** Nomentack was an Indian Chief, from Virginia, who was brought to England some years before this was written. Of the prince of Moldavia I can give no account. (Gifford.) Moldavia was a former principality, now a part of Roumania. — 46. **you come as high from Tripoly.** Tripoly, Whalley thinks, was famous for jousts and tournaments, and from this fact the phrase was derived. Gifford thinks the expression came from the so-called *jests nominal;* that Tripoly was used simply by virtue of its first syllable.

361: 66. **the great bed at Ware.** This famous old bed, Nares says, was "twelve feet square, and . . . capable of holding twenty or twenty-four persons; but in order to accommodate that number, they must lie at top and bottom, with their feet meeting in the middle."

364: 53. **O, you must not tell though.** To betray a fairy's confidence was to forfeit all its future blessings and to invite personal misfortune.

365: 10. **in the l'envoy.** *I.e.* in the conclusion.

367: 66. **at Eltham.** This Kentish town seems to have been widely known for its puppet show. — 74. **divortium legitimum.** The curious can find these Latin legal terms explained in *Epicœne*, ed. by A. Henry, *Yale Studies* (1906). — 82. **twelve impediments.** The canon law recognized fourteen impediments.

368: 124. **thanks be to discipline.** *I.e.* to the reformation of the church.

369: 161. **publica honestas.** A previous espousal or a previous marriage not yet consummated.

371: 246. **divortii libellum she will sure have.** Under ecclesiastical law the first pleading, the plaintiff's prayer and complaint, is called the *libellus*. Morose, in conceding the point necessary to make his marriage void, puts the case out of his own hands into those of Epicœne, and she becomes the plaintiff.

373: 33. **marks upon him.** Of the plague or some contagious disease.

376: 134. **beaten knights . . . witnesses in law.** In the old trials by wager or battle, if the vanquished combatant yielded by pronouncing the word *craven*, he was ever after considered forsworn and could not serve on a jury or testify as a witness.

378: 235. **lurched your friends . . . of the garland.** Cf. *Coriolanus*, II. ii. 102–105:

> "His pupil age
> Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea,
> And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
> He lurched all swords of the garland."

379: 247. **You are they.** Cf. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, II. 633.

THE ALCHEMIST

384. Lady Mary Wroth. The daughter of Robert, Earl of Leicester, a younger brother of Sir Philip Sidney. She was the author of a romance entitled, *The Countess of Mountgomery's Urania*, 1621. To her Jonson addressed his *Epigram CIII.*

384. that no less love the light, etc. No less love the light of your virtue and bear witness to it than they have knowledge of it.

385. To the Reader. This address, not found in the folio, is reprinted from the quarto of 1612. Several of its passages Jonson recast in his *Discoveries*, 1640. Cf. *Discoveries*, ed. Schelling, 1892, and elsewhere.

387: 11. **Selling of flies.** *I.e.* of familiar spirits. — 11. **flat bawdry with the stone.** The stone was a crystal or mirror. It was supposedly used by jealous husbands or wives to detect by its reflection the misdeeds of those suspected; hence the word

bawdry. — 13. **Howe'er the age**, etc. This phrase is from the preface of Livy's history. (Gifford.)

389: **Scene I.** Jonson customarily named the characters on the stage at the beginning of each scene, and regarded the entrance or the departure of a character sufficient reason for a change of scene. — 3. **lick figs.** Rabelais, IV. 45.

390: 16. **livery-three-pound-thrum.** One who wore a livery made of the cast-out ends of a weaver's warp, of which three pounds sufficed for a suit. Probably a worthless, underpaid servant. — 25. **Pie-corner.** The Smithfield end of the present Giltspur St., in Jonson's day noted chiefly for cook's shops and pigs dressed there during Bartholomew Fair. — 31. **artillery-yard.** The drilling-ground of the Honourable Artillery, revived in 1610, to which belonged wealthy citizens, country gentlemen, and even members of the royal family. The yard lay between the west side of Finsbury Square and Bunhill Row.

391: 42. **Would make you tinder**, etc. Would make a fire you could see, but not feel. — 53. **Sell the dole beer.** To defraud the poor of the beer which with broken bread was distributed, daily or weekly, from the buttery-hatch of great houses to the indigent of the neighbourhood. (Gifford.) — 55. **post-and-pair.** A game at cards which depended largely on the daring of the participant to bid on the excellence of his hand. *Post* from *apostar*, meant to place the stakes. A *pair*, two cards of a kind, was one of the winning points. — 55. **letting out of counters.** To supply the players with pieces of ivory or metal to count with.

392: 74. **Given thee . . . dimensions.** Initiated him in swearing in a form proper to the science of alchemy, and to fence and quarrel "in print, by the booke." See note below, **452**: 25. — 79. **fly out in the projection.** To fail at the last moment when success greets you. — 83. **equi clibanum.** An oven heated by the means indicated in the lines that follow. — 93. **in Paul's.** St. Paul's Cathedral was in Jonson's time a place of common resort. Upon its pillars were posted notices and advertisements. — 94. **cozening with a hollow coal.** Conversion into silver of a piece of beech coal, which was hollowed out, filled with dust and scrapings of gold and silver, and stopped up with wax. Cf. Chaucer's "Chanouns Yemannes Tale," *Canterbury Tales*. — 96. **Erecting figures . . . houses.** Mapping out plans for the position of the planets.

House is the twelfth part of the Zodiac. (Gifford.) — 97. **taking in of shadows with a glass.** A mode of divination by means of a globular crystal of beryl, commonly about the size of a large orange. In it a virgin of pure life, the speculatrix, might behold the figures of spirits, hear and understand their responses to inquiries. — 98. **Told in red letters.** Gaudily arrayed like the rubric titles of the day to catch the eye of the passers-by. — 99. **Gamaliel Ratsey.** A notorious highwayman, who attacked his victims in a mask of frightful hideousness. He was executed at Bedford. See "The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey," 1605, in Collier's *Illustrations of Old English Literature*, 1866, Vol. III.

393: 106. **lying too heavy on the basket.** *I.e.* eating more than his share of the broken provisions collected and sent in for the prisoners. (Whalley.) — 112. **The statute of sorcery.** Passed in 1403 and repealed in 1689, it provided that "None from henceforth shall use to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplication, and if any do, he shall incur the pain of felony." R. Watson, *Chemical Essays*, ed. 1789, I. 24. (Cunningham.) — 114. **for laundring gold and barbing it.** Terms which meant to wash the gold in aqua regia and to clip it. (Gifford.)

394: 129. **Puritan in Blackfriars will . . . a feather.** Blackfriars was noted as the residence of Puritans, and as the centre of the feather trade — 139. **beginning of a term.** At this time strangers and countrymen flocked to London to attend the courts, and made business brisk for sharpers.

395: 165. **since the king came in.** Seven years before, in 1603. — 167–169. **to see me ride . . . ear-rent.** To see me carted as a bawd; and you, as a couple of rogues, lose your ears in the pillory. (Whalley.) — 170–174. **Don Provost . . . most worsted worship.** The executioner, here facetiously termed Provost, received as a perquisite the clothes in which the criminal was hanged. There is a quibble on *crewel* (a fine yarn) and *worsted*. — 175. **Claridiana.** One of the incomparable heroines of that interminable romance of chivalry, *The Mirrour of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*, 1579, continued to a ninth part by 1601.

396: 191. **In Holborn, at the Dagger.** A disreputable gambling house, patronized especially by apprentices and clerks. — 193. **To rifle with at horses.** To dispose of them by lottery. Cf. the modern *to raffle*.

397: 6. **lent my watch.** A little burst of vanity. As watches were rare and dear, they lent to their owners distinction, and were thus coveted by those who wished to be thought fashionable. See Marmion's *The Antiquary*, 1641, I. 1, ed. 1875, p. 204.

398: 17. **Read's matter.** One Simon Read of Southwark stood suit with the College of Physicians, in 1602, for practising medicine without a licence. He was again indicted, in 1608, for the invocation of wicked spirits to find the name of one that stole money of one Matthews. (Whalley, quoting Rymer's *Fœdera*, 1715, XVI. 666.) — 26. **That I am a chiaus. . . . The Turk was here.** A chiaus, an envoy or special agent of the Sultan, in 1609, swindled the Turkish and the Persian merchants in London of some £4000; hence here, a scoundrel or cheat.

399: 46. **Clim-o'-the-Cloughs, or Claribels.** Clim was a celebrated archer mentioned in the history of Robin Hood. (Gifford.) Claribel, a hero of romance. *Clough*, glen or cliff; (prov. Eng.) wood, or fork of tree. — 47. **That look as big . . . and flush.** That show a tell-tale face when holding *five-and-fifty, and flush*, the highest counts at primero. — 56. **Greek Testament.** Dapper, as a lawyer's clerk, carried this about with him for administering oaths. In 1606 a statute was passed to the effect " that none should in any stage, play, show, May game, or pageant profanely use the name of God, Christ Jesus, the Holy Ghost, or Trinity, in pain of £10, to be divided between the King and the prosecutor." Hence the Folio of 1616 has Greek Xenophon. — 61. **proud stag.** Face alluded to Subtle's broad velvet astrologer's cap, which he likens to the velvety antlers of a stag.

401: 109. **dead Holland, living Isaac.** Two noted alchemists of the time. — 112. **put . . . to a cloak.** *I.e.* strip to a cloak, the last thing a gallant parted with at play, because with it he could cover a multitude of other losses.

402: 128. **born with a caul.** A prognostication of good fortune.

403: 137. **I' fac's no oath.** A satire on the Puritan evasion of swearing by the use of weakened asseverations. Cf. the modern *Gosh* for *God*, *dear me* for *Deus Meus*, and the old *by Cock's wounds*.

404: 170. **hum . . . buz.** Words used in incantation, of

supposed cabalistic meaning. Cf. Selden, *Table Talk*, ed. 1892, p. 195.

405: 5. **Free of the grocers?** *I.e.* a member of the guild, no longer an apprentice under an indenture. — 14. **wished to your worship.** *I.e.* recommended. — 23. **my friend, Abel, . . . tobacco.** This description of Abel's shop applies only to the better shops of the day. Barnaby Rich in *The Honesty of the Age*, 1614, complains of the money wasted on tobacco, and says that more than seven thousand houses lived by tobacco selling in London. Percy Society, xi. 39.

406: 31. **He has his maple block, . . . tongs . . . fire of juniper.** Conveniences for smokers. The *maple block* was for shredding the tobacco leaf, the *tongs* for holding the coal, and the *fire of juniper* for the customers to light their pipes. (Gifford.) — 32. **no goldsmith.** *I.e.* no usurer. Goldsmiths were the bankers of the day and often became mere money lenders. The earliest *London Directory*, 1677, contains an appended list of "all the goldsmiths that keep running cashes." (Cunningham.) — 37. **of the clothing . . . called to the scarlet.** *I.e.* this summer he will become an officer in the Grocers' Company and wear the company's livery, and next year become a sheriff, whose gown was scarlet. Cf. Golding's speedy advancement in *Eastward Hoe*, IV. iv, 2. — 48. **spots, too, in his teeth**, etc. The authority for these details of the fortune-teller's arts Jonson found in Girolamo Cardano's *De Subtilitate*, Lib. XXI, first published about 1550. (Whalley.)

407: 65. **Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat**, etc. Jonson chose these names not at random, but with careful selection. For all the "mercurial spirits" governing Wednesday, see Peter de Abano's *Heptameron* or *Magical Elements*, translated by R. Turner, 1655, p. 123. — 71. **They'll seem to follow**, etc. They'll think it seemly, suitable, or convenient to follow. Cf. *English Dialect Dictionary*, J. Wright, 1902. — 72. **a puppet, with a vice.** A doll that moved by mechanism. — 79. **give a say**, etc. Make a shrewd attempt at. (Gifford.) Cf. *Poetaster, Apologetical Dialogue*, ed. Cunningham's Gifford, II. 520.

408: 95. **cross out my ill-days.** In the old almanacs, days favourable or unfavourable for buying or selling were so indicated.

411. Scene I. Mammon and Surly enter the room just vacated by Subtle and Face. — 9. **deal with the hollow die.**

Gamesters commonly cheated by hollowing their dice, and loading them with quicksilver or gold, to control the throw. — 16. **velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak.** "One thing I cannot forget," says Purchas, "that in prodigall excesse, the insides of our clokes are richer than our outsides." *Microcosmus*, 1618, p. 268.

412: 33. **Lothbury.** "Lothbury," says Stow, "is possessed for the most part by founders, that cast candlesticks, chafing-dishes, spice-mortars and such-like copper or lattenworks." *Survey of London*, ed. 1754, I. 569. — 36. **make them perfect Indies.** Inexhaustible in their supply of gold. — 39. **Of Mercury**, etc. An explanation of these old terms for metals is thus set forth by Chaucer:

> "Sol gold is, and Luna silver, we threpe
> Mars yren, Mercurie quik-silver we clepe,
> Saturnus leed, and Jupiter is tin,
> And Venus coper."
>
> "Chanouns Yemannes Tale," *Canterbury Tales*, G. 826.

413: 62. **Pict-hatch.** See above, **38**: 94; a vile resort. Cf. *Merry Wives*, II. ii. 19. — 64. **nature naturized.** Theologians discriminated the Creator, *natura naturans*, from the Creatures, *natura naturata*. — 69. **fight the plague.** This is not wholly idle praise for the efficacy of *aurum potabile*. With it one Dr. Francis Anthonie claimed, in his *Medicinæ chymicæ et veri potabilio auri assertio*, 1610, to have cured the plague which visited London, 1602. — 71. **players shall sing your praises.** The law forbade theatrical performances when the death-rate from the plague reached forty per week. — 74. **so much . . . Shall.** Note the omission of the relatival conjunction, *as*, and see *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 281. — 75. **his.** The genitive of *it*. Cf. "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost *his* savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" St. Matt. v. 13 (Auth. Ver.). Jonson also uses *its* and *it*. See *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 228. — 76. **he that built the Water-work.** This water-work, built by Bevis Bulmer in 1595, conveyed water from the Thames to the middle and western part of the city. See Stow, ed. 1754, I. 27. — 82. **Moses and his sister, And Solomon.** "Fabricius, in his valuable account of ancient books, has given a collection of the writers on chemistry. In this account Moses, Miriam his sister, Solomon, and Adam are cited.

Solomon was believed to have had the philosopher's stone. See Ashmole, *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, 1652, p. 350.

414: 85. **Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?** "Joannes Goropius Becanus, a man very learned . . . fell thereby into such a conceyt that he letted not to maintaine it [the Teutonic tongue] to bee the first and most ancient language in the world; yea, the same that Adam spake in Paradise." R. Verstegan, *alias* Rowlands, *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the English Nation*, 1605, p. 190. (Gifford.) — 89. **Irish wood, 'Gainst cobwebs.** *Irish wood*, Cunningham thinks, is bog-oak. A superstition held that "no spiders, or any sort of nauseous or offensive insects will ever breed or hang about it." Ward, *The London Spy*, Pt. viii. p. 190. — 89. **Jason's fleece.** See Suidas, *Lexicon*, s.v. δέρας. — 99. **The alembic.** Alembic, in Jonson's time, denoted only the *head* of the distilling apparatus, which held the distilled matter.

415: 3–5. **the red ferment . . . projection.** Red was the "last colour in work of Alkimy"; projection, the last process. Cf. Norton, *Ordinall of Alchemie*, in Ashmole, as above. — 8. **Give lords th' affront.** Meet, and look them in the face. (Gifford.) — 23. **beech.** Alchemists used only beech-coal. — 27. **pale citron . . . plumèd swan.** "These are terms of art," says Whalley, "made use of by adepts in the hermetic science, to express the several effects arising from the different degrees of fermentation." See a treatise of Andrews, reprinted by Ashmole, *The Hunting of the Greene Lyon*, p. 278.

416: 42. **oval room.** Cf. Suetonius, *Tiberius*, c. 43. — 45. **my glasses.** Cf. Seneca, *Naturalium Questionum Liber Primus*, Chap. XVI. — 58. **they will do it best.** Cf. Juvenal, *Satura X*, 305.

417: 60. **the pure(st) and gravest.** A familiar Elizabethan idiom. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, IV. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest." — 75. **tongues of carps.** "The tongues of carps," says Walton, "are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them." *The Compleat Angler*, Part I, Chap. IV. — 77. **Apicius' diet.** Cf. below, l. 82, "The beards of barbel served." The source for many of the delicacies of Mammon's imagination Upton found in the *Vita Heliogabali* of Lampridius. — 87. **Go forth, and be a knight.** A thrust at the carpet knights of King James, of whom two hundred and thirty-seven were created in a single month, early in 1603.

418: 97. **homo frugi**. "The true hermetic philosophers," says Whalley, "were extremely devout, and given to prayer." See Ashmole, p. 117. This feature the pretenders naturally made much of.

419: 31. **the triple soul, The glorified spirit**. Cf. Norton's *Ordinall;* Ashmole's *Theatrum*, p. 81. — 32. **Ulen Spiegel!** The hero of a German jest-book. He was thought by some to be a real person, who lived in Saxony about 1480. The earliest English translation of this book was that of Copland about 1528, "a merye Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas." Jonson presumably knew the German version, for in the folio he prints the Old German form of the word in black letter. — 35. **aludels, bolt's-head** (36), **gripe's egg** (40). Terms in alchemy devised by its adepts to bewilder or mislead the uninitiated, who should attempt to practise it.

420: 44. **the philosopher's wheel**. Concerned the taking of the elements in "rotacyon" so that the substance became successively water, earth, air, and fire. Ripley, *Compound of Alchymie*, Ashmole, p. 133. These terms convey to Mammon favorable signs of progress of the work. — 46. **Sulphur of Nature**. Formed by the interaction of the central fire and the mercurial vapour. *Works of Paracelsus*, trans. Waite, i. 297; see also Ripley, in Ashmole, p. 126. — 49. **I shall employ it all in pious uses**. See Ashmole, p. 24. — 61. **S. Mary's bath**. *Balneum Mariæ*, a distillatory furnace. Howell, *Lexicon Tetraglotton*, ed. 1660. — 62. **lac virginis**. "Water of litharge" mixed with "water of azot makes *lac virginis*." See Norton's *Ordinall*, Chap. 5, Ashmole, 77.

421: 67. **The ground black**; and see below (83) **his white shirt on**. As signs in alchemy white and black were regarded as "colours contrary in most extremitie." Between them stood red, the last work of the philosopher. See Norton, p. 56 and p. 87. — 71. **The hay's a pitching**. Nets (hays) for catching rabbits were often stretched (pitched) before their burrows. — 79. **signed with Hermes' seal**. To close a vessel by heating and twisting its neck so that no spirit, however subtle, could escape. — 80. **ferret . . .** ; and below (88) **are you bolted?** This continues the figure of the rabbit-hay. Have you been driven out (bolted) by "this ferret" (alluding to Face's eyes red with the heat)?

422: 103. **in balneo vaporoso**. "In a vapour bath."

423: 128. **eggs in Egypt.** Cf. Sandys, *Travailes*, ed. 1658, p. 95.

424: 172. **Art can beget bees.** The doctrine of equivocal generation was a main support to the science of alchemy. Cf. *Theatrum Chemicum*, from which Jonson quarried his material for his speech of Subtle, and the rejoinder of Surly below.

425: 188. **marchesite . . . tutie, . . . magnesia**, etc. For an explanation of these terms see Norton's *Ordinall* and Ripley's *Compound of Alchymie*. See especially Ashmole, pp. 41, 43, 77, and 135. — 192. **your red man, and your white woman.** A common figure of alchemy to express the affinity and interaction of chemicals. Cf. Norton, in Ashmole, p. 90:

> "Then is the faire white woman
> Married to the ruddy man."

426: 208. **Sisyphus.** It is uncertain for which of his crimes Sisyphus was meted his punishment "to roll the ceaseless stone," hence the humour of Mammon's remark.

427: 223. **I warrant thee.** Protect thee from the effects of his anger. — 230. **Paracelsian.** Paracelsus, the famous German alchemist and necromancer, was born in 1493 and died 1541. He practised medicine, gave lectures on physics, and wrote a few uncouth works. — 238. **Broughton's works.** Hugh Broughton was a bigoted English divine, who wrote on Old Testament and Hebrew antiquities. He was a very pugnacious disputant on the meaning of Hebrew ecclesiastical terms, which he explained with hopeless obscurity; hence this allusion. See note on **173**: 247.

429: 288. **with less danger of the quicksilver, Or the hot sulphur.** With less danger of catching the venereal disease or the itch. — 297. **But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.** I will appoint, as it were, some one to act in my stead.

430: 315. **parlous head.** Dangerously shrewd. (Gifford.)

431: 11. **Well said, sanguine!** *Sanguine* is possibly intended as a proper name for *Reddy*, the boy that took the part of Dol wearing a red wig.

433: 5. **terra damnata.** Grounds or refuse, condemned as impure for alchemical purposes. — 8. **A Lullianist? a Ripley?** Raymond Lully was a famous Spanish philosopher of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. George Ripley was an adept in alchemy and the author of a poem called *The Com-*

pound of Alchemie, which he dedicated to King Edward IV. For a reprint of the latter, see Ashmole, *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, 1652. — 8. **Filius artis?** An adept. — 10. **sapor pontic?** **sapor stiptic?** Gifford, quoting Norton, *Ordinall of Alchemie*, Ashmole, p. 74, says, "'there be nyne sapors,' all of which he adds, 'maie bee learnde in halfe an houre.

> 'So is the sowerish tast called *sapor pontic*,
> And lesse sower allso called *sapor stiptic*.'"

— 13. **Knipper-doling.** A fanatical anabaptist who created disturbances in the Low Countries about the year 1533. — 17. **Heathen Greek . . . All's heathen but the Hebrew.** The Puritans placed their faith mainly in the *Old Testament* and hence revered the Hebrew tongue. They were, many of them, ignorant that Greek was the language of parts of the scriptures, and consequently scorned it. — 28. **To the trine circle of the seven spheres.** In astrology the trine, a circle of 120 degrees or the third of the zodiac, was thought a benignant aspect. A copy of Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum*, 1652, owned by the Philadelphia library, represents by a series of spheres the successive processes in the discovery of the philosopher's stone. Working outward from the centre, which contains the four elements, one passes through the *sphæra colorum principalium*, the *sphæræ Mercurii, Veneris* and *Lunæ* to the *sphæra solis*, or sphere of gold. Doubtless the seven spheres refer to the seven alchemical metals. — 29. **passion of metals.** The susceptibility of metals to impression from external agents. — 30. **ultimum supplicium auri.** Literally, "the last punishment of gold," is a figurative expression for an alchemical process. Cf. *destroyed*, *macerated*, *killed*.

434: 40. **lapis philosophicus.** Philosopher's stone. Ashmole, in the *Prolegomena* to his edition of the *Theatrum Chemicum*, enumerates four kinds of alchemical stones. The *mineral stone* could transmute any imperfect earthly matter into its utmost degree of perfection; the *vegetable stone* enabled one to know the nature of men and of beasts; the *magical* or *perspective stone* made it possible to discover any person in what part of the world soever; and the *angelical stone* afforded the apparition of angels, and bestowed the power of conversing with them.

436: 81. **sericon and bufo.** Black and red tincture. "These

terms are adopted to confound and terrify the simple deacon." (Gifford.) Cf. Norton's *Ordinall*, Ashmole, p. 56. — 2. **what Baiards have we here?** Bayard, the type of chivalry and soldierly bearing, in allusion to Face's uniform and Drugger's "smart" bearing.

437: 20. **whose name is Dee.** Dr. John Dee, of Mortlake, was a noted mathematician, astrologer, and alchemist. He was variously regarded in his day as a charlatan or an authority. He was held in high regard by Sir Francis Walsingham, and was consulted as to an auspicious day for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. The reference is to the astrological gown of rug, or frieze, worn by Dee. See the account of Dee by Ashmole, pp. 478 ff., and his *Diary*, reprinted by the Camden Society. — 22. **a dog snarling er.** "R," says Jonson in his *English Grammar*, folio, 1640, p. 47, "is the dog's letter and hurreth in the sound." — 24. **here's now mystery and hieroglyphic.** A take-off of the popular superstitions. See Camden's *Remaines concerning Britaine*, ed. 1870, p. 182.

438: 61. **To learn to quarrel.** Cf. note below, **452**: 25.

439: 89. **want grains.** Be wanting in weight, be a light woman.

440. Scene I. Gifford places this scene in "the lane before Lovewit's House." It is easy to arrange it before Lovewit's door. Such an arrangement is simple, obvious, and maintains unity of place.

442: 3. **Furnus acediæ**, *sive incuriæ*. An oven that requires little attention to keep hot. — 3. **turris circulatorius.** A glass vessel in which liquid poured in ascends and descends with a rotary motion and is thus thoroughly mixed.

443: 36. **oil of talc.** "Talc is a cheap kind of mineral which this county (Sussex) plentifully affords. . . . It maketh a curious white-wash which some justify lawful, because clearing, not changing, the complexion." Fuller's *Worthies of England*, ed. 1840, III. 239. — 55. **suck up Your ha! and hum! in a tune.** Probably an allusion to the amateurish singing of Puritan congregations.

444: 79. **whether a Christian may hawk or hunt**, etc. The Puritans of Jonson's day had scruples every whit as trivial as those referred to in the text. — 82. **that idol, starch, about their linen.** "They have great and monsterous ruffes, made either of cambrick, holland, lawn, or els of some other the finest

cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yard deep. . . . The devil, as in the fulness of his malice first invented these great ruffes, so hath hee now found out also two great stayes to beare up . . . his Kingdome of great ruffes . . . the one arch . . . is a certaine kind of liquid matter which they call Starch, wherein the devill hath willed them to wash and dive his ruffes wel, which when . . . dry . . . stand stiffe and inflexible about their necks." Stubbs, *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, New Shakespeare Soc. Pub. 1877–1879, p. 51. — 87. **shorten so your ears.** A frequent penalty for libel was to lop off the ears. — 95. **the whole family or wood of you.** *Wood* means a miscellaneous stock of materials in an unformed state. Cf. his *Preface to the Reader*, *Underwoods*, and the Latin note preceding his *Discoveries*.

445: 102. **nothing.** *I.e.* nothing is equal to it.

446: 138. **ignis ardens.** A hot fire. **Fimus equinus** (139) horse dung. **Balnei**, baths, **cineris**, ashes — early stages in the search for the philosopher's stone. — 150. **We know no magistrate.** The Puritans rejected all human forms of government as carnal ordinances; and were for establishing a plan of policy, in which the scripture only was to be the civil code. (Whalley.)

447: 8. **black boy.** Scoundrel, rascal.

448: 18. **our cinque-port.** The English strongholds on the southern coast against France, at this time, were Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, and Hithe. — 24. **John Leydens.** Leydens was a famous Anabaptist leader, put to death 1536.

449: 49. **my little God's-gift.** *Dol* is for Dorothea, which comes from the Greek and means "gift of God."

452: 22. **angry boys.** Roarers and vapourers of the time. (Whalley.) — 22. **take tobacco.** Taking or "drinking" tobacco was a required accomplishment with an Elizabethan gentleman. See Dekker on the breeding of a gallant: "And heere you must observe to know in what state tobacco is in towne, better then the merchants, and to discourse of the apottecaries where it is to be sold, . . . then let him shew his severall tricks in taking it, as the whiffe, the ring, etc." *The Guls Horn-booke*, *Elizabethan Pamphlets*, 1892, p. 252. — 25. **the duello.** Cf. Touchstone's words: "O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke." There were several well-known treatises on the subject. Theobald mentions de Caranza's *Treatise*

of Fencing, Saviola's *Practise of the Rapier and Dagger*, di Grassi's *Art of Defense*. Besides these were *The Books Of Honor and Armes, wherein is discoursed the Causes of Quarrell, and the nature of Injuries, with their Repulses, etc.*, 1590. See the note on *As You Like It:* V. iv, 92–97, *The New Variorum Shakespeare*, p. 274. — 39. **But never in diameter.** *I.e.* "the lie direct."

454: 90. **Whose bonds are current for commodity.** An allusion to a practice usurers had of compelling young spendthrifts to take a portion of the sum they borrowed in damaged goods, for which the usurer charged what he pleased.

455: 124. **For the water-work.** *The New-River*, begun in 1608 by Sir Hugh Middleton, and finished in 1613. (Whalley.) Gifford thinks this a mistake.

456: 145. **twenty nobles.** At six shillings and eight pence each, amount to the sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence, which sum the other pieces make. The Harry sovereign was a half sovereign only, and valued at ten shillings. Face wanted the other noble in Maries, because the money was coined in several successive reigns of Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, and James; so that Mary's being left out made a chasm in the account. (Whalley.)

461: 14. **How scrupulous he is.** Cf. Norton, in his *Ordinall of Alchemie*, p. 94:

> "While thei worke thei must needes eschewe,
> All ribaudry, els thei shall finde this trewe,
> That such mishap shall them befall,
> Thei shal destroy part of their works or all."

462: 23. **modern happiness.** "A sort of happiness on a small scale." (Cunningham.) *Modern* equals trite, common. — 35. **my lip to you, sir.** It was a custom of the time even for modest women to offer their lips to be kissed, as a recognition of equality. See Marston's *Dutch Curtezan*, 3d ed. 1856, II. 144.

463: 56. **Austriac princes.** The princes of the house of Austria were widely known for their full, thick lower lip and heavy jaw, — presumably thought points of beauty. Bulwer refers to this facial feature as "a sweet fulnesse of the lower lip." (Gifford.) The Valois nose was arched and Roman.

464: 84. **And distillation.** Astrology and chemistry. — 90.

Kelly. Edward Kelley, or Talbot, a notorious adept and alchemist, was born at Worcester near the middle of the sixteenth century. He enlisted the regard of the credulous by claiming to possess the philosopher's stone. After rambling over Europe with Dr. John Dee, he visited Emperor Rudolph II at Prague, was detected in his humbug, thrown into prison; and, in an attempt to escape, met his death. See Kelley's *Works*, translated from the Hamburg Edition of 1676 into English, London, 1893.

465: 122. **master of the mastery.** *I.e.* of the *magisterium*, the completed task of discovering the philosopher's stone.

466: 131. **This nook here of the Friars.** Lovewit's house lay near Blackfriars.

468: 6. **O, for a suit.** *I.e.* his captain's suit for which he is compelled to go out, while Subtle receives the lady.

469: 43. **rivo frontis.** For these terms of art, see Girolamo Cardano's *Metoposcopia*, a treatise on chiromancy first published about 1570. This is only one of the many evidences of the surprising variety and extent of Jonson's reading.

472: 20. **who comes here? Don John!** It appears from *Cynthia's Revels*, that the battle of Lepanto formed the subject of tapestry work in Jonson's time; and we may be reasonably confident that Don John of Austria, the fortunate hero of the day, was portrayed in it with features of the most formidable grandeur. To some staring representation of this kind, Subtle probably alludes. (Gifford.) — 21. **Señores**, etc. "Gentlemen, I kiss your hands" — the usual Spanish salutation. — 27. **Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife.** Ornamented with slashes of the butcher's knife under the ear. — 33. **deep sets.** *I.e.* in the deep plaits of his ruff. — 34. **Por dios**, etc. "Gad, sirs, a very pretty house." — 40. **Entiendo.** "I understand."

473: 47. **Con licencia**, etc. "If you please, may I see this lady?" — 62. **Entiendo, que la señora**, etc. "I understand the lady is so handsome that I am anxious to see her as the most fortunate circumstance of my life."

474: 78. **Señores, porque**, etc. "Gentlemen, why this long delay?" — 80. **Puede ser**, etc. "Perhaps you are making sport of my love." — 91. **Por estas honradas barbas.** "By this honoured beard."

475: 93. **Tengo duda**, etc. "I fear, gentlemen, that you

are about to play me some foul trick." Gifford refers to the *Pœnulus* of Plautus, as the probable original of this scene.

476: 10. **your Spanish Stoup is the best garb.** Evidently, as Cunningham explains, a stoop or mode of carrying the body. *Garb* means, as commonly in Jonson, mode, fashion. Cf. *Sejanus*, I. i. 175: "*Cor* Here comes Sejanus. *Sil.* Now observe the stoops, the bendings, and the falls." — 29. **Never since eighty-eight, could I abide them.** *I.e.* since the year of the Armada. Dame Pliant is a true-born Englishwoman. (Gifford.)

477: 33. **cry strawberries.** Because a market-woman on the street. — 48. **the Exchange, Bethlem, the china-houses.** Places of common resort. The first contained shops. *Bethlem*, the madhouse in St. George Fields, was frequently visited by parties of ladies and gentlemen "to see what Greeks are within." *China-house* was evidently a shop for the sale of East Indian wares.

478: 54. **Qué es esto,** etc. "How is this? She doesn't come, sirs? This delay kills me." — 56. **En gallanta,** etc. Gibberish of Subtle's. — 58. **Por todos,** etc. "By all the gods, the most perfect beauty I ever saw in my life." — 62. **courtliest language.** This rude pun was not lost on the provincial tongue of Kastril. — 64. **El sol,** etc. "The sun has lost its light with the splendour which this lady brings; so help me God." — 69. **Por qué no se acude?** "Why don't you draw near?" — 71. **Por el amor,** etc. "For the love of God, why this delay?" — 77. **Señora mía,** etc. "Madam, I am very unworthy to approach such beauty."

479: 80. **Señora, si será,** etc. "Madam, at your service, let us enter." Although Gifford asserts he "corrected the language which Whalley appears not to have understood and which Jonson, or his printer, has in more than one place confounded," all he did was to separate a word or two, suppress the accents, and replace the *nn* of the text with ñ (*n con tilde*). — 83. **Give Dol the word.** *I.e.* to begin her raving of the next scene. — 92. **erection of her figure.** To *erect her figure* is to make her horoscope, determine the positions of the stars at her birth and by means of them tell her fortune.

481: 36. **Out of Broughton!** Literally, out of his *Concent of Scripture*, 1590. (Gifford.)

486: 20. **Donzel, methinks you look melancholic.** Subtle is alluding ironically to Surly as Donzello del Phebo, a hero

of the *Mirror of Knighthood*. (Cunningham.) — 23. **upsee Dutch** (*op zijn Dutch*). In the Dutch fashion. Cf. *upsee Freese*, in the Frisian manner.

489: 53. **unclean birds, in seventy-seven**, etc. There was a great comet in 1577, and it was the year of the terrible mortality at the Oxford assizes. (Cunningham.)

490: 71. **Hieronimo's old cloak**. Hieronymo was the hero of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, a most popular play about 1588. It became the butt of ridicule with later dramatists. Cf. *Eastward Hoe*.

491: 82. **locked up in the Tower . . . To make gold there for the state**. Counterfeiters were commonly made, during their term in prison, to work at their art for the state. From early times the mint was situated in the Tower. Ashmole relates that the alchemist Tully made gold there for Edward III by means of the philosopher's stone. See *Theatrum Chemicum*, pp. 443, 467.

492: 122. **Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase**. A cant term for goods stolen, or dishonestly come by. (Whalley.)

494. Scene I. Gifford adds "Before Lovewit's door," as the scene. According to the single setting of the scene, already suggested, no change is necessary. — 6. **Another Pimlico**. A resort near Hogsden, "noted for its cakes and ale," says Whalley. Cunningham mentions a pamphlet called *Pimlyco or Runn Red cap, 'tis a made world at Hogsdon*, 1609. — 11. **teaching in the nose**. Perhaps ventriloquisms.

495: 14. **puppets**. Cf. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (Act V). — 21. **all this ging**. *I.e.* gang. The age was ridiculously fond of "wonders" and "curiosities." Cf. *Tempest*, II. ii. 28–34:

"*Trinc.* . . . A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; . . . when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

496: 3. **Yet farther, you are too near yet**. Face is anxious to draw his master from the door, that he may not hear what takes place within.

497: 20. **Eye-bright**. This is probably a locality, perhaps an ale-house, noted as a place of resort. Gifford conjectures it to be the name of a "sort of malt liquor."

498: 46. **How shall I beat them off?** Cf. Plautus, *Mostel-*

laria, III. 10–14. When Face tells his master that the house is infected, Lovewit draws back from the door, the neighbours with him. Face withdraws to the other side as Surly and Mammon, Kastril, and the Puritans come in successively, each too intent for the moment to notice the gathered crowd.

499: 22. **What sign was't at?** An allusion to the pictured signs hung out before shops, inns, and even private houses, to serve as a means of identification.

501: 50. **punk devise.** For *point de vise*, exactly, precisely. — 55. **St. Katherine's.** A royal hospital near the Tower, used as a reformatory for fallen women.

505: 38. **let it suck but once a week.** It was popularly supposed that familiar spirits were thus nourished by those who raised them. Cf. Dekker, *The Witch of Edmonton*, II. 1. — 41. The **Wool-sack** and the **Dagger** (l. 42) were eating-houses of low repute and noted for their coarse fare. *Heaven* and *Hell*, according to Whalley, were two mean ale-houses abutting on Westminster Hall and still standing within his day. — 45. **mum-chance, tray-trip, God make you rich.** Names of low gambling games; **gleek** and **primero** (l. 47) were similar games, but played by a better sort for higher stakes.

507: 76. **Ratcliff.** A headquarters for sailors and shipwrights in the parish of Stepney. — 89. **the** [*Three*] **Pigeons.** An inn at Brentford, later kept by John Lowin, the famous actor.

508: 116. **Ward.** A noted pirate. His exploits were the subject of a play by Robert Daborne, *Christian turned Turk, or the Lives of Ward and Danister*, 1612.

509: 128. **you look.** You are surprised. — 136. **scape the dock.** Cunningham thinks this does not mean a place where a prisoner is kept during his trial, because the word in that sense is not found in the dictionaries of either Johnson or Richardson. He suggests that it might mean "to escape flogging and perhaps branding."

510: 5. **for failing.** For fear of failing.

511: 24. **the cart.** Petty malefactors were often whipped at the tail of the hangman's cart.

515: 117. **Harry Nicholas.** A native of Leyden, a frantic enthusiast, and, it is commonly supposed, the founder of the notorious sect, the "Family of Love." Here used as a term of abuse.

GLOSSARY

Terms readily found in an unabridged dictionary, an encyclopædia, or a gazetteer are for the most part not included in this list.

A

Acknown, recognized.
Adalantado, a lord deputy or governor of a county.
Adjection, an addition.
Advertisement, secret note of state importance.
Æson, father of Jason, restored to youth by Medea.
Affect, aim at, try to bring about.
Alembic, the head of a still.
Aludels, subliming pots without bottoms, fitted into each other without coating with clay.
Amuse, amaze.
An, if.
And how, what!
Apoplex, apoplexy.
Apprehensive, quick to understand.
Argaile, argol, crust or sediment in wine-casks.
Argent-vive, quicksilver.
As, that.
Assalts, assault, onset, attack.
Audacious, liberal, spirited.
Aurum potabile, said to be gold reduced without corrosive into a blood-red gum or honey-like substance, drinkable.

B

Bagatine, an Italian coin of very small value.
Balloo, a popular Italian game.
Balneum, a bath or heating of a vessel in hot water or sand.
Bank, bench on which the mountebank stood.
Barbel, a fresh-water fish with appendages at its mouth.
Bate, decline, droop.
Battens, fattens, implying dullness.
Bearward, bear leader.
Bed-phere, bed companion.
Berlina, the pillory.
Biggin, a cap worn in infancy or very old age.
Black-moors, negroes.
Blended, mixed together.
Bolt's-head, a long-necked conical vessel.
Bona roba, "good, wholesome, plump-cheeked wench" (Johnson) — not always used in compliment; strumpet.
Botcher, a mender or repairer.
Brach, a bitch.
Bradamant, a famous Amazon possessed of an irresistible spear. See Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*.
Brain, a wit, intriguer.
Brainford, Brentford.
Braveries, beaux, men of fashion.
Bravery, gaiety of apparel.
Breasts, voices.
Bride-ale, marriage festival.
Brock, badger.
Burgeon, to sprout.
Buz, a word used in incantation.

C

Caliver, a light kind of musket fired without a rest.
Callet, strumpet.
Calvered, cut in slices while alive.
Canaglia, the mob, literally a pack of dogs.
Candour, honour, fair reputation.
Caract, carat.
Cast, a couple.

Cast, planned.
Centre, centre of the earth.
Ceration, softening a hard substance.
Ceruse, a cosmetic of white lead with which women painted their faces and bosoms.
Cessed, assessed, taxed.
Charta, card, list, memorandum.
Chartel, challenge.
Cheapen, ask the price of.
Chequin, an Italian and Turkish gold coin worth from 7s. to 9s. 6d.
Christ-tide, a Puritan evasion of the Popish word *Mass*.
Chrysopœia, gold-making.
Chrysosperme, elixir.
Ciarlitani, petty charlatans.
Cibation, feeding of matter with fresh substance to supply evaporation.
Cinoper, cinnabar.
Circumstance, circumlocution.
Citronize, to become yellow.
Clap, a sharp, heavy blow.
Clarissimo, Venetian noble.
Climate, country.
Clink, blemish, fault.
Clip, to embrace.
Clodpoles, clodhoppers.
Clogdogdo, a term of abuse.
Close, secret.
Coætanei, persons of the same age.
Cob, head; also a cant term for the red and white herring.
Cocted, boiled down.
Cohobation, redistillation.
Coil, turmoil.
Collect, recollect.
Collier, a blackguard.
Colour, ruse, pretence.
Commodity, material.
Compliment, simulated speech and elaborate complimental courtesy.
Composition, agreement.
Conceited, witty, disposed to jest, pleasant.
Concent, agreement, harmony.
Conglutination, the gluing together.
Considerative, full of forethought.
Consort, boon companion, — an offensive term.
Conster, construe.
Contented, contended.
Contrary, contradict.
Cop, a crest; *a cop*, crested.
Cope-man, chapman, pedlar.
Copesmate, boon companion.
Copy, copiousness, plenty.
Corsives, corrosives.
Countenance, credit.
Course, way of living.
Coystril, a mean, dastardly wretch.
Creature, living being.
Crinkle, waver, shrink from a purpose.
Cross, any piece of money, as many coins are stamped with a cross.
Crosslet, crucible.
Cross-plots, counterplots.
Crotchets, whims.
Cucurbite, a gourd-shaped vessel for distilling.
Culverin, a long, small-barrelled cannon.
Curious, fastidious in regard to detail.
Currant-butt, a large barrel for currant wine.
Cyprus, a kind of thin, black, transparent crape.

D

Delate, accuse of, complain of.
Delicates, delicacies.
Derived, passed on as an heir-loom.
Digestion, the preparation of a substance by gentle heat.
Dildo, an obscene word used in ballad refrains.
Ding, to beat.
Dish-clouts, dish-rags.
Dishonest, dishonourable, often used of falsity to the marriage relation.

Dispatch, hurry.
Dis'ple, discipline.
Dog-bolt, a blunt-headed arrow.
Doom, judgement.
Dor, to buzz; *give the dor*, make a fool of.
Dotes, endowments, good qualities.
Doubt, suspect.
Dousabel (*douce et belle*), a common name among writers of pastorals. *Cf.* Bonnibel.
Doxy, a beggar's trull or wench.
Draught, a privy.
Dub, to knight; also to beat.
Ducket, ducat, worth about two dollars in gold.
Dulcify, free from corrosive admixture.
Dutch hoys, unwieldy lighters.

E

Earwigs, metaphorically for a whisperer of insinuations; a secret counsellor.
Eaters, servants.
Elecampane root, horseheal, an aromatic plant from which a sweetmeat was made.
Engagements, liabilities.
Ensigns, tokens, wounds.
Ephemerides, an astronomical almanac.
Equal, just.
Erycine, a surname of Aphrodite.
Estriches, ostriches.
Extirpe, extirpate.

F

Fable, story.
Facinorous, extremely wicked.
Fact, deed.
Fæces, dregs.
Fair, ready.
Fall, a ruff or band which was turned back on the shoulders.
Familiar, an attendant spirit or demon.
Far-fet, far-fetched.
Fayles, a variety of backgammon played with three dice and the usual number of men or pieces. The peculiarity of the game depended on the mode of first placing the men on the points. If one of the players threw some particular throw of the dice, he was disabled, and therefore *fayled* in winning the game, hence its name. (Douce, quoted by Gifford.)
Feat, trim, slight and shapely.
Feize, to feeze, threaten, drive away.
Felt, a hat.
Fermentation, the mutation of a substance into a ferment after destruction of its primary qualities.
Fico, a poisonous fig of Spain and Italy.
Firk, *n.* a trick, dodge, or subterfuge; *v.* to trick, to gull; also to urge, drive, force.
Fixation, a non-volatile state.
Flitter-mouse, a bat.
Flock-bed, a bed filled with flocks or locks of wool, or cloth cut up fine.
Fly, familiar spirit, demon.
Foist, a cheating rogue.
Foists, tricks.
Frail, a rush basket in which figs or raisins were packed.
Framed, made.
Fricace, salve or ointment.
Frippery, a place where old clothes were exposed for sale.
Frume'ty, frumenty, wheat boiled in milk.
Fucus, rouge.

G

Gadslid, God's eyelid.
Gazette, a coin worth about three farthings.
Gazetti, newspapers.
Genoways, Genoese.
Gentilezza, nobility, gentility.

Gentry, rank by birth.
Gesture, bearing.
Ging, gang.
Gird, a thrust, stroke of wit, taunt.
Gleek, an early French game, played by three persons who hold twelve cards each and draw from the remainder, called the stock. The players bid in order for the stock and the successful bidder pays for his cards in accordance with the value of the cards held by his opponents.
Godwit, a marsh bird.
Going, walking, the power to move.
Gold-end-man, a buyer of broken gold and silver.
Gonswort, possibly for ganswort or goose-grass.
Gorcrow, carrion crow.
Gorget, throat armour.
Grave, worthy.
Gripe's egg, a vessel shaped like the egg of a vulture.
Grograns, grogram, a coarse stuff made of silk and mohair.
Groom-men, street pedlars who sold brooms.
Guacum, a resinous substance formerly much used in medicines.
Guilder, a Dutch coin worth about forty cents.
Gull, *n.* fool; *v.* to fool.
Gullage, cajolery, deception.

H

Habergions, coats of mail; guards, soldiers.
Hai, you have it, you have hit, — a fencing phrase.
Half-per'th, halfpennyworth.
Hammer-man, a hooper of barrels, shoer of horses, or any artificer in metals.
Hanger, scabbard.
Harlot, a knave, rogue, as applicable to man as to woman.
Harrot, herald.
Havings, possessions, landed estates.
Hazzard, a game at dice; also the court in tennis into which the ball is served.
Hearken out, find, seek for.
Heifer, yoke-mate, wife.
Helm, a retort.
Hernia ventosa, protruding hernia.
Hoddy-doddy, a cuckold; a henpecked man; a noodle; a simpleton.
Hoy, small coasting vessel.
Humour, a bias of disposition, ruling trait.

I

Iliaca passio, the colic.
Imbibition, a kind of bath in alchemy, a restraining process of the tenth stage.
Imbroccata, a thrust in tierce.
Inceration, softening to the consistency of wax.
In fumo, in smoke.
Ingine, wit, understanding; a skilful contrivance of any kind.
Ingle, a familiar, a bosom friend.
Innocent, fool, simpleton.
Insculption, inscription.
Instructed, designed, appointed.

J

Jig, a lively song accompanied by a dance.
Jovy, jovial.

K

Kemia, alchemy, perhaps some sort of vessel.
Kestrel, a base, degenerate hawk; often as a term of strong contempt.
Kitchen-invention, food and drink.
Knot, the red-breasted sand-piper.

L

Learned, taught, used interchangeably with *taught* in Jonsonian English.
Leash, a brace and a half; three creatures of any kind.
Legs, bows, courtesies.
Lembec, alembic, a still.
Lent, slow.
Lenter, milder, gentler.
Lewd, ignorant.
Leystals, receptacles of filth.
Liberties, the outlying districts of the city beyond the walls.
Light, wanton.
Lightly, usually.
Light off, alight, get off a horse.
Linener, linen-draper.
Locked, shut up within itself.
Loose, free.
Luna, silver.
Lungs, servant or apprentice to an alchemist.
Luxur, a person given to incontinence.

M

Macerate, to steep.
Mack, an exclamation.
Madge-howlet, barn-owl.
Mal caduco, epilepsy.
Malapert, bold, saucy, impudent.
Malleation, malleability.
Mammet, a puppet.
Mar'le, marvel.
Mauther, a young girl, a maid; an awkward, rustic woman.
Melancholia hypondriaca, melancholy.
Mend, get better.
Menstrue, a solvent.
Merds, excrements.
Mere, pure.
Meretrix, courtesan.
Mete, to measure.
Metoposcopy, fortune-telling by reading the countenance.
Mining, undermining.
Mithridate, an antidote for poison.
Moccinigo, a Venetian coin, worth about ninepence.
Modern, common or trivial.
Montanto, an upright blow or thrust.
Moscadelli, wine made from muscatel grapes.
Mother, hysteria.
Motion, idea, proposition; a puppet show, also a piece of mechanism such as Sir Politic's turtle.
Motte, motto.
Mum-chance, a low gambling game with dice.
Mummia, mummy.
Muse, wonder.
Myrobolane, a sweetmeat or conserve; dried plums from the Indies.
Mystery, trade.

N

Natural, fool; **naturals**, natural parts, abilities.
Noise, a company or concert of fiddlers.
Notes, evidences.
Now, enough.
Nupson, an oaf, a simpleton.

O

Observance, observation.
Obstancy, legal phrase, "juridical opposition."
'Odso, God's soul.
Of, about.
Oppilation, obstruction.
Oppone, oppose.
Ordinary, a public eating-place.
Orient, sparkling, pellucid.
Osteria, hotel, inn.

P

Pamphysic, appertaining to all nature.
Panarchic, sovereign, all-ruling.
Parcel gilt, partly gilt, a cheap imitation of gold.

Parget, to daub or plaster the face.
Partrich, partridge.
Parts, natural gifts, good qualities.
Passada, a forward thrust with the sword.
Pavin, pavane, a grave, majestic dance.
Pelican, an alembic designed for continued distillation.
Pellitory, a small bushy plant growing on walls.
Perplexed, capable of duplicity.
Pestling, pertaining to a pestle.
Petronel, a blunderbuss or horse-pistol.
Phant'sied, pictured.
Phlegma, water of distillation.
Phrase, manner of speaking.
Physic, medicine or the medical profession.
Piece, a term of contempt for a person.
Piece of Eight, the Spanish *peso duro* bearing the numeral 8.
Pined, afflicted.
Pistolet, a pistole, Spanish gold coin; also a pistol.
Plot, plan or ground-plot.
Polity, policy.
Portague, a gold coin worth £3 12s.
Possess, inform.
Potate, liquefied.
Pottle, a measure of two quarts.
Powder-corns, granulated gunpowder.
Practice, concerted fraud.
Precisian, Puritan.
Prevent, come before, anticipate.
Primero, a game at cards. To each player are dealt four cards, to each of which has been assigned a fixed number of points. The best chance is the flush (four cards of a kind), the next is the fifty and five.
Private, privacy.
Projection, the twelfth and last process in alchemy.
Projects, underhanded plots.
Proper, belonging to one's self.
Puckfist, puff-ball; in abuse, vile fungus — a term of contempt.
Puffin, a water-fowl, a didapper, a fool.
Puisne, a novice.
Punk, a prostitute.
Punto, a stroke or thrust with the point of the sword or foil.
Purchase, acquisition, gain, booty.
Purse-net, a net, the mouth of which is drawn together by a string.
Putrefaction, the fifth process in alchemy by which impurities were removed from the compound by the application of moist heat.

Q

Quacksalvers, quacks.
Quean, hussy.
Quest, suit.
Quiblins, a petty means of deception.
Quit, acquitted.
Quodling, a quill-driver, or lawyer's clerk (Gifford). Perhaps *codling*, an unripe apple.
Quote, to make observation and write down.

R

Rabbins, rabbis.
Reformados, broken or disbanded soldiers.
Register, an iron plate in chimneys which is pushed forth to increase the current of air.
Reparations, repairs.
Reprove, improve.
Resolved, relaxed.
Rest, arrest.
Resty, dull, inactive.
Retired nerves, nervous debility.
Reverberating, circulation of flame and deflection downward in a specially constructed furnace.
Reverso, a back thrust in fencing.

Robustuously, violently.
Rochet, a fish of the gurnet species, red in colour.
Rook, a fool.
Rouse, a full glass, a bumper.
Rug, coarse frieze.

S

Sadly, seriously.
Saffi, equivalent in old Venice to the modern police.
Salt, strong.
Salt-head, lascivious head.
Scartoccios, folds of paper.
Scotomy, dizziness.
Screne, a mildew or blight.
Scroyles, mean, scabby fellows.
Scrutineo, court of inquiry, senate-house.
'Sdeath, God's death.
'Sdeins, by God's signs.
Serene, harmful dew of evening.
Servants, suitors.
Sforzato, a criminal.
Shark, to live by one's wits.
Sickness, the, the plague.
Simples, medicinal herbs.
Single money, small change.
'Slight, by God's light.
Slops, wide trousers usually worn by sailors.
'Slud, God's blood.
Slumber, sleep lightly.
So as, so that.
Sol, gold.
Solution, the second stage or alchemical process, in which the material already obtained is submitted to the agency of water.
Some-deal, to some extent.
Sophisticated, adulterated.
Soria, Syria.
Sort, rank, class; also a company.
Spagyrica, chemistry as taught by Paracelsus or his followers.
Speaks him, tells what he is.
Spittle, hospital, lazar-house.
Spur-ryal, a gold coin issued by King James and worth 15s. in 1606.
Stale, to make cheap or common.
State, estate.
Statelich (Dutch **staatlyk**), stately.
States, persons of distinction.
Still, always.
Stinkard, a common fellow.
Stoccata, a quick thrust in fencing.
Stomacher, a bodice.
Stoop, to fall or pounce upon, as a hawk on its prey.
Stopple, a stopper.
Strangely, remarkably.
Strangury, retention of the urine.
Style, kind or type.
Sublimation, conversion into vapour by heat and re-conversion into a solid state by cold.
Suburb-captain, captain in the trained bands or militia.
Suscitability, excitability.
Swabber, a deck sweep, a scavenger.

T

Tall, bold, courageous.
Tax, censure, accuse.
Tell, count.
Tempts, tries to deceive.
Teston, a (French) coin, worth about 6d.
Threaves, droves, heaps. Properly applied to sheaves of grain formed into a shock.
Tick-tack, a complicated form of backgammon played with men and pegs.
Tink, a sharp, quick sound; a tinkle.
Tires, head-dresses.
Tit, a child, a fool.
Titillation, tickling.
Titivilitium, paltry, good for nothing.
Title, entitle, name.
Told, counted out.
Tonnels, nostrils.
Toss, change.
Toward, promising, coming on.

Toy, trifle.
Trap-trip, a game with draughts.
Treachour, traitor.
Trig, an affected fellow, a coxcomb.
Trunk, tube.
Trunks, round wide trousers.
Truss, to tie the laces that fastened the breeches to the doublet.
Tumbrel-slop, wide padded trousers.
Turn, to speculate with.

U

Undertake, to promise to accomplish for one's self or for another.
Undertaker, a projector or lobbyist, often at this time a very offensive character.
Unequal, unjust.
Unguento, ointment.
Upsolve, clear up, resolve.
Use, to be accustomed.
Usurer, usury.
Utter, to sell.

V

Varlet, servant, city bailiff, sergeant at mace; a low fellow.
Vegetous, fresh, lively, lusty.
Venue, a bout in fencing.
Verdugo, a hangman.
Vertigine, dizziness.
Viaticum, a supply of money allowed an officer for his journey in the service of the state.
Visor, a mask.

W

Waights, night-watchmen; bands of musicians.
Wealthy, of value.
Well-mingled, well-endowed.
Welt, a hem or border of a garment.
Whimsey, a whim, a sudden change.
Whiniling, whimling; one given to whims.
White money, silver.
Wind-sucker, a kind of kite, the kestrel.
Wine-fat, wine-vat.
Wittol, a husband who condones his wife's infidelity.
Woad, a plant used for blue dye.
Wood, material in the rough, timber.
Woodcock, dupe, simpleton.
Wot of, know of, hear, wish to know of or find.
Wusse, think! certainly!

Y

Younker, a well-born youth.

Z

Zanies, mimics.

PR 2602 .R4 1915
Jonson, Ben, 1573?-1637.
Ben Jonson

23

DISCARDED

Mohawk Valley Community College Library
1101 Sherman Drive
Utica, New York 13501